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A different kind of foreign aid is being put to work in the developing nations—with striking results

IN PANAMA recently, La Bizkayna, a big chain of supermarkets, started to run into trouble; by January 1965 its sales figures for the previous year showed a six per cent fall. In February they were down again.

Richard Angstadt went to his father-in-law, Balbino Vazquez, founder and president. "We must run our stores more efficiently," he said. "Our old methods aren't good enough."

Angstadt persuaded Señor Vazquez to apply to the International Executive Service Corps for expert assistance. He'd read about IESC in the local newspapers. A private,

non-profit-making organization with headquarters in New York, it has so far interested more than 1,500 U.S. executives—averaging 30 years' experience apiece—in making themselves available to help businessmen in developing countries solve their problems.

In answer to Vazquez's request for help, IESC sent to Panama a recently retired merchandising expert, Roy Godley, who had been earning 65,000 dollars (Rs. 4 lakhs) a year with a huge U.S. supermarket chain.

In two months, working without pay, the 57-year-old American had La Bizkayna's sales soaring;

he centralized all purchasing so that the chain could get better prices from suppliers. He rearranged merchandise in the 17 stores to make it more appealing and laid out a new advertising programme. The advertising was so effective that a committee of La Bızkayna's competitors appealed to Vazquez for "a less aggressive approach, please." By the end of the year La Bızkayna's sales were up by a resounding 20 per cent!

"That Mr. Godley is a wonderful person," Vazquez said to me. "He taught us many lessons about business, yet never once did he make us feel ignorant. Because of him we can sell goods at a lower cost, and many Panamanian people are now eating more food for less money."

Private Take-over. IESC men do similar jobs all over the world. Though the corps has been in operation only since January 1965, at the last count 307 companies in 31 countries—from Chile to Ghana, from the Lebanon to Korea—had sought assistance from it. So far, IESC has assigned executive advisers to 172 companies in 23 countries.

So far five IESC projects have been mooted for India. Although approved they have not yet begun operation, but it is hoped that before long they will be under way.

Four requests for help have come from Indian companies; an engineering concern in Calcutta wanted two men for separate projects,

and in Bombay a steel and a chemical company will receive IESC-assigned executives.

Says Frank Pace, 54-year-old IESC president, who previously held such lofty positions as America's Director of the Budget (at the age of 36), Secretary of the Army, and chairman of the board of the mammoth General Dynamics Corporation, "This is the first great public programme that has been entrusted to the private sector of the economy to carry out. It points to a new way of doing things. The whole attitude of the world towards America and American businessmen can be changed by it."

The idea for an International Executive Service Corps was born of several fathers. Among them was U.S. Senator Vance Hartke of Indiana. Returning from a six-week inspection trip to Africa at the end of 1962, he proposed setting up an organization to channel the skills of retired American businessmen into projects abroad.

Almost at the same time, David Rockefeller, president of Chase Manhattan Bank, who devotes considerable time to aiding developing nations, proposed in a speech that American companies lend promising younger executives to developing areas for a year or two.

The two proposals created a stir. The Agency for International Development, the U.S. Government's main foreign-assistance organization, asked the governments of 34

developing countries for their reactions. Thirty were in favour.

With AID's blessing, IESC was founded in June 1964 and David Rockefeller was later named chairman of the board of directors. It was agreed that, initially at least, AID would help to support the IESC financially, but IESC would retain its private status and complete autonomy.

In 1965 AID met 70 per cent of the year's expenses (which totalled Rs. 97 lakhs); the remainder came from private firms. The overall figure does not, of course, include the value of the contributed services.

Volunteers. Retired executives have applied in droves—men in their late 50's, 60's and early 70's, who have played all the golf, done all the pottering around the house that they'd dreamed of. All applications are placed in a file, a source pool of talent from which assignments are made. Before a man is given an assignment, he is screened for health and vigour as well as expertise. This is frequently done by one of the 44 city representatives across the United States who have volunteered to assist IESC with recruiting.

When a man is assigned to a project, he receives the air fare for himself and his wife, plus a small allowance to cover living expenses. As a rule, he is not permitted to remain with a client company more than four months.

"If a man stays longer," says

Pace, "he may end up running the company, and that's the last thing we want." However, he may be asked to take on other assignments, and the vast majority of volunteers have agreed to do so.

Clients Pay. Foreign firms that seek IESC aid must pay for it. The reasoning is that they take advice more seriously when charged for it. Further, they are proud to be paying their way instead of accepting a gift. Ordinarily, the payments just about cover the living costs of an IESC consultant.

Among the firms that have sought IESC help is Behshahr Industrial Company, Ltd., a Rs. 26-crore-a-year concern in Iran which manufactures soaps, shortenings and vegetable oils. The IESC sent William Finger, former Rhodes scholar, U.S. diplomat, and managing director of Standard Brands, Ltd., who had retired in 1962 at 65. He volunteered for the IESC, and towards the end of 1965 was sent to Tehran.

In a country where large-scale industry is only about ten years old, Finger's knowledge of modern merchandising methods—from the basic to the most sophisticated—proved invaluable. He helped the Behshahr management draw up a budget and prepare price lists, got them to introduce quantity discounts. He also reorientated their market-research programme.

The results are gratifying. Akbar Ladjevardian, a managing director of Behshahr, reports that his

company is "confident that Mr. Finger's collaboration will bring increased efficiency, larger volume of sales and greater profits."

Reg Chamberlin, 66, a distinguished chemical engineer, retired after 41 years with the Interlake Steel Corporation, went to Formosa. There he taught the R3-million-a-year Pioneer Chemical Corporation a lot of American technical tricks.

The company produces coke. Chamberlin showed them how, instead of using three men to test the sulphur content of coal, one could do as much in half the time. The company was getting complaints that seepage of its phenol waste products was giving Formosan water a dreadful taste. Chamberlin demonstrated that they could solve the problem without cost by running the waste products directly into the city sewers, where bacterial action would neutralize them.

Most important, Chamberlin found a new market for Pioneer coke. With wood scarce and charcoal expensive, he persuaded the company to promote coke as smokeless fuel for fireplaces. By the time the visiting expert from Indiana left, coke was the fashionable thing in Formosan hearths.

"Mr. Chamberlin has done a remarkable job for us," H. C. Chow, the managing director, told the IESC.

Another volunteer is 59-year-old Otto Berwind, retired manager of a department store in Pittsburgh.

He was assigned to a family company in Latin America whose board of directors was composed mainly of the chairman's daughters—astute and knowledgeable, but not actively engaged in the business.

With Berwind's persuasion, the family decided that these positions would be better filled by company managers. The women agreed to step down. Berwind handled the situation so tactfully that now the whole family fondly calls him "Uncle Otto."

Quiet Advice. I watched an IESC volunteer in action in Panama. He was Jule Jensen, 68, who had been manager of a department store in Indiana. Assigned to help Guardia y Cía., which sells home appliances, cars, farm machinery, X-ray apparatus, electronic equipment, medicines, paints and half a dozen other lines, he had stayed up night after night teaching himself Spanish so that he could review the company's records.

I listened while Jensen talked with the heads of the company and scores of employees. He was careful to confine himself to quiet suggestions. "I don't want people to think that we Americans are pushy," he explained.

Without pushing, he got a great deal done. He created a whole new set of sales-promotion techniques. He introduced a stock-control system that reduced the inventory to reasonable proportions. Discovering that Guardia had no specific prices

for appliances, that clerk and customer determined the price of each by bargaining, Jensen prevailed upon the management to try fixing prices and sticking to them. It turned out that the traditional Latin American love for bargaining was over-rated. "This new scheme is like heaven," one salesman said. "The customer and I both save time, and we both save dignity."

Combined Effort. Wives play an important role in IESC work. Almost every volunteer has taken his wife with him, for most regard the missions as joint ventures. For example: Howard Rose, a Connecticut engineer who started a metal-contracting business in his basement, built it into a Rs. 13.5-crore-a-year company, and retired in 1963 at 58.

Given an IESC assignment in Panama, he piloted his own plane there—with his attractive wife, Anne, as passenger. During the three-month assignment she worked

as hard as he did. She took his dictation from 5.30 a.m. until 7.30 a.m., then typed all day for him. At night she did his laundry because he couldn't get anyone to iron his shirts without starch.

At full tempo, IESC expects to handle from 400 to 500 projects a year. It has already inspired other industrial nations—Japan, for one—to begin similar programmes or to consider them. Understandably, the Kremlin takes a dim view. *Pravda* shrilled that IESC is "a new net with which the monopolists of the United States are trying to envelop young, underdeveloped nations."

The developing nations know better. Marco Aurelio Robles, President of the Republic of Panama, said to me: "The more IESC projects we have here, the better we like it. They are helping our businessmen help themselves. That means more jobs for our workers and more food for our children."

Condensed from The Rotarian

Haute Couture

CHRISTIAN DIOR had for years been making vestments for an old friend, a priest, Father Baudoin of the Benedictines. When Dior issued his controversial edict lifting hemlines, he sent a telegram: "Not you, Father. Relax."

—T. W.

KASSAGY, the magician, was travelling to Brussels in a train compartment with a priest. The day was scorching, so he took off his jacket. "Too bad you can't do the same," he said to the berobed cleric. The priest smiled, stepped out of the compartment and returned two minutes later with his trousers carefully folded over his arm.

"Too bad you can't do the same," he told Kassagy.

—NANA

We moderns may not be as enlightened as we think, suggests a woman minister of the church

By MARGARET BLAIR JOHNSTONE

AS A MINISTER and marriage-guidance counsellor who has been consulted by hundreds of men and women for advice on marital problems, I know that we moderns can discuss sex facts and functions freely. But in our reaction against Puritanism many of us have substituted misinformation for old-fashioned prudery. Despite modern frankness, many of those who think they know most about the subject are dangerously misinformed.

To find out how much couples about to be married do know, I test

them on a set of 80 questions. These are so basic to a wholesome knowledge of sex that the answers can mean the difference between a happy and an unsuccessful marriage. Yet I have never found a pre-marriage couple who could answer two-thirds of the questions correctly.

Test yourself on the following samples adapted from the questions. Are these statements true or false?

1. Difference in physical size causes sexual incompatibility in marriage.

2. It is dangerous to have sex

Condensed from Collier's

HOW MUCH DO YOU REALLY KNOW ABOUT SEX?

relations during a woman's menstrual period.

3. There is no sex life for a woman after the menopause.

4. Sex relations should take place only when the woman wishes it.

5. It is normal for a woman to initiate relations with her husband.

6. Pregnancy can occur even though neither partner reaches a sexual climax.

7. Unresponsiveness in sex relations helps prevent pregnancy.

8. Pleasure from the sexual climax varies greatly from time to time in the same person.

The first four statements are false, five and six are true, seven is false and eight is true.

Many wives and husbands are not enjoying their marriage to the full because they have never learnt that sex relations can take place as often as both parties wish and that it is perfectly normal for the woman as well as the man to take the initiative. Every couple should know that pleasure and other emotional reactions do not influence conception, and that intensity and length of reaction vary decidedly from time to time.

Few couples I meet ever consider that there are psychological as well as physical factors to take into account. A satisfying sex relationship depends on more than just knowing about technique. A conditioned emotional frigidity, for example, may occur in women because of a lack of privacy. Overcrowded,

small modern homes restrict the chances for marriage intimacy. Couples should recognize this and make provision for absolute privacy when they want to be together.

Unresponsiveness can also result when there is a mental block caused by poor timing. The normal woman derives her keenest pleasure from surrender, while the healthy male gets his from dominance. The average wife feels most relaxed and free of tensions in the evening. A man usually feels most rested and refreshed in the morning just when his wife is concerned with getting up to prepare breakfast and get the children off to school. Compromise is the obvious solution, with each partner trying to allow for the other's preferences.

Another common danger facing couples is letting sex become perfunctory. When spontaneity is gone and either partner feels that co-operation is a duty, sexual relations can become as monotonous as washing dishes.

Sometimes psychological female coldness stems directly from physical causes: fear of pregnancy—or of sterility—can bring on tensions that will leave a woman feeling incomplete and unfulfilled.

Often couples, in ignorance, secretly and wrongly blame each other for the situations in which they find themselves.

Men actually still blame their wives for bearing only daughters. Women without children often

inwardly accuse their mates of some premarital excess which, they imagine, has robbed the husbands of the ability to give them children. Both frequently nurse these and other grievances in silence, never dreaming of the damage they are doing to their physical happiness and, of course, their marriage.

When difficulties seem insoluble, husbands and wives should seek, together, the competent professional help that is available to them. They should not try to establish the blame but to find the answer, and by every means to get over the dangerous impasse which "a little learning" about sex may have brought them.

Whenever a couple confess disappointment in marriage and admit that their sexual relationship "is not what we thought it would be," I realize they do not know what full sex experience in love is.

One bewildered man told me, "We read all the modern books. We should know the score." Then, as an

afterthought, he suggested the key to the puzzle confronting him and his wife: "Sometimes I think the literature itself may be the root of our trouble. If we weren't always reading about what love should be, perhaps we would be a good deal more satisfied with what we have."

Sex harmony cannot be achieved by reading, nor is it a lucky card you happen to draw. It is a deep satisfaction, achieved in the give and take of steadily improving experience.

I am constantly asked: "What constitutes full sex experience in love?" One of the best answers I know came from a man who had learnt the hard way. He had ruined his marriage through infidelity.

"You can buy sex relations," he said. "But you cannot buy the desire to be together after sex needs are satisfied. That's not bought; it's given. And it's not the real thing unless it's shared." Then he added: "Real love is not just physical union. It is spiritual communion."



Small World

WHEN THE Gemini 6 and Gemini 7 satellites made their dramatic rendezvous in space, the world's Press carried a good deal of comment on the scientific implications of the feat. But my mother gave the mission a more human appraisal when she remarked, "How wonderful it is to be so far from home and meet someone you know!"

—S. G.

* * *

Afterthought

THE LATEST Polish joke making the rounds in Warsaw reports that in the liberal communist countries there is freedom of speech—but in the West there is freedom even after the speech.

—Noel Anthony

These notorious confidence tricksters have been fleecing American home-owners for 50 years—and they're still going strong

The “Terrible Williamsons”

By FRED DICKENSON

THE YOUNG MAN striding up my drive in neat blue shirt and trousers was husky and ruggedly handsome. “Mr. Dickenson,” he said, “your drive is in pretty sad shape.” His honest Scottish burr was positively musical.

I looked at the worn, cracked asphalt and admitted that the observation was true.

“Well, now,” he said, “my partner and I have just finished a resurfacing job on the other side of town, and we have some material left over. It’s getting late and, rather than throw it away, we’ll resurface your drive for fifty dollars.”

Another neatly dressed young man was waiting at the kerb in a brand new van loaded with authentic-looking materials and equipment. I was tempted. Only 50 dollars! A real bargain, I knew,

because I had recently obtained prices from local contractors for the work, and they ran to 350 dollars.

But something stopped me. “No. No thanks,” I said. The man smiled and turned away.

Five minutes later I saw the two men working next door. One was spraying a thin black material on the drive; the other was spreading it.

They finished in 15 minutes, and put some baskets obtained from the housewife across the drive entrance. They warned her not to walk or drive on it for a day, and collected a cheque for what I later learned was 75 dollars. The drive was now a beautiful glossy black, although the cracks were there exactly as before.

I would have wondered anew whether I had refused a bargain, except for the speed of the job—and

for the fact that heavy rain the next day washed away all the used engine oil that had been sprayed on the drive!

By sheer chance I had escaped being swindled by two of the "Terrible Williamsons," the most notorious band of confidence tricksters in the United States. Travelling in groups, this vast family of Scotsmen, believed to number about 2,000, has been fleecing America's suburban home-owners and farmers since 1914, and is going stronger than ever today. Their annual income for worthless repair work and the sale of shoddy goods is now estimated at a million dollars (Rs. 75 lakhs).

I discovered that in my small neighbourhood alone the two representatives of the clan collected 340 dollars for "sealing" drives and roofs—within two hours of approaching me. They asked for cash, but when forced to take cheques, cashed them immediately in local shops.

The clan did not favour me with another visit for a year. This time, a caller who strongly resembled my earlier friend leaped from his new van and with a warm smile and Scottish burr said, "Sir, that roof of yours needs attention. I'll spray it for forty dollars."

A different man—but the same accent, the same disarmingly honest smile, the same temptingly reasonable price. And, I suspected, the same grade of used engine oil. Only

now he wanted to put it on my roof, since my drive had, in the meantime, been properly repaired.

I had to smile. I said, "Are you a Williamson?"

He looked me straight in the eye. "My name is McDonald."

"No, thanks," I said. "The roof's all right."

He was striding across the lawn to the neighbour's when I strolled out to get the number of the van as unobtrusively as possible. It carried no other identification. I memorized the number, but I hadn't fooled him. By the time the police had arrived in response to my phone call, the van had left town.

When the Williamsons descended upon Pasadena, California, they called themselves "municipal electrical inspectors," examined older houses and pronounced the wiring not up to requirements. Each phony "inspector" then recommended a "friend" to do the necessary work. The "friend" would replace a little wiring, hand the home-owner a coil of frayed wire he had brought with him and then present an outrageously high bill.

While the men of the clan are doing this "work," the women, charming and pretty, display equal theatrical talent. Selling "British woollens" and "antique Irish lace," they arouse both nobility and cupidity in their victims. Usually, the Williamson lassies tell a heart-rending tale of need which is forcing them to sell priceless heirlooms

for a song. For example, an "Annie McDonald" once sobbed her way through a town selling her family's "hand-made lace" in order to get enough money "to return to the Old Country." It was, of course, the cheapest machine-made product from a third-rate American mill. The Williamson women have for years been thus fleecing housewives who cannot resist a fantastic "bargain" while doing what they think is an act of charity.

While the Williamson swindle is usually for a modest amount and a quick getaway, the clan are not above outright rapaciousness. An 86-year-old man once paid members of the clan 635 dollars for "roof-repair work," 1,375 dollars for the same thing the next year and 760 dollars a third year before his daughter called a halt to the performance.

What accounts for the continuing success of the Williamson's depredations, despite the efforts of police?

Several factors are involved. The Williamson's are highly mobile: they sweep yearly from Florida,

Texas and California to the Canadian border in caravans of bright new vans and cars. They use a variety of names: Williamson, Keith, McMillan, Johnston, Reid, Gregg, Stewart, McDonald, among others. Their prosperous appearance and charming personalities lull their victims. Since they actually do perform a "service," whether it is spraying a drive or a roof, it is difficult to prove fraud in court. The question becomes one of how good a job was promised; and, with no written contract, such proof is almost impossible to establish. Moreover, many victims, reluctant to admit that they have been fleeced, simply prefer to forget the whole thing.

"We just chase them out of town," says one police official. "They never apply for a permit to solicit business, and that's the best weapon we have."

However, by the time authorities learn that the Williamson's have invaded their locality, it is usually too late for many gullible home-owners.



Warning: School Ahead

A WISE TEACHER sends this note to parents at the start of the school year: "If you promise not to believe everything your child says happens at school, I'll promise not to believe everything he says happens at home."

—I. L.

OUR HEADMASTER wound up the first teachers' meeting of the year with this advice: "Do be patient and long-suffering with the parents. Remember, they are each sending you their very best efforts."

—J. H.

THE SAGA OF ERIK THE RED

BY FARLEY MOWAT

Author of "The Dog Who Wouldn't Be," "Owls in the Family," "People of the Deer," etc.

After many generations in the background of history, the ancient Norsemen, who discovered America five centuries before Columbus, are at last getting their due. In the past few years, explorers have excavated a Norse occupation site in Newfoundland which carbon-14 tests date back to about A.D. 1000. And last year, a Viking map was published (after experts had spent eight years establishing its authenticity) which indicates that the Norsemen explored a portion of the North American coast about the year 1000. Other researchers have been looking at the Norse voyages through the lenses of climatology,

archaeology, anthropology and zoology. Out of a four-year study of the background for his book, "Westviking—The Ancient Norse in Greenland and America," Farley Mowat reconstructs the discovery.

TAWN broke on the west coast of Iceland shortly after midnight. There was no true darkness, since it was spring, and the sub-arctic sun lingered below the horizon for only a few hours. The year was 981.

In a small, almost landlocked cove along Breida Fjord, a seafaring ship lay at anchor. It was a handsome, double-ended craft, graceful



as a canoe though nearly 80 feet long. From its prow a short, heavy-set and powerful Viking with pitiless eyes and an unkempt red beard searched the waters for unfriendly ships. "Nothing moves upon the fjord," he growled. "No clouds tell of storms to come. The course we steer will be straight and true."

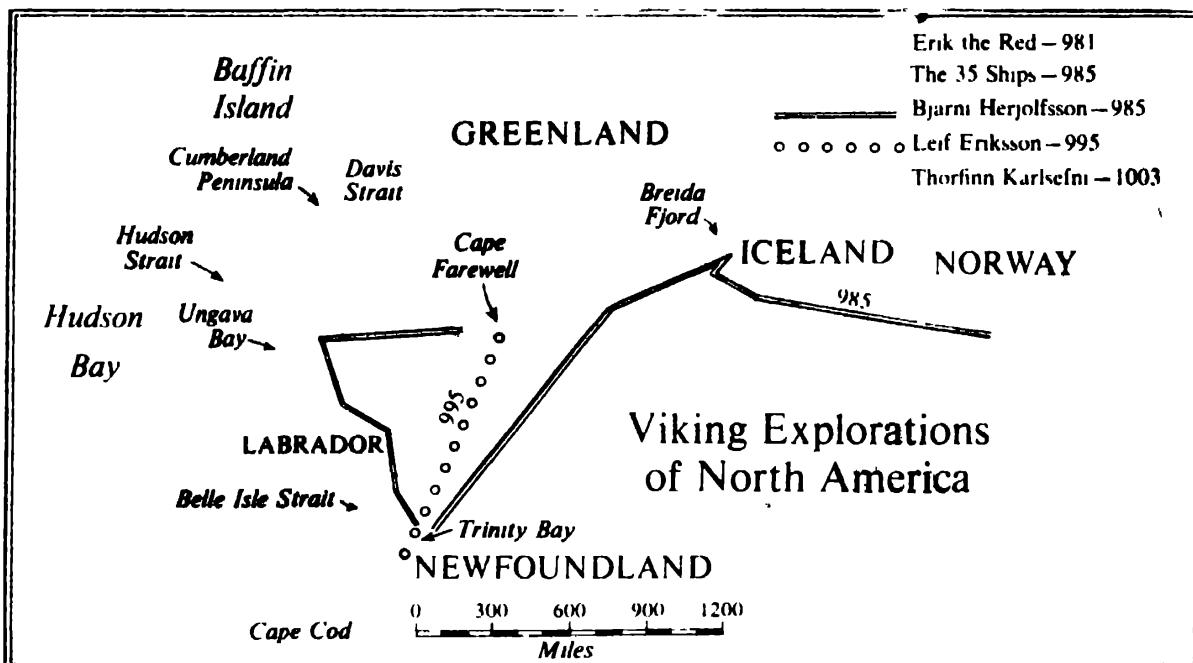
So started the voyage of Erik Rauda—Erik the Red—who was to lead a handful of Icelandic Vikings westward across a wilderness of ocean to the unknown shores of North America.

Erik was not seeking new lands; he was fleeing Iceland, having been sentenced to three years' exile for

starting a bloody feud—a sentence which under Icelandic law made him fair game for anyone to kill. Erik lived in a feuding time. His father had been outlawed from Norway for multiple murders. Erik himself had already been outlawed once, in 970, when he was about 20, for butchering two neighbours. Now he had started a new feud which led to the death of several more men and to his own inevitable exile.

It was the usual thing for outlawed Icelandic Vikings to raid eastward to the coasts of Europe. Erik sailed westward, but his purpose was the same. He did not sail





into the totally unknown. Even at that early date, the lands west of Iceland were not unexplored. People whom the Norse called *Westmanni*—Celts and Picts from Ireland and the Scottish Islands, whom the Norse had driven out of Iceland—had settled along Greenland's south-western inlets, in country that they named *Irland Mikkla* (Greater Ireland). So when Erik sailed out of Breida Fjord he knew where he was going and what he expected to find—not new lands, but Westmanni settlements to plunder.

A tough crowd of about 20 men accompanied Erik. Probably there were also slave women, since the Vikings were notably lusty.

The crossing to Greenland was an easy matter. But the Westmanni whom Erik expected to find near the south-western tip were gone;

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only their decaying turf houses remained. Erik waited out the long winter, then set off in the spring to search for the Westmanni. (In fact, they had sailed home a few years before, after hearing that Ireland was shaking off Norse domination.)

Making use of the long sub-arctic days, Erik worked his way north along the west coast of Greenland until he reached a gigantic mountain rising up from the sea some 500 miles north of what is now Cape Farewell.

The mountain was a natural observation tower. From its summit the party could look 100 miles north, along a coast rugged beyond belief, with the great central ice-field of Greenland glittering starkly behind it. Then one man glanced idly out to sea.

"Erik! Look west! Land!"

It so happens that Davis Strait is

at its narrowest (200 miles) between the highest peak in west Greenland and the highest peak on Canada's Baffin Island. In summer, each of the two lands can be seen clearly from the other.

Erik now turned his ship westward. "To the north it is worthless country, all rocks and ice," he reasoned. "The Westmanni would be fools to go that way. But due west—I think we might find them and their cattle there."

He landed near the sea cliffs of the Cumberland Peninsula of Baffin Island. None knew it, but he and his crew had become the first Europeans in recorded history to reach a true part of North America. The date was 982—510 years before Columbus sighted *his* island in the Caribbean Sea.

Erik's Dream. The coast of Baffin Island was a disappointment. Chilled by the polar waters of the Canadian Current, it was less hospitable than even the opposite coast of Greenland. There could be no Westmanni farmers here, no easy pickings for Viking raiders. After a summer of seals, polar bears, walruses and narwhals, Erik returned to Greenland to work out the remaining months of his exile.

Early in 984, he rounded the southern tip of Greenland bound for home, his weatherbeaten ship laden with ivory, furs, oil and hides—of enormous value in Europe. He had a dream now: to build his own prosperous Viking settlement in

South Greenland, over which he would rule as king.

Once home in Iceland, he set about lining up recruits for his kingdom. With a genius that any modern property developer might admire, he began calling his new country *Greenland*. It was a brilliant piece of deception, and it soon had Icelanders clamouring to join the settlement voyage.

During the early months of the year 985, western Iceland was in turmoil. Men sold their farms and drove their livestock to the shores of Breida Fjord, where the colonization fleet was gathering. When June brought good sailing weather, 35 vessels crowded with cattle and 1,000 men, women and children set sail for the southern tip of Greenland.

Meanwhile, another event was in the making. It was to have as far-reaching consequences for Western man as any other single incident. In midsummer 985, a ship arrived in Iceland from Norway—a trading vessel skippered by Bjarni Herjolfsson, who, with his father Herjolf, owned a merchant-trading establishment in Iceland. Every second summer, Bjarni sailed to Norway with a cargo of homespun, walrus hides and ivory, seal oil and other Icelandic produce. He then spent the succeeding winter trading for ironware. The following summer, he would sail back to Iceland. Now, coming home, he learned that his father had sailed with Erik to set up

a trading post in Greenland, leaving instructions for his son to follow.

Pausing only to provision the ship and take aboard the wives and children of his crew, Bjarni took off after the fleet. He had almost reached south Greenland when a polar storm broke. For days his ship was at its mercy. The gale died down, but the ship was then lost in fog. When it finally cleared, Bjarni saw land on the western horizon.

It was not Greenland. It was the eastern coast of the vast island we now call Newfoundland.

Bjarni sailed closer and found a rolling country covered with forest. But he did not linger along this new-found land. He did not even go ashore, for he was no explorer; he was a merchant-skipper whose job was to get his ship and passengers to their proper port as fast as possible.

Sighting on the pole star, he sailed north, coasting part of Newfoundland and almost all of Labrador. Then, reaching the latitude of the Greenland settlement, he changed course and disembarked not far from the cape where his father had already re-established the family business.

It seems incredible that the news Bjarni brought should have roused only casual interest among the Vikings. His own reaction seems to have been embarrassment that he had got so far off course. The rest of the Greenland colonists could hardly have cared less about another

new land—they already had their hands full.

For the next decade the Greenlanders ignored the discovery, partly because Erik Rauda was not prepared to let anything interfere with his becoming a self-made king. But Greenland had a serious drawback; it lacked native timber. To begin with, the settlers had managed with driftwood; but after a few years they had to begin importing wood all the way from Norway at tremendous expense.

Land of Vines. About 995, Leif, Erik's elder son, saw a way to profit from the shortage. He recalled that Bjarni had seen great forests in the land to the south-west. He made a deal whereby he and Bjarni would sail to that land and fetch a cargo of timber. After five days at sea, the two reached Newfoundland's Trinity Bay. They pitched camp ashore and went to work. The vessel was loaded deep with birch and pine, and with dried wild grapes from the profusion of vines—whence the name that Leif gave the country, Vinland. Leif returned to Greenland a hero.

In 1003, a new face appeared on the scene. Thorfinn Karlsefni, an Icelandic merchant-trader, brought in two shiploads of colonists from Iceland. By now Erik's grip on his new kingdom was threatened by the rising power of his son Leif. To refurbish his personal reputation, Erik suggested to Thorfinn that his party and a group of Greenlanders

make for Vinland and together settle the new land—in Erik's name.

Karlsefni led a flotilla of four ships west to Baffin Island, then south along the Labrador coast. The ships reached Belle Isle Strait in late summer, and a winter camp was made at Epaves Bay on the northern tip of Newfoundland.

During the next three years the newcomers explored the general area, but they never succeeded in locating the Vinland of Trinity Bay. Instead they began warring with Dorset Eskimos and Beothuk Indians, and the Vikings got the worst of it. In time, the survivors straggled back to Greenland.

As far as we know, this was the only attempt by the Norsemen to settle in North America. But, for the remaining five centuries of their

history in Greenland, they continued to send ships to Labrador for timber and into Hudson Strait and Ungava Bay on hunting expeditions.

The knowledge gained by Erik and his contemporaries about the western sea routes and the new lands was never lost. It spread throughout the European maritime community. Columbus must have known about it, because he made a voyage to Iceland before setting out into the Western Ocean. He probably wanted to find out all he could about the location of the new lands so that he could set a course far enough south to miss them on his projected voyage to China and the Far East.

Columbus, of course, failed to miss these lands, and in 1492 he "discovered" America.

Condensed from True. "Westviking—The Ancient Norse in Greenland and America," is published by Secker & Warburg, London



Cartoon Quips

ONE woman to another, as they emerge from a bank : "Funny thing with cheque-books. Once I've started one I just can't put it down until I've finished."

PSYCHIATRIST to patient on couch : "There is a man following you. He's trying to collect my bill."

WOMAN at perfume counter : "Have you anything timed to go off at ten o'clock?"

DAD to mother, holding their child's open textbook : "Edna, do you realize 1940 is History?"

WOMAN showing new mink coat to friend : "It's a little conversation piece I picked up. Fred never stops talking about it."

Is God Dead?

By NARDI REEDER CAMPION

*An interview with
Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick*

A famous minister of the church explains his faith in the Divine existence

IN THIS century perhaps no man has had more effect on the spiritual life of America than Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick. Through his long ministry at New York's Riverside Church, his Sunday broadcasts, his 35 books and—above all—through the dauntless dedication of his own life to the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, he has inspired millions of people.

During the 1920's and '30's this great preacher was often attacked and even vilified for his liberalism, yet he weathered all the storms and emerged unscathed. Now, at 88, Dr. Fosdick views the world from the quiet of his home in a New York

suburb, his keen intelligence constantly probing the problems of the day. It is my privilege to call him friend and to consult him frequently.

Not long ago I arranged to see him about something that disturbed me. I'd been reading about a non-theology which claims that belief in God is irrelevant in modern life. God once existed, its leaders say, but now He is dead, and the churches must learn to get along without Him.

I found Dr. Fosdick dressed in a sporty cotton jacket and slacks. With his blue eyes, bright through steel-rimmed glasses, his white silky hair and pink cheeks, he looks a

IS GOD DEAD?

great deal younger than he is. He plunged straight in, with gusto.

"I thoroughly disagree with 'God Is Dead' theology. But I think there are many concepts of God that *should* die. People are ready to get rid of the God who bores them to sleep or scares them to death. For many years God was a kind of pillow to lie down on—the God Who Will Take Care of Everything!"

"Of course, our idea of God should change as we mature. I remember a university student who came to see me when I was pastor at Riverside Church. He was very agitated, and almost before he sat down he announced he didn't believe in God.

"I said, 'So you're an atheist. Describe for me the God you don't believe in.'

"He was surprised but he did a good job, picturing God as a kind of venerable book-keeper who takes note of everyone's good and bad deeds. When he finished I said, 'My boy, that makes two of us. I don't believe in that God either. But we've still got the universe on our hands, haven't we?'"

"What other ideas of God should die?" I asked.

"We have to leave primitive concepts behind as man advances. Certainly the King of Glory ruling the universe from a golden throne is dead. The God That Walked in the Garden in the cool of the day—the man-size anthropomorphic God—is dead, too. And the God of the Gaps

is quite dead—that was the one who accounted for everything man could not comprehend or control, from dreams to thunderstorms.

"In our modern world the God Who Is On Our Side has to die, as must the God of Battles who would have us kill for his sake. What place has such a God in the age of the bomb? But perhaps the God most difficult to bury is the one who makes things come out right. It takes real maturity to get rid of him!"

"Then how should we think of God?" I asked.

Dr. Fosdick smiled. "All of us are up against it when we try to comprehend God, because we can't jump outside our own experience. Can we say anything that is adequate to describe God? Of course not! We can no more delineate God than we can pour the ocean into a cup. Nevertheless, even a cupful of the ocean reveals its quality. So we go on trying to express what we think is true about God's quality in symbols drawn from our own life.

"Each time I visit the coast, I fall in love with the sea all over again. I don't know all of the sea—wide areas of it will always be unknown to me—but it has a near range. I can sit beside it, bathe in it, sail over it and be sung to sleep by the music of it. God is like that. He is so great in His vastness that we can think of Him only in symbolic terms, but He has a near range.

"The nub of the whole question

about the nature of God lies in the answer to this question: where do we think in our own lives we touch the near range of God? I believe we come close to God wherever there is beauty, love, integrity, truth. So often if you ask people where God is, their thoughts go shooting off among the stars; but it is deep down within human life that we find God. *God is love and he who abides in love abides in God, and God abides in him.* The simple truth is that we discover the Divine wherever love illumines life."

Dr. Fosdick's faith is so much a part of him that I hesitated before asking him my next question. With characteristic understanding, he waited for me to speak. "Dr. Fosdick," I said, "what about ordinary people who try to find God and cannot?"

He looked me straight in the eye. "No one can ever believe in *all* of God. Believe in as much of God as you can—that is the way to start. Begin with the beauty of Beethoven or Shelley or of a bird singing in the trees. Could blind chance create symmetry and rhythm and light and colour and melody? Or begin with the mathematics of the universe. The great mathematicians—Euclid, Newton, Einstein—did not create mathematical order; they uncovered the truth that was already there. Or begin with the great character of the men and women who have made this world a better place for the human family to live

in. They, too, are the near range of God."

"Then you think it is a mistake to try to define God at all?"

"Let me put it like this. If you can define God, then perhaps your God is too small. God defined is God finished."

"What about the people who say God has disappeared from modern life?"

Dr. Fosdick shrugged. "I think that is often a matter of words. Even people who are afraid of the word God are aware of spiritual values, and spiritual values are as important now as they ever were. The apparent eclipse of God is merely a sign that the world is experiencing the pain of growing up. It is very difficult to realize that God's word does not come to man through magical handwriting on the wall, or spelt out on stone tablets, but from the inner counsel of the heart.

"Once there was a small boy who learned at school that the sky was not a big blue tent. He reported to his friend, 'There's no sky.'

"The friend thought about that for a while and said, 'There's something there. What is it?'"

Dr. Fosdick leaned forward in his armchair. "There is something there, all right, and I would ask these men who so glibly announce the death of God—*what is it?*"

For a few moments the room was silent. Then he continued: "It hurts to face the fact that we cannot push

off on a kindly deity the tasks we must perform ourselves. It is hard to question rigid ideas of right and wrong that were once defined by an infallible God. I am sure some people would like the God who demands that we work with all our strength for social justice and world peace to be dead. It is downright frightening to realize that the God we worship, and want to serve, requires a radical change in our thinking and living in response to Him.

"But if you get rid of God, what have you got left? The only alternative to mind-behind-the-universe is blind protons and neutrons accidentally colliding in space to produce the universe. This is the choice --one or the other. You can't have it both ways. Do people really think that the cosmic scheme of things is mindless and purposeless, without meaning or destiny?

"To explain the law and the abiding order of the world, the nobility of human character at its best, as mere coincidence, is like saying that the letters of the alphabet were blown together by a chance wind to form the works of Shakespeare. I believe there is mind behind the universe, purpose running through it, ultimate meaning in it, and destiny ahead of it. Affirmation of God is, at the very least, the affirmation

of these four factors. And denial of God is the denial of all four, leaving the universe mindless, purposeless, ultimately meaningless, a dead-end street."

"But Dr. Fosdick, isn't it hard to believe there is a moral order in the universe when we look around us today?"

"No harder than it always has been. There never were any 'good old days.' The tragedy of the human heart has been the same since time began—the tragedy of man's blinding self-concern that prevents him from accepting God's ways.

"In this world if we want physical results, we must fulfil physical conditions. If we want spiritual results, we must fulfil spiritual conditions. This is the law of life, and it is both stern and magnificent. Modern religion says: Go out in God's world and fulfil His conditions. If you want health, fulfil the conditions of health—physical, mental and spiritual.

"What a man sows he indeed reaps. Sow friendliness and reap friendship. Sow unselfishness and reap an enlarged life. Sow goodwill and reap a better world for our children. Sow worship—the uplift of the heart towards the Highest—and reap open-hearted responsiveness to things Eternal."

* Yours Truly

STEPHEN POTTER tells about an exchange of messages between two British warships. "Have sighted small black round object off Europa Points. Probably mine," signalled the first. "Certainly not mine," came the reply.

How a youthful but booming car industry has put a developing nation on the road to a vastly improved standard of living

Look Where the Car Is Taking Brazil

BY ALLEN RANKIN

NOT LONG ago, Brazilian newspapers carried this proud announcement: "We 80 million Brazilians now have more passenger cars than the 220 million Russians—and 21 times more cars than the 700 million Chinese!"

There was ample cause for pride. Starting with untrained workers, most of whom had never seen the inside of a car, Brazil began manufacturing motor vehicles only about ten years ago, and has already risen to ninth place among the world's automobile-producing nations. By the end of 1965, the *one millionth* "Made in Brazil" car had rolled off an assembly line, representing a triumph that calls for the close scrutiny of every other developing nation.

Until the early 1950's, Brazil either imported foreign-made cars

and lorries or assembled them from imported parts.

These vehicles carried such huge import duties that few Brazilians could afford them. Then, in 1956, an imaginative Brazilian government offered foreign motor companies the opportunity to bring in machinery, tools and parts duty-free if, within four years and in accordance with rules set up by the government, they would build factories in the country and gradually manufacture their cars and lorries from Brazilian materials.

These were tough, challenging terms: there was not a single foundry to cast car parts in the country, not a single car-engine plant; there were no suppliers for the more than 30,000 parts and pieces that go into a car, no local factories that knew how to make these parts. Even so,

LOOK WHERE THE CAR IS TAKING BRAZIL

ten firms of foreign origin decided to take the gamble.

Soon, on the south-east edge of São Paulo, the country's largest city, a bright galaxy of new car plants began to take shape. Called the ABC Complex, after the three largest of the six satellite towns that comprise it—Santo André, São Bernardo, and São Caetano—the area includes such famous manufacturing names as General Motors, Willys Overland, Volkswagen, Simca, DKW, Mercedes Benz and Toyota. The Ford lorry and tractor plants are close by.

In São Paulo, these pioneering companies found plenty of power from one of the world's largest hydro-electric dams; good road and railway connexions to Santos, Brazil's greatest seaport; steel, textile and rubber plants; tyre companies and two oil refineries. Best of all, they found here a special spirit.

Since its birth as a sixteenth-century Jesuit mission, São Paulo has attracted hardy pioneers, people eager to get ahead—industrious Europeans, North Americans, Japanese. But even this human beehive had never known such sudden, dramatic progress as the car factories brought.

Meteoric Rise. The first to feel the effects were the manufacturers themselves—and the rise of three companies was especially meteoric. In 1952 a Brazilian group, Willys Overland do Brasil, was formed to

assemble jeeps exclusively. In 1956, against the advice of less adventurous competitors, U.S. industrialist Edgar Kaiser decided to join the Brazilian company, and W.O.B. became 34 per cent owned by Kaiser Jeep, 14 per cent by Renault and 52 per cent by 48,000 Brazilian stockholders. Willys converted an old foundry to make its car parts and erected a sleek 32-acre plant at São Bernardo.

"We went in on faith," recalls W.O.B.'s President William Max Pearce, "—faith in the Brazilians' native intelligence and ability, faith in their will to learn, to work, to win."

The results amazed even the wildest optimists. By 1962, Willys was turning out seven different kinds of vehicle at the rate of 61,337 a year—and using more than 99 per cent made-in-Brazil parts. In its first ten years, Willys manufactured 313,024 vehicles—more than a third of the new passenger-car production—to become the largest of all Brazilian-owned corporations, paying some 10,000 employees more than Rs. 14 crores annually. Its original capital has increased more than a thousand-fold.

In some respects, Germany's Volkswagen, another bold bidder for the passenger-car market, made an even more spectacular start. In 1953, in a small rented plant in São Paulo, Volkswagen do Brasil began assembling estate-cars from 40 per cent locally-manufactured parts;

incorporated two years later, it issued 20 per cent of its stock to Brazilians.

By the end of 1964 this company, now housed in an ultra-modern plant in São Bernardo, had produced 279,362 vehicles—and the latest models contained more than 99 per cent made-in-Brazil components! Today this company, with 10,000 employees, sells more than half of all passenger cars marketed in Brazil.

A third company, VEMAG (Véículos e Máquinas Agrícolas, S.A.), has also set up a booming record. Established in 1955, it placed on the market the following year the Vemaguet, a small utility car manufactured under licence from a German company. From a first-year sale of 1,176 Vemaguets, the firm has now branched out into a diversified line of passenger cars—Belcar, Candango and Fissore—and during 1965 turned out 14,000 vehicles, almost all of their components made in Brazil. The company now has 35,000 stockholders and nearly 4,000 workers.

In its brief lifetime, domestic car production has saved Brazil over Rs. 1,500 crores in foreign exchange, about 20 per cent of its total import costs over the period. Though most of the new companies are "foreign-owned," the industry is truly "national" in that it makes or buys over 95 per cent of its materials in Brazil, and employs well over 90 per cent of its labour

and management force from the local populace. Moreover, it has pumped additional taxes worth Rs. 37.5 crores into federal, state and municipal coffers.

"Big Wheel." Behind these cold figures lie thousands of warm human success stories—of fortunes made and better lives attained. In 1954, for example, a 40-year-old blacksmith and maker of wooden-spoked cart wheels wandered into the Willys plant. "I'd like to make wheels for you," announced Sebastião Fumagalli. Told, "You're welcome to try," he hurried home to his crude forge in near-by Limeira and went to work.

Forty times in nine months Fumagalli returned to the Willys factory by bus, each time bearing under his arm a prototype wheel that was judged unacceptable. But on the 41st try Fumagalli brought in an excellent wheel. "Fine!" said the Willys buyer. "We'll take 500 straight away." Fumagalli's mouth fell open. In his tiny forge it would take years to fill such an order!

But Willys officials, impressed by the blacksmith's determination, decided to back him. They lent him the money to build a small modern foundry. Since then, Sebastião Fumagalli has turned out more than three million wheels for 11 factories. Today this "Big Wheel of Brazil" lives in a mansion with a swimming pool and a garage holding six Brazilian-made cars. He is also building a new, improved

wheel plant and, near it, a whole settlement of new homes—which, through personal loans, he will help his 300 employees to acquire.

Transformation. But the new plants are producing something more important than cars and capitalists. By creating jobs for skilled labourers, who earn up to 16 times the minimum wage prescribed by law, they are also producing a prosperous and responsible middle class. More than 45,000 Brazilians are directly employed in car factories, and another 220,000 in supplier industries. Since most of these workers support, or contribute to, an average family of five members, the standard of living of nearly one and a half million people has been dramatically raised by the car industry.

Consider the case of José Ignácio de Campos. Before he was ten years old, Ignácio's father moved his family of nine nearly 500 miles from a two-room thatch hut in the backwoods of the State of Minas Gerais to São Paulo. At 12, Ignácio became an apprentice mechanic. In 1959, at the age of 20, he was skilled enough to become a welder at the Willys plant, with a starting salary which was nearly twice the area's legal minimum wage.

Today, still in his 20's, Ignácio is foreman of the production section of the assembly line, drawing about six times the minimum wage. He and his wife and two children now own a small but completely modern

home containing such luxuries as a washing machine and a television set. And soon the most impossible dream of all will come true for Ignácio: he will have his own family car, a jeep estate-car. (Typically, the Willys company has already helped some 2,000 of its employees to finance car purchases.)

Car workers who come from still-primitive sections of the country, where they may never have seen an electric light or any complex machine, experience even more sudden transformations. Bedazzled, they suddenly find themselves amid the skyscrapers and traffic-boom of one of the largest cities in America. "Just by *arriving* here," says Paulo Zingg, editor of ABC's newspaper, *Folha do Povo*, "they gain 400 years!"

Almost overnight, untrained farmers and men from remote jungles changed into self-sufficient modern citizens. At car plants they get, in addition to salaries, good technical schooling, and also attractive recreational facilities provided by the companies and a pleasant working environment. Most of the new plants were designed by leading Brazilian architects and landscape artists, and are among the world's most beautiful.

Brazil's car-industry picture is not without its shadows. Cars still cost too much—from 30 to 40 per cent more than comparable makes in the United States—mainly because of the country's heavy tax structure,

limited mass-production and tight government controls. But by far the greatest menace to car manufacturers and everyone else in Brazil has been steadily rising inflation which, in the two years before the revolution ousted President João Goulart, skyrocketed the cost of living more than 100 per cent. However, President Castelo Branco's present government is making an all-out effort to halt the inflation spiral, and favourable results are beginning to show.

New Life. The remarkable energy generated by the dynamo called ABC is injecting new life and purpose into other parts of the country. Willys Overland is now entering a Rs. 24 crores expansion programme which eventually will result in 20,000 new jobs for Brazilians in many areas. Volkswagen, pouring another Rs. 75 crores into Brazilian operations, expects to double its production in three years—and employ 6,000 more people.

The industry is rolling into the poverty-stricken north-east, where its impact should be profound. Car production and other enterprises are getting a push in that direction by a new law that allows companies up to 50 per cent rebates on their federal income tax on money invested in the north-east. But behind the

push northwards is also a natural and mutual need.

Says João Alexandre Netto, director of NORCASA, one of many organizations encouraging investments in the north-east: "What the 25 million people up there need is São Paulo industry and leadership. We're going to move in and give these people jobs because we need them as badly as they need us. We intend to convert them into people with the purchasing power to buy our goods."

Willys' big new car assembly plant now going up in Recife is a major move in that direction. So is COPERBO, the government-owned plant rising in the State of Pernambuco to produce synthetic rubber for tyres. Firestone's projected tyre plant at Itubera, in the State of Bahia, will eventually employ some 400 local people.

It is impossible to look at the cars streaming off ABC assembly lines without feeling a special elation, for they mean that Brazil, the long-sleeping giant, is more than just awake.

Indeed, Brazil has climbed into the driver's seat and, with both hands on the steering wheel and a firm foot on the accelerator, is speeding up the road towards the destiny it has so long deserved.



What's That Again?

From a brochure advertising an English hotel: "Bridal suite: One person in room, £10 per day."

—J. F. J.

Pipe Down!

By ROBERT WELLS

FIRST, let me point out that pipe smokers are not the sort who panic. When danger threatens they send up a smoke cloud and retreat into it like a squid, waiting patiently until the enemy goes gasping away.

Before a man can become a member of the briar fraternity, he must have three qualifications:

1. A pipe.
2. A philosophical attitude.
3. A willingness to devote his life to filling, cleaning, polishing, tamping, reaming and even, now and then, smoking his pipe.

Certain myths have grown up about the group. It is widely believed that pipe smokers are calm, imperturbable, tweedy—the sort you can trust not to run off with the silver.

Like most myths, these contain a kernel of truth. The tweedy clothes are readily explained—it is easier to have burn-holes in tweeds rewoven. The calm imperturbability comes

from the concentration required to keep the pipe alight.

As for the reluctance of a pipe smoker to steal the family silver, this is a matter less of honesty than of necessity. With all the equipment he must carry, there's no room in his pockets for anything else.

As a member of an oppressed minority, the pipe smoker has had to develop a philosophical attitude towards life. He realizes he is not welcome in certain homes, as evidenced by the tiny ashtrays with which the hostess supplies him. But when pipe smoking becomes grounds for divorce . . .

"I didn't mind the ashes on the rug," one wife said in court. "But when he wouldn't take the pipe out of his mouth when he kissed me, it was just too much."

Actually that man's mistake was not failure to remove the pipe, but his choice of styles. If he had picked a lowslung Sherlock Holmes model, his wife would hardly have noticed it was there.

It can be seen from such problems that pipe smoking is not a hobby to be acquired lightly. It requires certain minor sacrifices, as recent recruits will discover when their wives issue an ultimatum: "Either that smelly pipe goes, or I go."

Only if the smoker is able to bid her an imperturbable good-bye without taking the pipe from his mouth is he fit to join the club.

Condensed from The Milwaukee Journal

"I'M SORRY, but Jack Montgomery will have to work on foot. We can't be responsible. He's just too old for stunt riding."

The man in the film company's office was handing out an order as preparations were being made for filming a Western on a rugged location site near Durango, Colorado. He was talking about a man who, until he came to Hollywood in 1920, had been a real-life cowpuncher. Since then, for more than 30 years, he had been a stunt man, doubling in the dangerous riding scenes for box-office stars whose profiles had to be protected.

Jack Montgomery cut an impressive figure. He was as lean as a lodgepole pine, handsome in a leathery, long-sideburned sort of way. And he was that rarest of riders: he could turn any horse into a cat, spur him off the most dangerous crag and set him down nicely on all fours right on camera. But—he was 63 years old. In the eyes of "management," that was too old for the tough riding demanded by this film.

To Montgomery, of course, the bad news would be shattering. For a stunt rider to be dismounted, grounded—to become a mere walking extra—was the ultimate degradation. Unfortunately, the man in the office had no knowledge of Montgomery's riding performance the day before—an unscheduled drama enacted on the plains without any camera.

Drama in Real Life

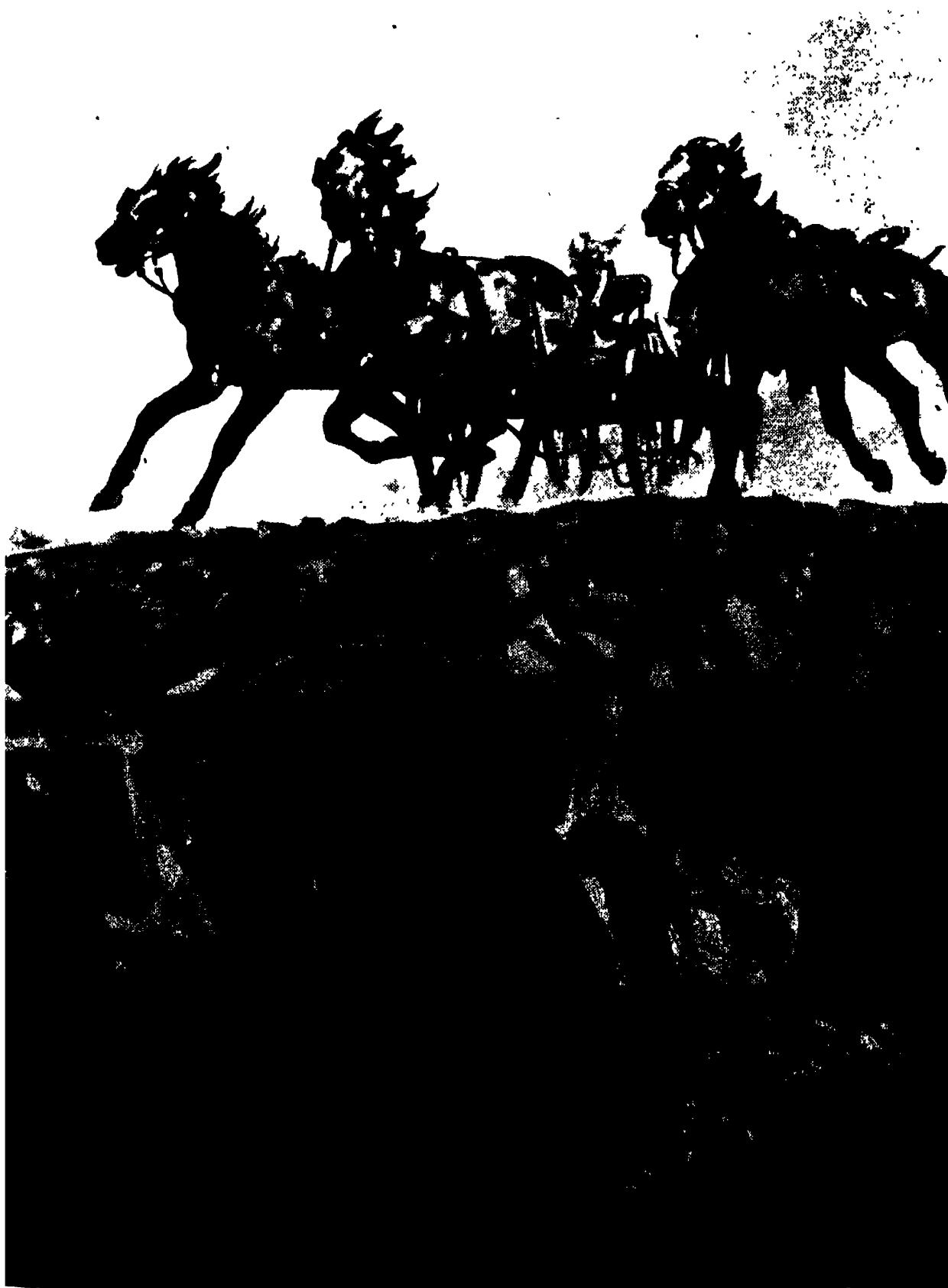
The cowboy was out of work and growing old, yet his skill with horses saved a little girl from certain death

HIS GREATEST RIDE

By DIANA SERRA CARY

It all started the previous day when Montgomery arrived at the Durango location, explaining to the "stunt co-ordinator," an old friend, that he'd been fishing in the neighbourhood. The friend, realizing that Jack was really fishing for a job, and knowing his reputation and experience, signed him on.

Montgomery's first assignment had been to find a wagon-chase route that would be practicable, yet look as dangerous as possible on the screen. The rugged land, which sloped gradually down from the road, was cut by a dry stream bed and diabolically mined with prairie dog and badger holes. About half a mile away, it ended suddenly in a deep chasm. A local cowboy who had brought in the team and wagon



for the chase was tying the horses to a fence.

Some time later, after Montgomery and his friend had finished plotting the route, a young man on a long-legged sorrel came riding up. Montgomery knew he was city-bred from the way he sat his mount—like a sack of potatoes in the saddle. Always drawn to fine horseflesh, he strolled over to give the animal a closer look. As he exchanged a few words with the rider, he realized news about the film shooting had got around. Cars were parked along the road, and groups of onlookers were standing near the horses and wagon, some 200 yards away.

It always made Montgomery edgy to have a bunch of greenhorns and their children turned loose around livestock. He knew from experience that horses, like gunpowder, need only a spark to touch them off. Suddenly he stiffened. He saw the cowboy walk off and leave the team—animals that his keen eye sized up as a pair of half-broken-in broncs that could shy at a shadow.

At the same instant, he noticed a little girl in a pink dress playing hide-and-seek on the far side of the broncs. "She's asking to have her head kicked off," he muttered to himself, and started towards her quickly.

Before he could close the distance between them, he saw a whirl of movement and heard the all-too-familiar scream of a frightened horse. The broncs had reared,

snapped their tic-ropes, and were charging towards him, scattering the tourists in all directions.

Montgomery, knowing that the deep part of the dry stream bed lay behind him to his left, stood his ground and tried to flag down the runaways by fanning his Stetson at their heads. They stamped straight past him and made a bee-line for the open country. As the wagon hurtled past, the cowboy froze, for his eye caught a chilling detail—the flash of a pink dress. The child who had been playing near the team was on the wagon, clinging to the seat and screaming for all she was worth.

Everyone had been caught unawares. The only saddle horse near by was the big sorrel, and his rider just sat there, immobilized. Montgomery grabbed the reins in his left hand and jerked the startled rider out of the saddle with his right. Slapping the horse on the rump with his open palm, he was off, mounting on the run.

Montgomery galloped out into the wild terrain he had just surveyed. The team, running blind, was going flat out; the careering wagon was tearing up anything that lay in its path. The child, her long fair hair streaming and her dress snapping like a flag in the wind, stood clinging to the seat some 200 yards ahead of her pursuer.

The 63-year-old stunt man buried his spurs deep into the pony's sides and, sitting as straight as if he were

HIS GREATEST RIDE

a giant spike driven into the saddle, sent the horse streaking over ground so rugged that it would have slowed a lynx to a trot.

Only the veteran horsemen who happened to be watching could grasp the true significance of the drama being played out between a peerless rider and an animal he had never laid hands on until seconds before. Like Red Indians, they read meaning into every move the horse and rider made. They realized, in the same moment it dawned on Montgomery, that the runaways were swinging in a wide arc towards the rim of a chasm. It was 500 feet to the bottom.

When he saw the broncs heading towards the drop, Montgomery knew that he could never hope to overtake them from behind. His only chance was to take a short cut that would get him to the rim before they reached it. Between one stride and the next, he made a decision that watching stunt men recognized instantly as being loaded with danger.

They sucked in their breath as they watched him bend the sorrel in a fast turn to the left. It could mean only one thing: he was going to take a route cleft by a murderous 18-foot-wide gulch, one he had pointed out earlier as practically impossible to clear. They knew that the rider was staking everything on the slim chance that he might have a jumper in this unknown horse.

The rider now began to feel out

his mount at full gallop. First, he put the animal over a big clump of sage. The sorrel cleared it neat and clean. On the next test, however, it ploughed straight through the bush. The watching stunt men knew exactly what was in Montgomery's mind: "This pony may be useless. If he is, I won't be here next pay day."

Montgomery's task was to make the horse use every ounce of power locked in its ginger-coloured hide. As the big split in the earth opened before them, the rider's trained eye was measuring its width down to the last whisker. Meanwhile, his taut body weighed the degree of willingness and spring, of reluctance and fear, surging through the horse between his legs.

They reached the gulch. Montgomery dug his spurs in and brought the whip down on the horse's tender flank with everything he had, at the same time uttering a savage whoop that sounded as though a dozen Comanches were on the warpath. In that instant, watchers realized that they were witnessing what could be one of the most remarkable rides ever seen, off-screen or on.

Horse and rider hung above the gulch for an eternity. At last, they hit the earth again, with crumbling inches to spare, and the sorrel clawed up the opposite bank. Montgomery let out a triumphant yell.

The way from there to the chasm's edge was short and clear, but Montgomery knew he would

have to wring one more miracle out of his winded mount if he was to reach it ahead of the runaways.

He rose in his saddle until he was standing on tiptoe in the stirrups. Taking a twist of mane in his right hand, he tipped his body forwards as lightly as an arrow about to leave the bow. He was using horse-talk now, telling the pony what he wanted him to do, and convincing him that he was the only horse alive who could do it. It was an old range trick, and it worked.

Racing along the rim of the chasm, Montgomery spotted the runaways coming in from the right. They were still pounding blindly along. Montgomery let out a hair-raising shriek. At the same time he waved an arm frantically. For the first time since they had broken away from the hitching rail, the broncs seemed to see and hear again. They broke stride and drifted slightly to their right.

Immediately, Montgomery pulled alongside, and then, leaning out of the saddle until his right hand touched the ground, swept up the trailing harness reins. Deftly taking two quick twists round his saddle horn with the heavy lines; he pulled with all his strength on his mount's bit, and stopped sharply. The stunned broncs came to a halt in a shimmering haze of dust.

Montgomery, scooping up the

hysterical little girl, placed her on the saddle in front of him. Then he jogged back to the road, leading the lathered team of horses.

When he reached the roadside, the frantic parents of the little girl snatched her up and bolted for their car. They had had enough Western chases to last them a lifetime.

It was the next day that a film company representative came to Jack Montgomery and told him he was too old to ride. To those who knew him well, Jack's answer was predictable. "Very well, sir. If my time has come to walk, I'll walk."

Montgomery then turned to looking after horses. He trained scores of them, sized them up for the filming jobs they had to do, matched them to the men who would ride them—countless special details for which his intuition and experience ably fitted him. He was so much in demand that he stayed in the film world for ten more years. He "walked" with pride just as he had ridden.

And so, true to his modest character, Jack Montgomery went to his grave without ever mentioning to a soul the real-life rescue he had performed. He didn't even tell his own family. Years later, one of his pals who had been a witness told me the story. "It was your father's greatest ride," he said.

SIGN on the desk of an executive: "MAKE ONE PERSON HAPPY EACH DAY—
EVEN IF IT'S YOURSELF."

—Tony Pettito

FORECAST: A Weatherman in the Sky

A summer day in 1980. From his polar-orbiting platform 200 miles above the earth, the Weatherman in the Sky begins scanning the earth's surface. Beyond the Antilles, Hurricane Clytemnestra begins to collapse, shredded by a continuous aerial barrage of silver-iodide seeds from American planes. The weatherman alerts Moscow that intense hail is due to fall on Rostov by early afternoon, and the Russians quickly send up rockets laden with chemicals, melting the hail before it hits the wheat fields. Holidaymakers at seaside resort are told they will have a clammy morning—but only until 10.40 a.m. And the working girls in a big city are advised they had better take umbrellas when they go to lunch: it will rain from 12.35 to 2.15.

THE SCENE is not science fiction. Such predictions from an orbiting weatherman are well within the reach of today's technology, giving man for the first time the tools to modify if not to control the weather. Weather research has experienced a breakthrough in the past few years, and scientists all over the world are rushing to develop this new and enormous power to influence the conditions of human life.

The United States' boldest single weather-control plan, Project Stormfury, is designed to find out if the wind strength of hurricanes can

be reduced by seeding their centres with silver-iodide crystals. Russian anti-aircraft guns regularly bark over the mountains of Georgia and the hail-blasted steppes of Siberia, pumping silver iodide into the sky at intervals of 10 to 15 minutes until storms subside. In France, meteorologist Henri Dessens has created *le Météotron*, a super-stove that covers 3,200 square metres and has 100 burners that can generate 700,000 kilowatts of power to send cumulo-nimbus clouds tumbling into the sky, frequently to spill rain. Clouds have been seeded to make snow in the California High Sierra,

Condensed from Time

and airports have dissipated fog with dry ice.

But before man makes significantly greater strides in influencing the weather, he must learn to predict it more accurately. Weather satellites like *Tiros* and *Nimbus* and *Essa I* and *II* are proving vastly helpful in this task by photographing huge areas of the earth and its atmosphere, and computers have made it possible to predict weather accurately for days in advance. Because far more information is still needed, the World Meteorological Organization is already planning a "World Weather Watch," using satellites and a global network of land and sea stations.

Even more accurate observation is envisaged by U.S. physicist Dr. Peter Castruccio, director of IBM's Advanced Space Programmes, who suggests a follow-up to the Apollo manned satellite programme that would place weathermen in the sky along with two unmanned platforms equipped with complex weather-probing devices.

Once man knows more precisely what the weather is going to do and where, he can not only prepare for it but bring to bear his modern tools to try to dissipate its force, change its course or moderate its impact. Now the question is not just how he can exert his influence but how far he

should go in pursuing changes whose consequences still remain hidden. Man is not quite sure what will happen if he tampers too much with natural forces.

To destroy a typhoon threatening Kyushu, for example, might deprive a drought-ridden corner of India of needed rain, or might even parch Eastern Europe. Since hurricanes carry enormous excess energy and heat from their breeding grounds in the Equatorial zone—a single hurricane can release the energy, in wind, of 12 twenty-megaton bombs—no one knows what would happen if they were prevented by artificial means from forming. Italian meteorologist Giorgio Fea suspects that any tampering might produce "thermal imbalances so violent that even the great Biblical events would pale beside them."

Scientists are already using computers to set up atmospheric models on which the effects of man-made weather changes can be calculated in advance, but it will take another generation or two of more sophisticated computers for them to be certain whether the changes will help or harm mankind.

In approaching weather control, says the director of America's National Centre for Atmospheric Research, "a great deal of wisdom will be required."



*Y*OUNG girls now pretend they do things they don't do. When I was their age, we pretended we weren't doing the things we did!

—Roma Jaffe



My Most Unforgettable Character

A colleague pays personal tribute to one of Britain's best-loved television personalities

By WYNFORD VAUGHAN-THOMAS

RICHARD DIMBLEBY and I joined the British Broadcasting Corporation within months of each other in 1936. He was 23, a very large, fresh-faced young man, bursting with curiosity about the whole wide world. We called him "Bumblebee," because he was always buzzing about, looking for news. I liked him immensely.

He was soon to be married to a charming girl named Dilys, and was perpetually broke on his salary of Rs. 7,350 a year. He had an ancient

Morris Oxford car, for which he had paid Rs. 63, and in this he loved to dash at breakneck speed to floods, fires or train wrecks.

"You know, I invented this job," he told me. "I wrote to the BBC, saying they ought to have their own news reporter, and they wrote back, 'Good. Why not you?'"

We covered many assignments together. During long drives or over a drink, we used to talk about life and what we hoped to get out of it. Richard had no doubt

about what he wanted—a Rolls-Royce, thoroughbred horses, a yacht, to travel to the ends of the earth, and above and beyond all these worldly attainments, a peaceful home where he and Dilys could raise a happy family.

I wished him luck, but inwardly I thought, poor Richard, he doesn't know what he's up against. He was one of the few members of the BBC news staff who was not a university man. While most of us had been studying for our degrees, Richard had been setting type, soliciting ads and writing news items for one of his family's group of local newspapers. Hardly the way, it seemed to me, to start the climb to the top of a highly competitive profession.

Britain's Voice. How wrong I was! Richard went on to become one of the most celebrated men of his generation. His voice, his face and figure became better known to the people of Britain and the Commonwealth than those of any other person except Churchill or a few members of the Royal Family.

He covered everything—the coronation, royal weddings, state funerals, the visits of the Royal

WYNFORD VAUGHAN-THOMAS, "broadcaster and author, gave the BBC commentary at the Westminster Abbey memorial service for Richard Dimbleby. Born in Swansea, Wales, in 1908, Vaughan-Thomas was a lecturer and keeper of records at the National Library of Wales before he joined the BBC. In Britain his reputation as a broadcaster—he was the commentator at the funeral service of King George VI and for the royal tour of Australia—is second only to that Dimbleby held.

Family abroad, even the earthquake disaster in Yugoslavia.

During his years on BBC television's weekly current affairs programme "Panorama," viewers did not ask, "What's new?" but "What does Richard say?" In the Cuba crisis, when the world seemed on the brink of war, a mother rang up the BBC and said, "I won't send my children to school tomorrow unless Mr. Dimbleby can promise me there will be no war."

Once, when he reported an election rally, he had to climb a ladder to a vantage point above the speakers' platform. As he approached the top, a great roar came from the crowd. The principal speaker rose to take a bow, then quickly sank back when cries of "Good old Richard!" made it clear whom the ovation was for.

Richard's was the voice of Britain. But he knew unerringly when to leave people to their own thoughts. Having set the scene at Churchill's funeral, he remained quiet while the coffin was carried out of Westminster Hall and placed on the gun carriage. The cooing of pigeons, the jingling of harness and the sobbing of people in the crowd heightened the solemn drama more poignantly than any words. Later, when the coffin was being borne by the Grenadier Guardsmen to the waiting barge on the Thames, Richard said simply, "The tide is full, the river is almost still."

Why was Richard so widely loved

and respected? I think it was because he gave the public something badly needed: the reassurance that, in these changing times, the old virtues still worked. He was exceptionally endowed with character. One after the other, he realized his early ambitions—the Rolls-Royce, the yacht, the country homes, wealth—and yet he still went on being kind, hard-working and unpretentious. It wasn't hard for anyone, of any class or condition, to see himself in Richard and to like himself better for what he saw.

Richard worked longer and harder than any man I ever knew. Years ago, we were assigned to a television broadcast of Queen Elizabeth, the Queen Mother, opening an exhibition of the Royal School of Needlework in St. James's Palace. According to the schedule, a fanfare announcing the arrival of the Queen Mother would sound after Richard had opened the programme with a tour of the exhibits.

Richard completed the tour and cued the camera to the entrance—but no fanfare. Five minutes passed. This time, I thought, Richard is really on the spot. Not at all. He warmed up again to the subject of needlework, with a brief history of this decorative art as practised in China, Japan, ancient Persia and medieval Europe. He explained the various stitches—long and short, chain, split and satin—illustrating his points with references to the various exhibits on display. He

talked on for 35 minutes in his easy-flowing prose before the fanfare finally sounded.

After the broadcast, the Queen Mother told Richard why she was late: "We were watching you on television at Clarence House and were so fascinated by your talk that we just couldn't tear ourselves away. We did so appreciate your thoughtfulness in showing us the exhibits a second time."

And how did Richard happen to know so much about needlework? First he read extensively on the subject at the British Museum, and then he spent most of one day studying the exhibits. It was just a routine sample of the intensive homework he did before every broadcast.

Unruffled Calm. When he entered the studio, everything seemed to fall into place. His unflappability gave rise to a new word in broadcasting parlance—to "dimblebize," or make the proceedings run smoothly.

In all his years of broadcasting, he was never known to throw a fit of temperament, except once in Paris during the rehearsals for a fashion show aboard a *bateau-mouche*—and this time it was deliberate. Everything was going wrong. The French camera crews wouldn't listen to directions. The models flitted about exchanging gossip and sipping champagne.

Finally, Richard slowly and inexorably raised his majestic bulk to

a standing position and announced in Churchillian tones, "I will not go on with this appalling shambles!" Then calmly and deliberately he threw his chair into the river, then his table, then champagne bottles and glasses. It worked like a dream; everything was organized in no time. "I must say," said Richard afterwards, "I rather enjoyed it."

As a commentator, Richard had a tremendous sense of responsibility, but he never felt that the fate of the nation depended on what he said or didn't say, and he didn't mind spoofing on the air. One April Fools' Day he did a Panorama programme on the success of the spaghetti harvest in Switzerland. Fresh-faced maidens, presumably Swiss, were shown pulling strands of pasta out of heavily festooned trees, while Richard in his usual immaculate style described how the mild winter had produced a bumper crop, and compared the size of the Swiss enterprise with that of Italy. Thousands of viewers were convinced that spaghetti grew on trees in Switzerland.

At home, the Dimbleby family atmosphere was easy and relaxed. You got the feeling of peace the moment you entered the house. Richard couldn't bear rows and he simply ruled them out of his life. If the children wanted to do something of which he disapproved, he never said "don't." He said, "Do you really want to do that? Is that the

way you feel?" When the children were small and there were guests in the house, everybody would go to the children's bedrooms to help tuck them in. "All right," Richard would say, "concert's on." And then everybody would sing nursery tunes remembered from childhood.

At night, Richard loved to sit with his guests in front of the fire until the small hours and set the world to rights. All subjects were discussed, but never argued. His desire was not to reform the world, but to understand and enjoy it. If talk got too heated, he had a way of getting up and banging out a popular tune on the piano.

As war correspondents, all of us took risks; it was part of the job. But for Richard it was something else as well. He was constantly testing the limits of his endurance. In September 1939, he became the first BBC war correspondent with the British Expeditionary Force to France. The next year he covered



the fighting in North Africa, and in 1942 came back to be BBC Air Correspondent. He flew on the mass raids over Germany—and never pretended that he wasn't frightened: "I achieved immortality in the ranks of the RAF by being the only man to be violently sick *after* a raid was over."

He was one of the first correspondents to join front-line troops in their push across France and into Germany. One April morning in 1945 Richard heard that British troops had discovered a prisoner-of-war camp where typhus had broken out. I couldn't see anything newsworthy in it, but Richard said, "I have a feeling this one's different," and took off in his jeep.

That afternoon I met him coming back. His face was white, and his eyes showed disgust and disbelief. "What's up there?" I asked. He said in a low voice, "It's horrible. Human beings have no right to do this to each other." Then the details

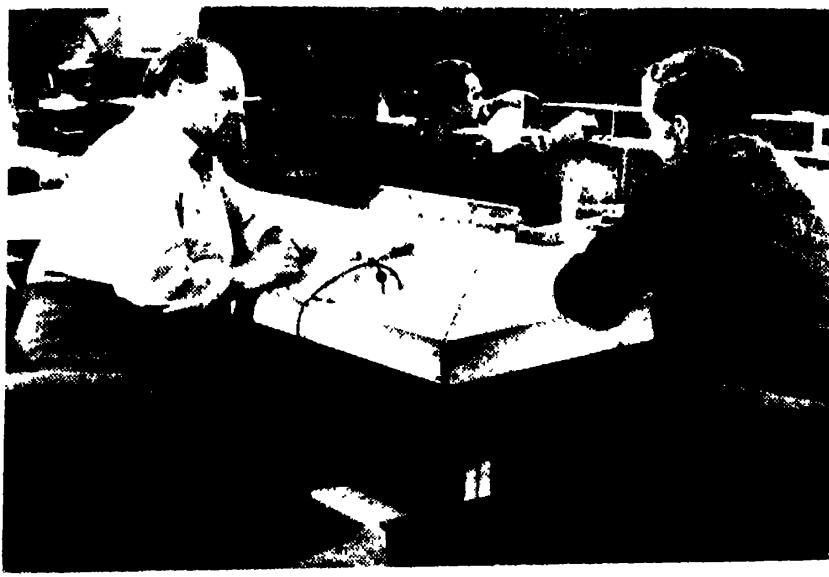
came pouring out—row upon row of mummified bodies; starving children; men and women still alive but too weak to rise up on their elbows or even to speak. This was not a prisoner-of-war camp. He had been to Belsen, the infamous concentration camp.

"You can't tell all that on the air," I said to him. He answered, "I must." In his broadcast that night, he burned the image of Belsen into the minds of his listeners with the controlled fury of an acetylene torch.

At Belsen, Richard discovered for the first time that man could be profoundly evil, and he began re-examining the traditions of fair play, personal freedom and individual conscience.

After the war, when these traditions were belittled in many quarters as old-fashioned or irrelevant, Richard cherished them and defended them. For him, they were not merely embellishments of life, but

On the edge of the Libyan battlefield in June 1942, British soldiers record messages for home



CENTRAL

A short pause from work during the television broadcast of the British General Election in 1959

the very substance of civilization. Institutions like the Monarchy and the Church he saw as bulwarks of order and decency set against a repetition of the organized bestiality he had seen at Belsen.

Battle for Life. Early in 1960, Richard had noticed a swelling on his abdomen. It wasn't painful and he paid no attention to it. Within six months, though, the swelling had increased considerably and he saw a doctor. After the examination, the doctor looked thoughtfully out of the window. Richard said, "You needn't tell me what it is. I know."

Over the next five years, doctors attacked the cancer with surgery and with massive X-ray doses. The malignancy would shrink, then after a period of quiescence reappear in another part of his body.

What does a man do when he knows he's fighting a near-hopeless battle for his life? Richard became, if anything, more alive. Both he and Dilys were determined to get the most out of the years that remained to them together and the way to do that was to go on as always. The children were growing up, and during their school holidays the house was full of teenagers. He delighted in their slang and enjoyed bantering with them about their current fads or heroes. When they had problems, his own children or their friends came to him for advice. Somehow he always managed to set them right.

Professionally he was the same as

ever—punctual, considerate, pains-taking in his "homework," urbane-ly masterful in his commentaries. Only a few of his close friends knew that Richard had cancer.

With them he was prepared to discuss it quite freely, but waited almost until the end before announcing it publicly. As he told me, "I don't want a false emotion working in my favour."

His stamina during these years was little short of incredible. Following the Skopje earthquake disaster in Yugoslavia in 1963, Richard was asked to make an appeal to his listeners for donations to aid the victims.

Before he agreed, he demanded assurance that the much-needed equipment and material would be flown to the disaster area immediately. No government official seemed able to give a decision about the planes. "I won't do the appeal unless I get a firm promise that the planes will leave tomorrow," Richard said flatly.

"You're putting the Government on the spot," a Minister's assistant told him.

"Yes," said Richard, "I mean to."

Ten minutes before Richard was due to make the appeal, the Minister himself rang back. "Her Majesty's Government will have the aircraft available tomorrow morning."

Richard not only raised Rs. 84 lakhs; he also made the exhausting trip to Skopje with the British rescue mission so that he could

report back to contributors what their donations were accomplishing.

In October 1965, Richard finished his regular Panorama show and took off to cover the Pope's visit to New York. He had a high temperature and was obviously in pain. Yet he went directly to the BBC office in New York for a briefing on the Pope's schedule and the next day drove over the Pope's route. Through some miracle of self-command, he carried the broadcast off with his usual authoritative grace. It was his last big broadcast.

A fortnight after his return to London, Richard was admitted to hospital. Soon after came the public announcement that he had cancer.

The end was only a few days or weeks away. Dilys was in his hospital room day and night. The children, David, Jonathan, Nicholas and Sally, were frequently in and out. Richard still went on reading all the newspapers and magazines, listening to the radio and watching television.

The Queen sent him champagne. The Duke and Duchess of Kent sent books. Flowers came from Princess Marina, King Hussein of

Jordan and the King of the Hellenes.

Letters poured in by the hundreds every day. One of them read: "Dear Mr. Dimbleby: My wife and children asked me to write to you and say how sorry we are that you are ill and how much we miss you. Who am I? Just an ordinary roadman from Berkshire. See you down my road one of these days."

For years, at Christmastime, Richard had sent a gift to every girl connected with his BBC programmes. On December 20, each of them received a box of chocolates with a personal note written by Richard. Two days later he died in his sleep.

The Commemoration service for Richard was held at Westminster Abbey in the dusk of a grey winter's day. His friends filled the Abbey and overflowed into the Cloisters. As I silently bade farewell to the man who had been my friend for 30 years, I thought of the words Socrates spoke just before he died: "Think this certain, that to a good man no evil can happen, either in life or in death."

Richard was a good man.

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—*Evening Press, Dublin*

SEEN in a real estate agent's window: "Top floor flat for sale. Previous buyer dropped out."

—*Evening Standard, London*



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The Wondering World of the Newborn

*A fascinating report on the dramatic
first months of human life*

By DR. MARGARET LILEY AND BETH DAY

IT HAS BEEN SAID that the newborn baby is unsociable, because he seems to be aware only of himself and makes no apparent effort to communicate. But actually his powers of communication are very good for one who has only just arrived. When an effort is made to understand and respond to these powers, it is quite possible to communicate with a baby—not through speech but through touch and soothing sounds.

The newborn's first contact with others comes from a basic urge to cling. When cuddled, he automatically responds. Long before he can identify individual adults by sight, he has sorted them out in his mind by the different way each holds him. He knows quite clearly whether he is being handled by someone who is confident and kindly or by someone who is nervous.

It takes the newborn baby several days to recover
© 1966 by Beth Day. Condensed from *McCall's*

THE WONDERING WORLD OF THE NEWBORN

from the experience of birth and feel hungry. Usually, his first hunger pangs coincide with the time when his mother's milk is available: about the third day.

One of the reasons breast-feeding is so strongly recommended is that it provides reassurance; the baby needs the nearness of another human body, the gentle monotony of the heartbeat, the warmth of adult arms. He also responds to pleasurable vibrations, such as the rhythm of gentle rocking and the soothing croon of a lullaby.

It is useless to expect an "intelligent" response from a small baby. Some adults mistakenly torment tiny babies by jogging and tickling them, hoping to induce a sudden smile or gurgle of laughter. Babies often smile before they are four or five weeks old, but rarely in response to being tickled. It starts as a sort of experiment; but as their vision improves, they may imitate the smiles they see on adult faces.

The newborn can feel sensations of pain, pleasure, heat and cold over his entire body, but his brain cannot yet sort out these sensations; they produce no more than a blurry image on his conscious mind. At his first medical examination, he usually reacts to a prick on his toe by flailing his arms, wiggling his body and perhaps crying. He knows he

DR. MARGARET LILEY, of New Zealand, is a practising paediatrician, the wife of a distinguished obstetrician, and the mother of five small children.

has been hurt, but he does not know precisely where. He is just as likely to move towards the source of pain as to draw away from it.

The only place he can localize feeling is in and around his mouth. He will try to put every new object into his mouth, so that his tongue and lips can examine and identify it. In this way, he gradually becomes sensitive to tastes and textures.

During the first two weeks of life, a baby usually lacks the energy to do more than sleep and eat. Accustomed to the relative weightlessness of the womb, he finds the effort to compete with gravity to be quite considerable. Baths are pleasurable to him because the buoyancy of the water gives him a brief respite from the constant pull of gravity.

First Toys. From the age of two weeks the baby lies awake for longer periods, eager for something to play with. Since the natural way for him to play is to suck on something, he should not be denied this great comfort. Oral stimulation is not a cause for concern unless it persists well past infancy. When he has reached the stage where he can sit up by himself, his suck-on toys should be gently disposed of—not suddenly, but over a period of time, just as is done with weaning.

The first sound the baby makes, of course, is crying. His earliest cries are a reflex response to discomfort and not a form of communication. But he soon learns that this is his only way to indicate hunger, pain or

boredom. The hunger cry is usually the most frequent, demanding and persistent. The "sick" cry is often little more than a low wail or whimper. Pain provokes a sharp, high cry of unmistakable distress.

It used to be considered sensible to "let Baby have a good cry—it will improve his appetite." Today we know that a frustrated and angry baby fills his stomach with air. When the feeding finally does come, he settles for half a meal, then wakes up too soon and starts crying for the next course.

All Individuals. Babies vary greatly in their food needs, so only the baby himself can reasonably dictate how much he wants and when he wants it. It is not unusual for a light feeder to be hungry again within two or three hours after being fed. His way of measuring has nothing to do with the time of day but is associated with his metabolic rhythm. When he cries for food, he's hungry. When he stops feeding, he's satisfied.

The amount of sleep each baby requires also varies a great deal. The baby who has inconvenient waking periods at night can usually be encouraged to go back to sleep by changing his position or giving him something to cling to. Leaving him to cry his head off will not improve his sleeping pattern. It is not necessary to keep quiet once he is asleep; a baby is not disturbed by noise as such, but by sudden changes in the level of noise.

Infant growth is a series of fits

and starts, with alternating periods of lengthening and rounding. It is normal for a six-month-old baby to be chubby. Then, when he is about one year old, the baby goes into a period of lengthening, which usually lasts until he is two. It is at this age that grannies used to say, "The baby is running off his fat." In fact, it was only coincidence that his growth occurred at about the same time that he started to crawl and walk.

Each baby makes his own decision about when he is ready to raise himself, to crawl and, finally, to walk. It is an old wives' tale that babies become bow-legged when they are allowed to walk too soon. Bow-legs are actually the result of the baby's not having been given the proper opportunity to bear weight on his legs *before* he began to walk. All healthy babies want to stand up in your lap. They need to exercise their legs to build up their strength for walking, so that the stress lines in the bones will develop properly. When they try to put all their weight on underdeveloped legs, the legs will bow.

The process of learning to speak is a long one for the baby, and it goes through many stages. Small babies often tend to mimic gestures and motions that accompany speech. The speaking sounds they first attempt come out as squeaks and gurgles, created well back in the throat.

Gradually the voice production comes forward, so that the baby learns to make "da-da-da" sounds

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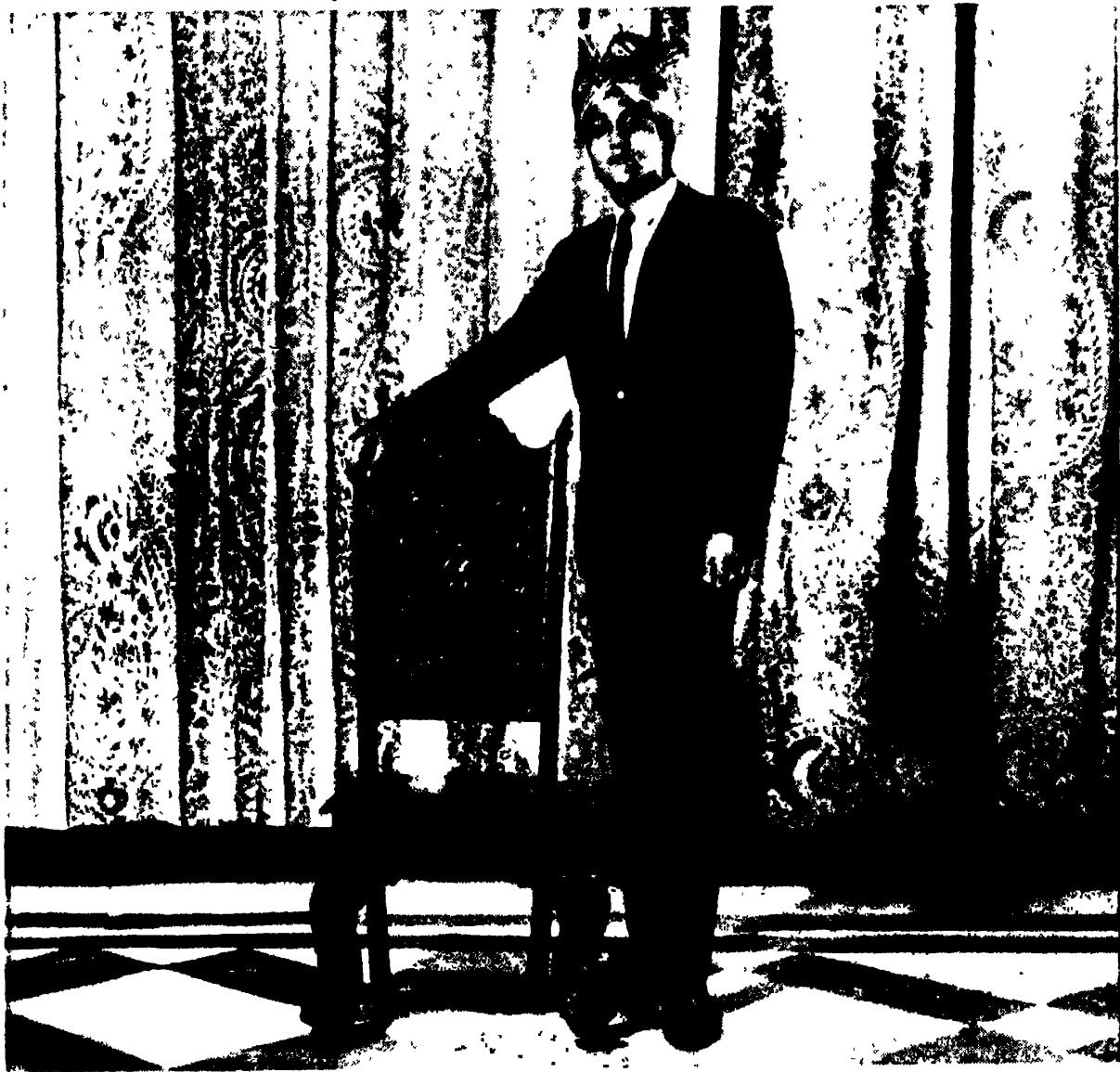
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THE WONDERING WORLD OF THE NEWBORN

with his tongue and palate in the middle of the mouth. Last of all, he learns to use his lips to make the "mmmm" sounds. This is why babies say "Dada" before "Mama."

The baby who has older brothers and sisters has an easier time sorting out words in his mind than an only child, since children's speech is repetitious and certain words soon become familiar. A child who is exposed exclusively to adult conversation has a harder time learning individual words, since adult speech is far more varied. The only child can be helped to learn to speak earlier if his mother repeats certain words again and again to him, associating them with something he can see, such as his toys or what he is eating. "Baby talk" from a parent accomplishes nothing; it may even be confusing to the infant.

A baby is by nature eager and bold in his approach to new things. It is only when he discovers that mistakes are punishable that he becomes more careful. Until he reaches this point, many parents worry about the pitfalls into which the child's breakneck curiosity may lead him. They should remember that there is no such thing as a completely untraumatic upbringing.

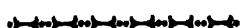
It is only natural, during infancy

as during later life, that some frustrations and disappointments will occur. A little turmoil has no harmful effect on a baby's development. The normal clash of activities and personalities in a busy household is an infinitely more interesting atmosphere for him than an artificially peaceful milieu, which may prove to be an inadequate preparation for life in the outside world.

Aiding Progress. The knowledge-thirsty baby is easily bored. When he tosses away an almost new toy he is saying he has already found out everything interesting about it and is now ready for something else. Studies of the infant have shown that the one-year-old can find out in 90 seconds everything that he wants to know about the average toy.

The parent can be of most help in letting a small baby learn by providing him with maximum opportunity for exploration and communication. The less physical and mental restriction the baby has, the quicker he will get on with his discoveries about the world.

The knowledge, and the self-knowledge, that parents allow and encourage their infant to develop will provide the tools he will need for the rest of his life.



• Festive Note

*A*FTER a New Year's Eve celebration in the town centre of Wigan, Lancashire, police found a set of false teeth, still gripping a cigar. —UPI

In this exclusive interview with The Reader's Digest, Australian Prime Minister Harold Holt answers the critics of his country's policy and explains

Why Australia is Fighting in Vietnam

Q. Mr. Prime Minister, the United States is often criticized for its involvement in the war in South Vietnam. How do you, as head of a government in that region, feel about it?

A. Australia is emphatic in believing that America is following the

path of wisdom and good sense—that this is the practical way to prevent great areas of Asia from being brought under the dominance of an aggressive communist power. Without the American shield, most of us who live in the area would have a perpetual sense of insecurity. I think it's most fortunate that three American Presidents should, in turn, have seen the necessity for United States' participation in resisting communist aggression in South Vietnam. That policy has been strongly supported by the government of my country. Indeed, we have sent 4,500 Australian troops—one out of every 15 men we have in uniform—to fight in Vietnam.

Harold Holt succeeded Sir Robert Menzies as Australia's chief of state in January 1966, after seven years as Federal Treasurer. Earlier, he had been Minister for Immigration, Minister for Labour and National Service, and Acting Minister for Air. He has made many fact-finding trips to Vietnam and other Asian trouble spots. The re-election of his Government in November 1966 is seen as a vindication of his policy over Vietnam.



WHY AUSTRALIA IS FIGHTING IN VIETNAM

Q. But some of America's closest allies—particularly Britain and France—have been either cool towards the U.S. involvement in Vietnam or outspokenly critical of it.

A. Their attitude is a matter of regret to us. As I said in a speech not long ago, if it was justifiable for a small country like Australia to have half a million casualties in two world wars while helping to defend other countries against aggression in Europe, and if it was justifiable for the United States to do the same when Europe was thousands of miles from its shores, then one would expect a more sympathetic attitude from the European countries towards what we are trying to accomplish in Vietnam. This was perhaps a rather emotional reference. But surely neither Britain nor France can afford to have extensive communist control of South-East Asia, or to have the influence of communism extending through the countries of Asia generally.

Q. Then how do you account for the European attitude on Vietnam?

A. I think it's an understandable resistance on the part of European countries which have been through two devastating world wars and are not looking for another major involvement. They don't feel any great urge to get into an unpleasant piece of fighting in a most involved, complex political environment.

The French attitude, particularly,

has been affected by the failure of French military policy in the area, and perhaps by a belief that if France couldn't succeed, others can't. This has led to a feeling that in South-East Asia you won't find an answer in military terms or as a result of Western intervention. So they talk mysteriously about resolving the issue "in the Asian way." What does this mean—unless that it is resolved in the way Asia has over the centuries: by the strongest power dictating to the weaker ones?

When President de Gaulle asked that firm commitments be made for the withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam even before any opening of negotiations, it seems to me that he was overlooking the basic cause of the fighting: the aggression—both indirect, through infiltration and subversion, and direct, through the movement of regular armed forces—by the regime in North Vietnam against its neighbour, South Vietnam. Surely, any question about the withdrawal of American and allied forces must be balanced by a guarantee that the people of South Vietnam will no longer be subjected to aggression.

Q. Does Chinese communism play an important part in the aggression?

A. The whole philosophy and policy of Communist China is to move towards a world which finally accepts the communist doctrines. This is the overwhelming conclusion to which one is driven by the

declarations of the Chinese government. The United States, fortunately, believes that it can't afford to allow the scourge of communism in Asia to spread unchecked. We subscribe wholeheartedly to that policy.

Particularly in view of the recent purges in China, we have to take literally the Chinese statements that the so-called war of liberation in South Vietnam can be repeated in other parts of Asia. The domino theory—that if one South-East Asian nation topples to communism, the rest will follow—is yet to be disproved. Those of us who live in the area believe it is true. It doesn't require much imagination to see that if South Vietnam comes under communist domination, Laos and Cambodia may well fall, too. And Thailand—how long could Thailand hold out in these circumstances? The Malayan peninsula would also be threatened.

Q. Why should America care about this?

A. More than half of the world's population lives in the area broadly described as "East of Suez," and the region is growing at a faster rate than the rest of the world. By the end of the century, its population is likely to have doubled. The last thing you can do is to ignore such an enormous region. It is shortsighted for the industrialized nations of the West to believe that they can contract out of the problems, the troubles, the agonies of Asia.

There are countries in Asia in

which great potentialities exist, though we've yet to marry potentialities to performance. Indonesia is probably the best example of that: a naturally rich country, with 100 million people, but in a state of economic chaos. At the same time, encouraging progress is being made in other countries—Japan, for example.

We in Australia have increased our trade with Japan four and a half times since the early 1950's. This year, Japan's imports from us were very close in value to those of our largest customer, the United Kingdom. I would say that within a year or two, Japan will shoot past the United Kingdom as the biggest customer for Australian production.

From this story of remarkable trade development can be judged the future of Asia generally, if it is maintained in a situation of peace. I think that the United States is not going to get its reward just in heaven: I think that it's going to benefit very materially from the increased trade.

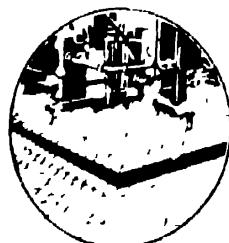
Can we maintain peace in Asia? I think, again, the key lies in the resolution of the United States.

Q. But the resolution of some Americans seems to be wavering, because they feel no progress is being made in Vietnam.

A. Yes, I know. The critics are very vocal. It troubled me when I was last in the United States to find how little recognition there appeared to be of what has already

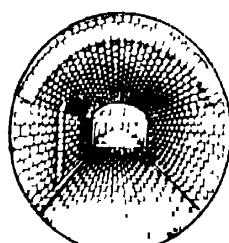
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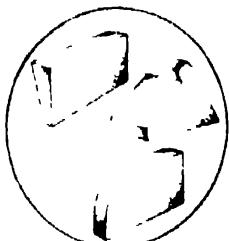


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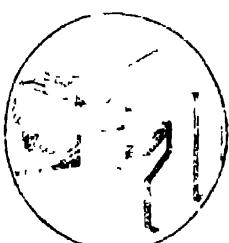


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WHY AUSTRALIA IS FIGHTING IN VIETNAM

been achieved by the country's efforts and sacrifices.

Those of us from Down Under believe that the domino theory is, now, actually working in reverse. Because the United States *is* in Asia, the emerging young Asian countries are being encouraged to work out their own future without fear, in spite of the persisting menace of a philosophy which Mao says grows out of the barrel of a gun.

There is no doubt in our minds that, for example, the reversal which occurred in Indonesia would not have happened but for the U.S. presence in Vietnam. The United States had made evident its resolution there, and this was an encouragement. Imagine the reverse situation, with no U.S. presence and the communists coming south in strength; I don't think there would have been successful resistance by anti-communist forces in Indonesia. The people would have seen the writing on the wall and felt it necessary to live under Big Brother.

Q. Are there any other positive results from America's stand in Vietnam?

A. Yes, of course. One is the recent formation of ASPAC—the Asian and South Pacific Council, which includes South Korea, Japan, Formosa, the Philippines, New Zealand, Australia, South Vietnam, Thailand and Malaysia. These countries are combining for mutual benefits of trade, for greater economic development and a more intimate

association than anything we've known in the past. It is not a defence organization, but it is made up of nine countries on the periphery of Asia, each conscious of the threat of Chinese communist expansion. They would hardly have come together if they had not been sure America would help shield them from further encroachments.

Another illustration is the Asian Development Bank which, with a capital of Rs. 750 crores, is being financed largely with Asian funds. Yet another is the scheme for developing the four countries on the lower Mekong River—Thailand, Cambodia, Laos and South Vietnam. All these programmes are the consequences of a more secure situation in our part of the world. And, again, my own conviction is that we are just on the threshold of growth.

Q. On the war, what kind of solution do you think is possible?

A. We are perhaps less expectant than the Americans that there will be a quick outcome in Vietnam. It may take quite a long time. We've been through the painfully-protracted campaign in Malaya, and that was not by any means as involved or as difficult as the one in South Vietnam. On the other hand, there was nothing like the massive build-up of military power that exists today in South Vietnam.

The trouble is that the guerrilla action can go on almost indefinitely, even after large-scale fighting has ceased. The communists may keep

on causing trouble until they finally realize that it costs them more than it's worth. Then, without regard to consistency, logic, or what has gone before, they may suddenly decide to call off the war.

This is what they did in Korea, and it could happen in Vietnam eventually.

Q. Is there a chance that the Chinese communist threat will ever fade away?

A. While Communist China maintains its present attitudes, there has to be an effective containment. This is what we are doing. But we can't isolate the Chinese. We've got to assume that there are liberalizing forces at work in China, as there are in other countries. We've got to look for ways of penetrating the Bamboo Curtain, just as we've penetrated, to some extent, the Iron Curtain.

We in Australia don't run away from the apparent inconsistency of maintaining a resistance to Chinese communist aggression and, at the same time, trading quite regularly with China in some items such as wheat and wool. We believe that you have to establish points of contact which help to build up goodwill between the countries.

I am optimistic enough to think that the intelligent people in China will realize eventually that they have got to come to an accommodation with the Free World, just as the leaders of Russia have. We had to

work slowly towards this outcome in Russia. It's not a very easy or comfortable situation there, but it's a lot more secure than it was when the cold war was really frigid.

Q. Mr. Prime Minister, some Americans find it a bit startling to encounter someone like yourself who approves of their foreign policy. Is there anything you think is wrong with it?

A. Well, don't imagine that we Australians are uncritical people. Certainly we haven't sacrificed any of our independence of mind or judgement. As far as Australia is concerned, there are a number of economic matters that are not working out the way we would wish. But we don't complain, for we are indebted to America for so much.

The Australian people sleep much more securely at night because of our alliance with the United States of America. So it shouldn't be surprising that an Australian head of government should be found giving as much encouragement as he possibly can to the American President and his colleagues in maintaining their resistance to aggression.

I hope that out of it all, we shall not only be joined with the Americans in achieving victory in Vietnam, but also associated with them in the exciting prospects that will open up for us in Asia as a result of the assistance and guidance that we can take there.

✓ *No BIRD soars too high if he soars with his own wings.*—William Blake

the orphanage director returned to Ford's suite to apologize and offered to phone the editor of the paper with a correction.

"Never mind," said Ford as he wrote out a cheque for £18,000. "You can have this cheque, but only on one condition. When the new building opens, I want this inscription on it: 'I Was a Stranger, and You Took Me In.'"

—P.M.A.

A MIDDLE-AGED woman filling in an employment application came to the line marked "Age." Here she hesitated a long time. Finally the personnel manager leaned over and whispered, "The longer you wait, the worse it gets."

—G. R.

Two LAWYERS visited a psychiatrist to take his sworn evidence in a case they were handling. They found his waiting-room filled with unusual—all almost weird—abstract paintings. When they were ushered into the consulting-room one of the lawyers asked, "Do you paint, sir?"

"No," he replied with a note of pride in his voice. "Those pictures were all done by my patients."

"Before or after?" asked the other lawyer.

—S. C. M.

HENRY FORD, the pioneer car manufacturer, was once in Dublin on holiday, so the story goes, when a delegation from an orphanage came to his hotel room to ask for a contribution for a new building. Ford immediately wrote out a cheque for £2,000.

Next morning, on the front page of a Dublin newspaper, was the headline: FORD GIVES £20,000 FOR IRISH ORPHANAGE. Later that morning

MY EIGHT-YEAR-OLD nephew and I had been talking about mating the family poodle when he asked, "How did I start?"

Not knowing what would be acceptable to both child and parents, I hesitated. "Oh, you started as a seed or an egg," I replied.

"Which?" he countered.

"Does it really matter?" I asked.

With a disdainful look he said, "I'd just like to know whether I'm a flower or a bird!"

—Mary Gordon

THE CLERGYMAN was slashing away with his niblick, trying to get out of the bunker. He lofted the ball, only to see it go over the green into a bunker on the fair side. Red-faced and exasperated, he turned to the other members of the foursome and said, "Won't one of you laymen please say a few appropriate words?"

—E.P.

FORMER U.S. Ambassador Stanton Griffis sent a first-night telegram to stage star Ina Claire and a wedding telegram to his niece, both on the same evening. The messages got switched, and Griffis's newly-wed niece was startled to read: "I hope you have your usual success."

—C. R.

THE READER'S DIGEST

IN AN Iron Curtain country, a citizen, meeting a Western tourist carrying a tiny transistor radio, was reluctant to admit his fascinated curiosity. "We have these too," he boasted. "What is it?" —Jerry Klein

A GROCER overheard two nuns debating as to which should drive back to the convent. One said, "You drive, Sister Luke, and I'll pray."

"What's the matter?" asked Sister Luke. "Don't you trust *my* praying?"

—R. E. T.



THE NEW novel, *A Young Girl's Life*, by Jean-Paul Ollivier, has the pages numbered in reverse—the last leaf carrying the number "1," the next to last "2," and so on. Why? "It's a book for women," the author explains, "and this way they can tell how much they've got left to read."

—Noel Anthony

A JUNIOR school headmaster periodically escapes to the school canteen, where the cooks keep a pot of coffee brewing for him. When occasionally his secretary joins him, an 11-year-old

88

girl is put in charge of the office with instructions to take any messages and not divulge that the principal is having a coffee break. "It sounds more professional," she was told, "to say, 'The principal is in another part of the building.'"

The system worked well until a neighbouring school headmaster, unable to reach the principal, insisted that he be brought to the phone. The girl, remembering her instructions, replied, "Oh, no! When the principal and his secretary go to another part of the building, they can't be disturbed by anyone."

—Violet Edmunds

GETTING a loan from a bank is a tough job these days. A senior cashier was standing by a clerk's desk when the telephone rang. The clerk answered, saying, "No . . . no . . . no . . . yes . . . no," and rang off. The cashier questioned him immediately. What had he said "yes" to?

"Don't worry," said the clerk reassuringly. "I said 'yes' only when he asked me if I was still listening."

—E. D.

OVERHEARD: "What worries me is the amount that is taken out of my take-home pay *after* I take it home."

—O.C.T.

A YOUNG woman who does voluntary work at a city hospital in the slums was waiting for a bus one night. Two young cadet policemen approached her. "Would you like us to wait with you, madam?" one of them asked meekly. When she replied that she wasn't afraid, he grinned and said, "Well, then, would you mind waiting with us?"

—B. M. Levin

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PAUL: THE SAINTLY ADVENTURER

His conversion was violent and dramatic, his roving life full of action and danger. His achievement was to transform Christianity from a small Hebrew sect into a world religion

BY ERNEST HAUSER

APROACHING Damascus from Jerusalem about three years after Christ's crucifixion, Saul, a young Jew from Tarsus, was thrown to the ground by the tremendous impact of a vision. "Saul, Saul!" the voice of Jesus called to him. "Why persecutest thou me?" Blinded, in a state of shock, the young man had to be led by the hand into the city. Not for three days did he regain his faculties, and when he did he was a newborn creature—the "chosen vessel" of the Lord

Thus, by a violent spiritual upheaval, one of the greatest human figures in the history of Christianity became a believer. Soon he would drop his Hebrew name for the Latin—hence, more universal—Paul. As the Apostle to the Gentiles, he was to spend his life criss-crossing the Mediterranean world, preaching the Gospel. Founding new Christian groups almost everywhere he went,

he transformed Christianity from a small Hebrew sect into a world religion. And he hammered out, in sermons and epistles, a system of ideas which to this day is the foundation of all Christian teaching.

Few other lives from antiquity are as well documented as Paul's. Besides his own revealing letters we possess, in the *Acts of the Apostles*, the diary of his companion, Luke—Gentile, physician, and also author of the third Gospel. And from these sources there emerges a life whose many crises, quick decisions, narrow escapes and sporadic bursts of violence make it one of the great adventure stories of all time.

Paul was born about five years after Jesus, in Tarsus. Now a quiet Turkish town, the city then was one of the world's most sophisticated centres of learning, industry

*Drawing of St. Paul
reproduced courtesy of the
Earl of Leicester*



and commerce, harbouring a prosperous Jewish colony, many of whose members were naturalized citizens of the Roman Empire.

As a boy, Saul learned the trade of tentmaking, perhaps because his well-to-do father was a textile merchant. But his brilliant mind marked him for leadership. Still in his teens, he was sent to Jerusalem to study under the world-famous rabbi, Gamaliel. There, in the crowded temple, he first heard about Christ, at that time preaching in the hills of Galilee.

Though he never met Him, what the young man heard of Jesus' message made him "exceedingly mad" against His followers, the Nazarenes, for he saw in them breakers of the strict Mosaic law. Turning into a kind of storm-trooper, he persecuted them "even unto strange cities," and he was riding to Damascus to round up Nazarenes when the voice of Jesus spoke to him.

Conversion. No more dramatic change of heart than Paul's has ever been recorded. Admittedly, he had "made havoc" of the budding church. "I persecuted . . . unto the death," he later said, "binding and delivering into prisons both men and women." It was at his feet that the killers of St. Stephen placed their coats while they threw stones at the head of this first martyr.

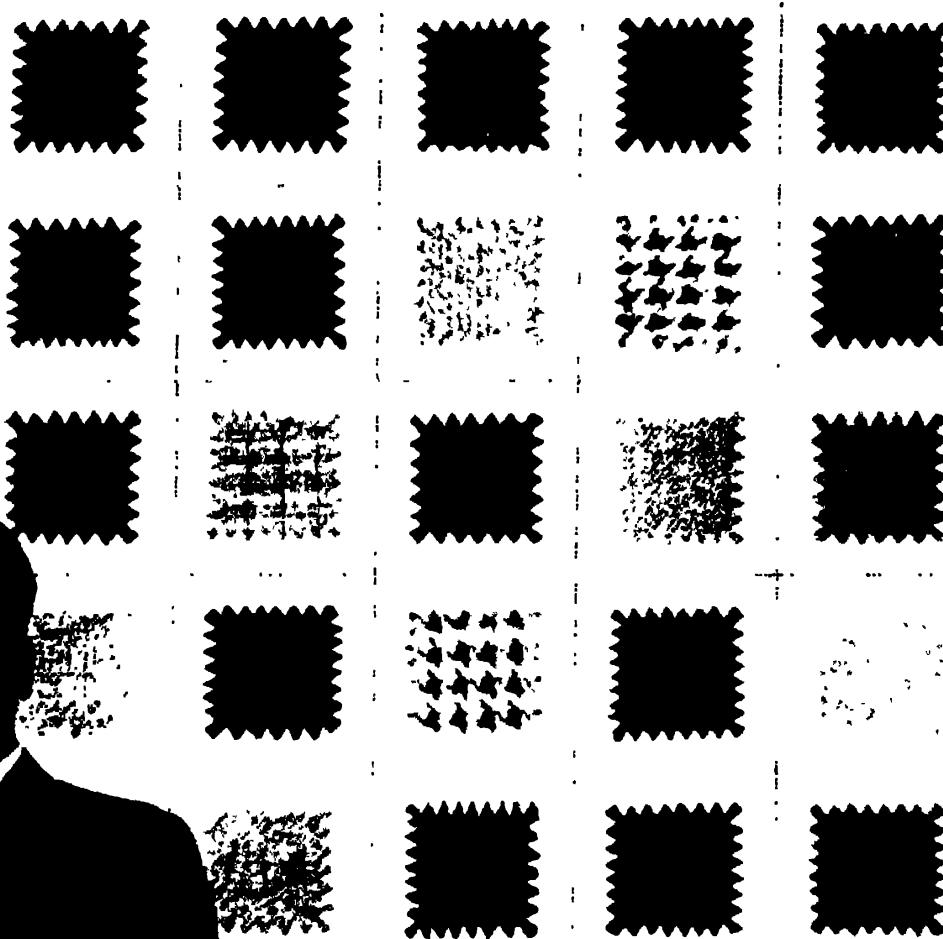
Paul looked on, "consenting unto his death." "I did it ignorantly in unbelief," he would say later. Undoubtedly he regretted this action

for the rest of his life, although he adds, "But I obtained mercy. The grace of our Lord was exceeding abundant." No doubt his faith, his stubborn will, his patience with the foibles of his fellow men were the reflection of God's forgiveness towards him.

Destiny could not have chosen a better man than Paul for the mission to come. As a Pharisee, he was well acquainted with the Old Testament, which he quotes some 200 times in his writings. As a Roman citizen, he travelled freely throughout the Empire. And, as a cosmopolitan, he spoke at least three languages: Aramaic, the language of Christ; Hebrew, the language of the Scriptures; and Greek, by then the common tongue of the entire Middle East. He probably also had a smattering of Latin.

With such endowments, Paul could make himself "all things to all men"—a Jew to Jews, Roman to Romans, sophist to sophists, tentmaker to tentmakers. Outgoing, witty and gregarious, he was above all an intensely human person who dared believe that all men are created equal.

Paul's wanderlust took him to many strange lands. He stumped the towns of Asia Minor, visited Cyprus on a spiritual fishing expedition, crossed to Europe to win converts in Macedonia. Everywhere he found a ready platform for his teaching in the local synagogue. There, as a Jew, he was accepted



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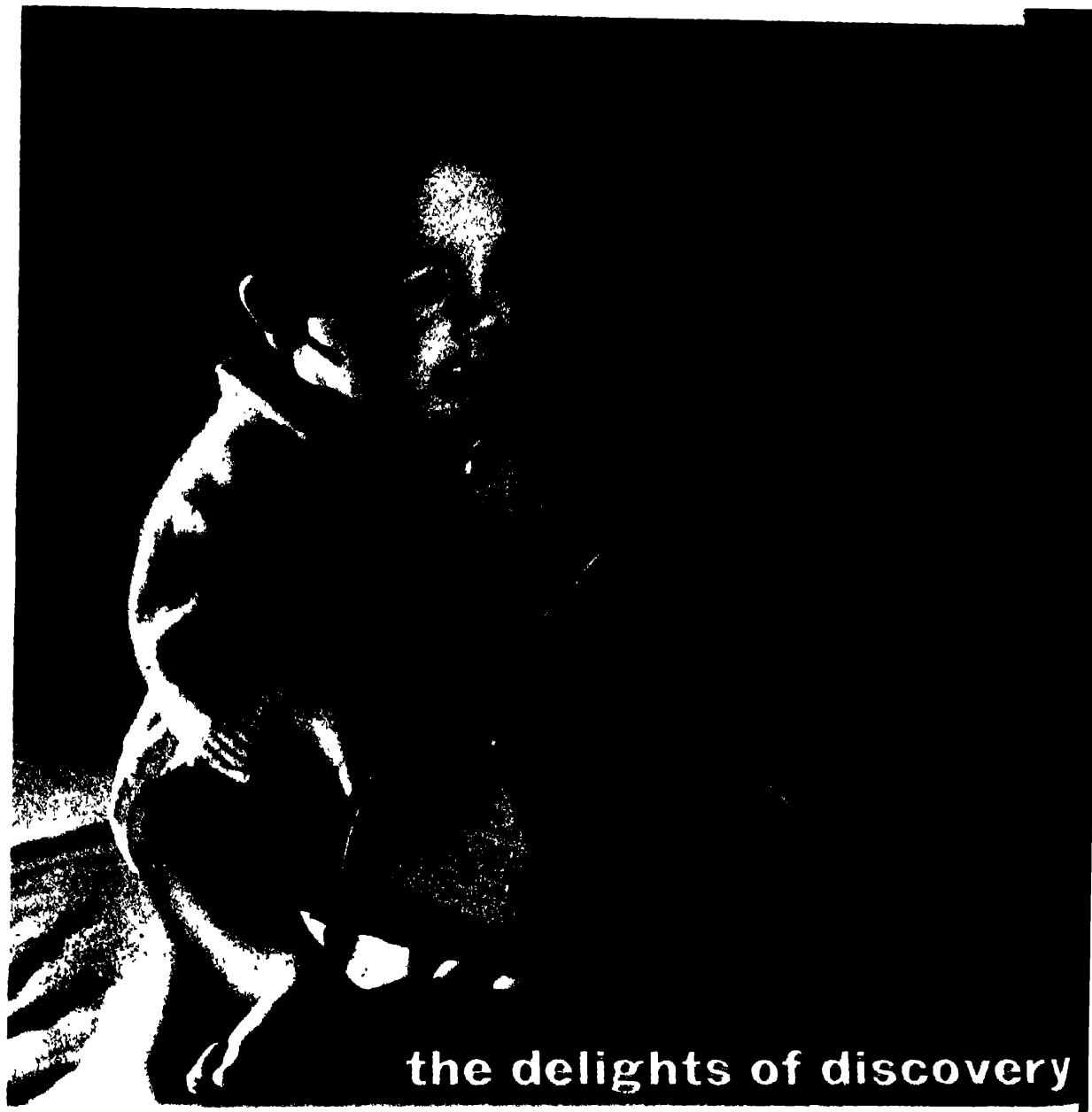
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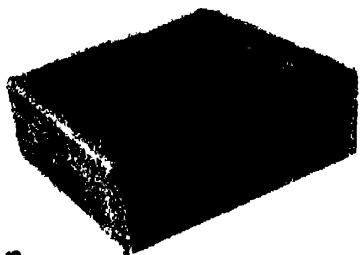
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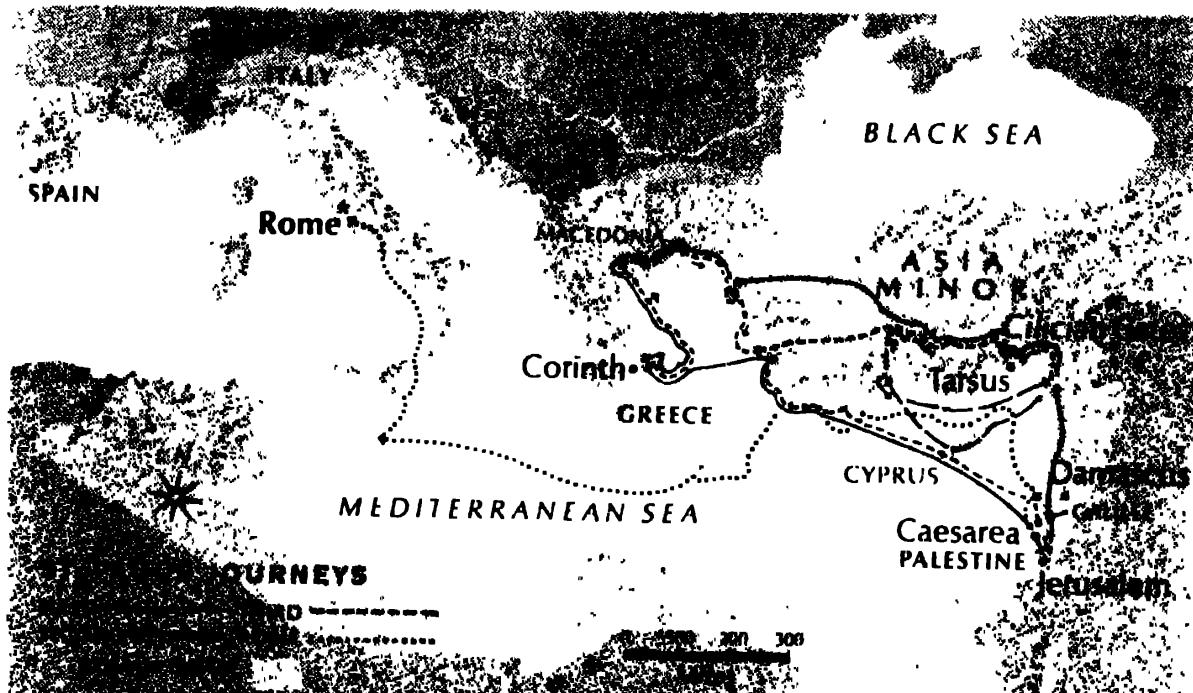
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PAUL: THE SAINTLY ADVENTURER



without question; only when he turned to the pagans did he become a butt of Hebrew wrath. The ritual-minded priests insisted that a male believer, in order to be saved, must first be circumcised. Such was the letter of "the law."

But Paul knew that if he, as a missionary, were to demand that every new Christian obey Mosaic law, Christianity would never become a religion for all men. It would remain instead a mere sect of Judaism. He made his choice: faith was the thing that mattered, not "the law" in its narrow sense. The conflict within Judaism resulting from this decision would disappear only when Church and Synagogue became two separate establishments.

The territory over which Paul travelled was often extremely rough. Even today, we marvel at the

fact that he negotiated, more than once, the grim "Cilician Gates," a narrow, brigand-infested gorge of towering cliffs and cascading torrents. He usually went on foot. Many a night was spent in a wet cave, and high winds, snow, sleet and rain were constant enemies. But his singularity of purpose kept him going. He truly "hazarded his life" for Christ.

While not disdaining contributions, Paul earned his livelihood, whenever possible, by making tents. In the flourishing Greek city of Corinth, for example, he went into partnership with a couple from Italy. Their tentmaking workshop, open to the street, gave him a perfect base. Tradesmen and slaves, philosophers and idlers, women carrying water jars, sailors from the busy port—all would stop to chat. And Paul's magnetic personality,

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PAUL: THE SAINTLY ADVENTURER

his charm, his talent for a well-turned phrase made many of them linger or come back for more. Soon, a feeling of "belonging" was born, of being members of a new community united by a common hope.

It was probably during his first stay in Corinth, about the year A.D. 51, that Paul began writing his letters, or epistles. These unique literary treasures, now part of the New Testament, constitute Christianity's earliest record—the Gospels had yet to be published.

Composed in Greek, addressed to the young churches or to individuals, the letters were not meant to form a single work. But, pieced together, they contain a cohesive structure of religious thought that makes Paul the first Christian theologian. And they show him, too, as a man whose mighty mind had room for kindness, courtesy and a good deal of common sense.

Paul's longest letter, the Epistle to the Romans, is his masterpiece. Such basic propositions as grace, merit and free will, set out with power and precision, make this a guide for all Christian theologians.

Paul's central concept is Redemption. To him, all mankind lived in sin until God sent His Son, Jesus, to save it. By His life on earth and His death on the cross, Jesus redeemed humanity. What does this mean to the individual? Aided by Divine grace, says Paul, we can work out our own salvation through faith. Paul's metaphor of stripping off our

"old man" may echo his own change of heart after Damascus. The "new man" lives in Christ, and "death hath no more dominion over him." Once lonely and abandoned, he now finds new joy in the close fellowship with all his brethren and with Christ Himself. And, Paul triumphantly states, when at the end of time we are united with the Lord in all His glory, we shall no longer see Him "through a glass, darkly, but then face to face."

Fighting Instinct. Storm clouds began to gather about Paul's head. Duty calls him to the one place unsafe for him—Jerusalem. His churches have collected funds for the mother church; Paul is asked to head a delegation carrying the money.

He goes to Palestine with grave forebodings. Hostility among the Jewish leaders there has grown intense. When Paul enters the temple, a cry goes up against him. Falsely accused of having smuggled Gentiles into the sanctuary—a deadly crime—he is jumped on by ruffians, dragged from the building, beaten and nearly killed. In the nick of time, the captain of the Roman guard dashes into the fray with a few soldiers and snatches Paul away.

It is the captain's duty to investigate. As Roman justice rumbles into motion, we are reminded of the trial of Jesus. Paul, too, is ready to lay down his life. But his fighting instinct tells him to use

every legal means to save his neck. When the captain orders him flogged—the practice in interrogating a colonial subject—Paul calmly turns to a soldier: “Is it lawful for you to scourge a man that is a Roman, and uncondemned?”

A Roman citizen! There must have been a moment of stunned silence. No one questioned Paul’s claim; it could be checked. Now the worried captain decides to take no further chances. He sends Paul under heavy escort to Caesarea, seat of the Roman governor, Felix. For two years Felix procrastinates. But his successor, Festus, prodded by the Jewish high priest, holds a preliminary hearing. Would Paul agree to be tried in Jerusalem, where the religious charges against him could be more easily examined? Paul knows his law: “To the Jews have I done no wrong . . . no man may deliver me unto them. I appeal unto Caesar.”

With that, the case is out of Festus’s hands. Having availed himself of his inalienable right, the prisoner is to be sent to Rome for trial by the emperor’s supreme court. Under guard, and shipwrecked on the way, Paul finally arrives in Rome where he is held under mild house arrest, “preaching the kingdom of God . . . no man forbidding him.”

What happened next? The Acts leaves us at this point, without a

clue. Many modern scholars believe that Paul was tried and acquitted. As early Christian writers tell us, he then went off on one more journey, reaching “the limits of the Western world”—Spain—and heading back to his beloved flock in Asia.

Last Judgement. This was at the height of Nero’s anti-Christian fury. Now about 60, world-famous, Paul was arrested once more and brought to Rome. Nero himself, tradition says, sat in the judgement seat and sentenced him to be beheaded.

“O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?” The ageing challenger, who had once sounded this rousing call to arms, no doubt received the sentence calmly. Three little churches, in a eucalyptus grove near Rome, commemorate the spot where Paul’s head is said to have rebounded three times from the ground, causing three wells to flow. Some two miles nearer the old city wall, the huge Basilica of St.-Paul-Outside-the-Walls enshrines a small memorial chapel built shortly after the Apostle’s martyrdom.

It would be another 250 years before Christianity became the dominant religion of the Roman Empire. But the decisive battles had been won. Jesus of Nazareth had founded a new faith; and the transformed Saul of Tarsus, having seen in it the redemption of all men, had carried that great new faith to far horizons.

Isn't it frightening how soon later comes, after you buy now? —E. W.

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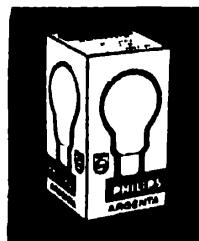
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Exciting discoveries about the thymus are helping doctors to understand—and control—some of man's most deadly diseases

THE
THYMUS
Gland
Gives
Our
Immunity

By ALBERT Q. MAISEL

FOR AT LEAST 2,000 years, doctors have puzzled over the function of a pinkish-grey bit of tissue lying just below the neck and behind the breastbone—the thymus gland. Early doctors thought its job might be to nourish the foetus, or to prevent the premature expansion of the lungs. Modern doctors came to regard it, like the appendix, as a useless, vestigial organ which had lost its original purpose, if indeed it ever had one.

But in the last few years the dogged detective work of a small band of Britons, Americans, Australians and Swedes has cracked the thymus enigma. These men have proved that, far from being useless, the thymus is really the master gland that regulates the intricate immunity system which protects us against infectious diseases.

Thanks to these discoveries, scores of researchers are now pursuing new and highly promising lines of attack against a wide range of major diseases, from arthritis to cancer. Others are coming closer to

the successful life-saving transplantation of entire organs.

The first small break in the mystery of the thymus occurred at the University of Minnesota Hospitals in 1953, when two doctors, Robert Good and Richard Varco, were struggling to save a once strong and healthy 56-year-old man who had suddenly lost his resistance to infection. Within two years he had experienced 17 attacks of pneumonia, plus a long succession of other severe infections.

Blood tests revealed that the patient suffered from a rare condition called *acquired agamma-globulin-aemia*—lack of gamma globulin, the blood protein which contains antibodies to fight invading organisms. Chest X-rays showed that a non-cancerous tumour had greatly enlarged the thymus and all but destroyed the thymic tissue.

"The odds against both of these conditions afflicting the same patient at the same time, purely by chance, were many millions to one," says Dr. Good. "And the more we puzzled over it, the more we felt certain that the man had become an immunologic cripple *because* his thymus had been destroyed."

For three years the two doctors experimented on rabbits, trying to establish a link between surgical removal of the thymus and loss of ability to manufacture antibodies.

At last, in 1957, though still convinced that the thymus played

some role in immunity, they admitted to themselves that they had come to a dead end and reluctantly discontinued their experiments.

During these same years, at Ohio State University's School of Veterinary Medicine, a young student named Bruce Glick had been studying a thymus-like organ, the bursa of Fabricius, in chickens. To discover the gland's pattern of growth, Glick had been cutting bursas out of chicks of various ages from two days upwards, then putting the birds into pens for observation.

Fresh Tests. In mid-1954, a happy accident set Glick's research off on a new track. One of his fellow students, Timothy Chang, took a group of chickens from the pens and used them to demonstrate methods of measuring antibodies to a class in poultry science.

To Chang's astonishment, the demonstrations went badly awry. Six of the birds, injected with salmonella, a bacteria which normal chickens easily shake off, died almost immediately. Three others became extremely ill. Blood tests revealed that these nine birds had produced virtually no antibodies against the germ. Wondering why, Chang checked the chickens' wing-band numbers and found that all nine were birds from which Glick had removed the bursa.

Glick and Chang joined forces. They injected salmonella into another batch of Glick's birds. Chickens which had been ten weeks



From far and wide they came, bearing gifts for the baby. "I give you my strength," said the elephant. "I, my energy," murmured the deer. "My strong teeth," offered the rabbit. "Keen eyesight," mewed the pussy. "Sturdy bones," roared the lion. "Resistance to ills," huffed the bear. "And I offer you all these blessings in this wonderful Amul tin," said the wise owl.

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old when the bursa was removed reacted with a strong antibody response; those which had been five weeks old showed a reduced response; and those which had had the bursa removed at two weeks showed no antibody response at all.

Clearly, the role of the bursa was to *prepare* the chicken to produce antibodies against invading germs. If the bursa was removed before it could "teach" this to the bird, the chicken became an immunologic cripple.

But if the "teaching" job had been completed, removal of the bursa did not affect the bird's "knowledge" of how to produce an antibody response. The Glick-Chang report was published in 1956—but only in *Poultry Science*, a publication rarely read by researchers in human diseases.

Puzzle Solved. Not until 1960 did the scientific grapevine bring news of the Glick-Chang discovery to Dr. Good at the University of Minnesota. Reasoning that the thymus of mammals, like the bursa of birds, might do its teaching job early in life, he immediately repeated his earlier thymectomy experiments. This time, however, he used *newborn* rabbits. These became immunologic cripples, just like Glick's two-week-old chicks.

Unknown to Dr. Good, other researchers had also been driving towards the same discovery. At Britain's Chester Beatty Research Institute a young scientist from

Australia, Jacques Miller, had been performing thymectomies on day-old mice and finding their immunity responses so impaired they were able to tolerate skin transplants—even from rats. At Sweden's University of Uppsala, Professor Fichtelius had found that when he removed the thymus from young guinea pigs he impaired their power to produce antibodies.

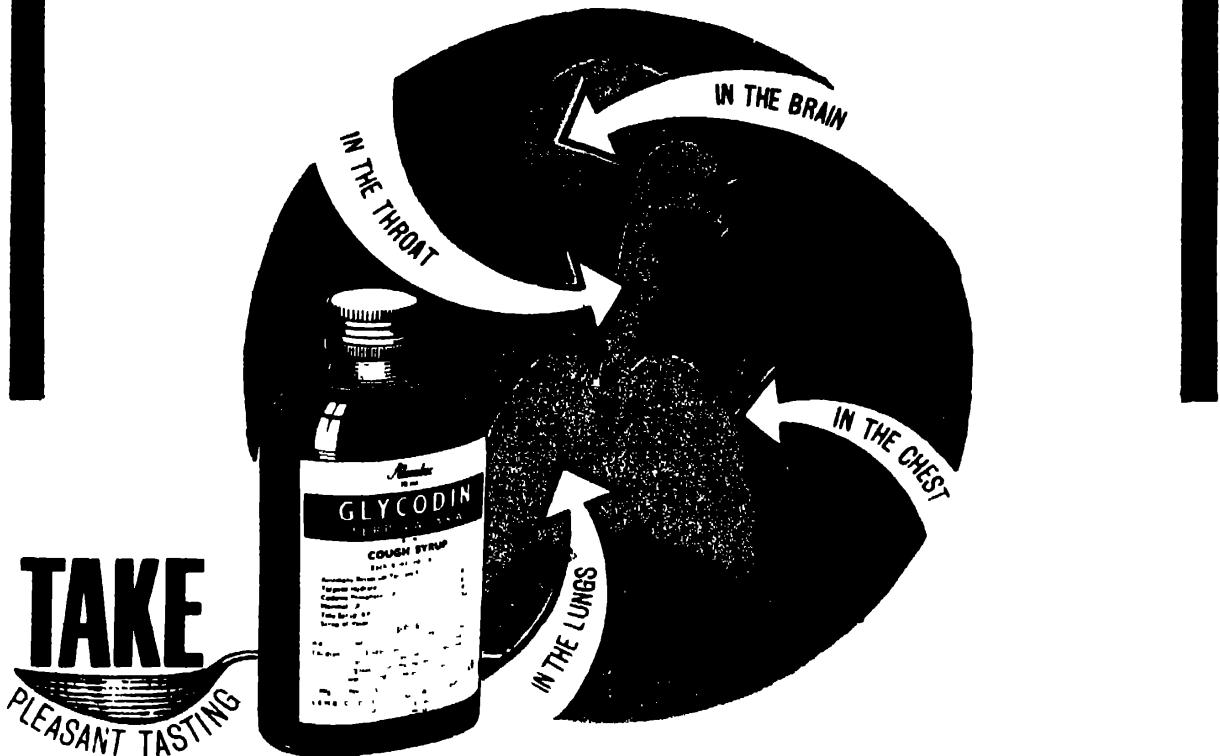
Thus, by startling coincidence, the age-old puzzle of the thymus's function was solved. The thymus is a seed-bed for the small white blood cells called lymphocytes; it sends them to the spleen and the lymph nodes, where they mature and multiply. The development of our body's ability to resist infection of all kinds depends on this normal seeding and proliferation of the lymphocytes.

But was this early seeding the only function performed by the thymus gland? An ingenious experiment devised by doctors at the National Cancer Institute at Bethesda, Maryland, showed that it was not.

They placed thymus tissue in a tiny plastic container and sealed it with cellulose disks, the pores of which were too small to permit the passage of a single lymphocyte. Then they implanted this capsule in newborn, thymectomized mice—creatures that normally would have weakened and died within a few weeks. The mice thrived.

Since lymphocytes could not have

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escaped from the capsules, the most logical conclusion was that a non-cellular thymic hormone had filtered through the cellulose and stimulated the spleen and lymph nodes to produce lymphocytes from their own plasma cells. Further research confirmed this theory.

Soon a new picture of how the thymus controls our immunity defences came into focus. Even before we are born, the thymus, like a mother country, sends out "colonists"—the migrating lymphocytes—to establish a foothold in new territories such as the lymph nodes and spleen. Then, still carrying out its parental role, the thymus supports and stimulates these "colonists" and their descendants by sending them a continuing supply of powerful thymic hormone.

But is the thymus the only organ regulating our immunity system? Recent experiments have led researchers to believe that tissues in the appendix, tonsils and adenoids may also take part in the antibody responses. In children unable to produce gamma globulin, which contains antibodies, Dr. Good has found not only defective thymuses but a complete absence of tonsils.

Already the discovery of the thymus's importance has begun to affect the practice of medicine in many ways. As Dr. Good has pointed out, tonsillectomies should not be performed indiscriminately. "We should be most conservative," he declared, "in dealing

with these systems which we do not fully understand."

Recent thymus research has opened up new avenues of attack against leukaemia. A number of cancer researchers have theorized that our bodies normally treat developing cancer cells as foreign tissue and destroy such cells before they can multiply; cancer, therefore, may be the result of some breakdown of our thymus-controlled immunity system.

Although only preliminary reports have thus far been published, several attempts to arrest cancer by overcoming such immunity weaknesses seem to be producing promising results.

New knowledge about the thymus has also raised hopes for more effective treatments of such diseases as pernicious anaemia, rheumatoid arthritis, multiple sclerosis and rheumatic heart disease. These crippling, frequently deadly maladies have one aspect in common; their victims produce antibodies which attack healthy body cells as though they were invading germs. Experimental evidence suggests that the production of these antibodies may be the result of thymic malfunction.

Doctors have long sought methods of transplanting entire organs—such as the kidney—from one individual to another. This used to be practicable only when the donor was an identical twin of the transplant recipient. Now researchers have discovered that, by irradiation,

THE READER'S DIGEST

it is possible so to depress immune responses that patients readily accept grafts and tissue transplants. After irradiation, the thymus slowly restores the immunity system by sending out new colonizing lymphocytes, or by means of thymic hormone, or by some combination of both these mechanisms. Many immunologists are today seeking ways of taking advantage of these phenomena to ensure successful transplantation of complete human organs.

The greatest hope lies in the isolation, possibly even the synthesis,

of the thymic hormone. At the Institute for Muscle Research at Woods Hole, Massachusetts, Nobel Prize-winner Albert Szent-Györgyi has reported the isolation of three hormonal factors from the thymuses of calves.

These substances have not yet been proved to be the actual thymic hormone involved in the regulation of the immunity system. But when researchers finally succeed in extracting and purifying this vital substance, we may well witness the conquest of many of mankind's most devastating diseases.



Shaggy Dog Stories

A SMALL manufacturing company has a stray dog as an honorary director. A spokesman explains: "His ability to get along with anyone, his prompt response to a pat on the back, his interest in watching others work, his great knack for looking wise and saying nothing, make him a natural."

—*Nuggets*

A POSTMAN reported to the postmaster that a dog had bitten him on the leg that morning.

"Did you put anything on it?" asked the postmaster.

"No," the postman replied. "He liked it just as it was."

—M. W.

A WOMAN came into the classified-advertisement department of a newspaper office with a dog in her arms, dictated a dog-for-sale ad and left. A few minutes later she telephoned the office to say that the ad should not appear. She was merely frightening the dog because he had been naughty. Having heard the ad dictated, the dog became penitent and well-behaved.

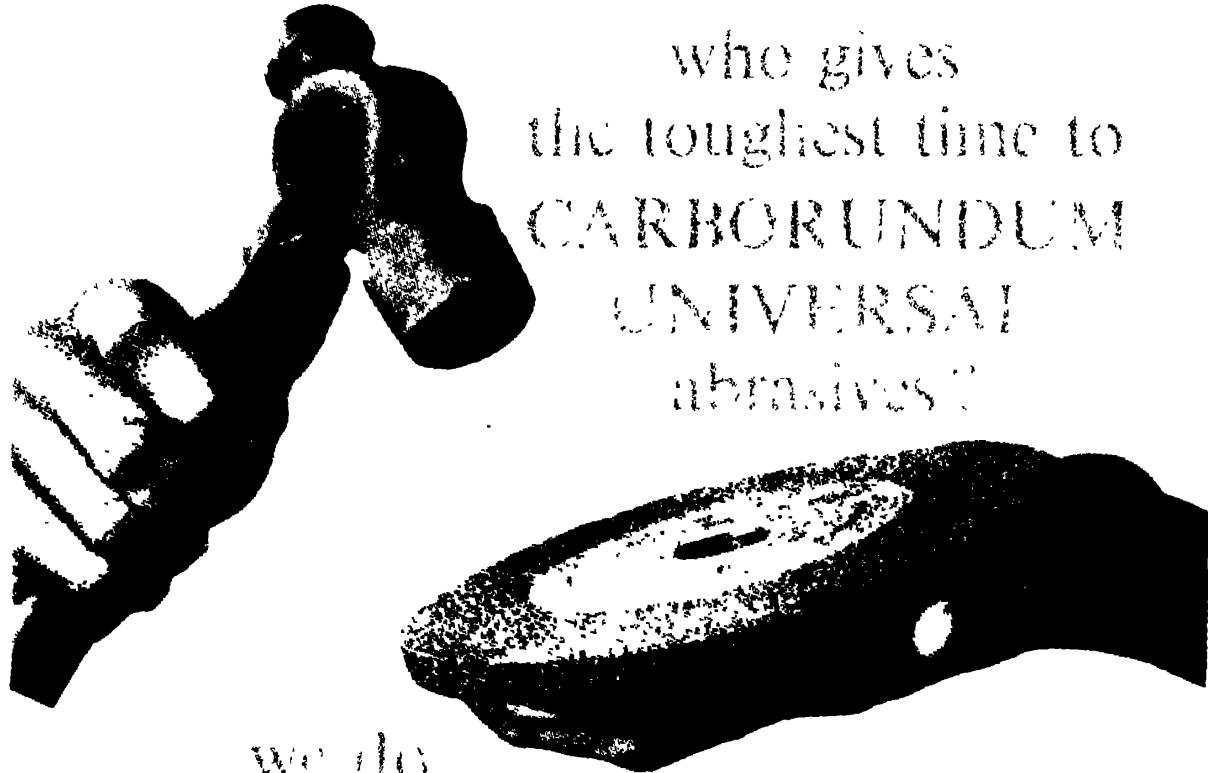
—TT

* * *

Spot-On

WISHING to return an empty delivery sack to the coal man, a householder in Minehead, Somerset, pinned a note on the front door saying: "Empty sack in kitchen." He came home to find a pile of coal on his kitchen floor.

—UPI



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The Last Thing Schubert Wrote

By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

ON A November day in 1828, at the house of his brother on the outskirts of Vienna, Franz Schubert lay dying of typhus. Only the year before he had been one of the torchbearers when they buried Beethoven in the great Währing cemetery. At a tavern on the way home from the grave, it was Schubert who, with glass uplifted, had proposed the toast: "To the one who will be next." Now it was his turn, and this hapless, clumsy young man would give no more songs to the world.

Since that world began, no one had come into it with such a gift of melody. He was an inexhaustible fountain of music; it poured from him pell-mell and at such speed that

it was nothing for him to compose a quartet and set it down on paper in the time it now takes a practised copyist to transcribe it.

While the lamp of our civilization still burns, men will remember Schubert's *Serenade*; but the composer himself could forget it. Indeed, he did. The song was written in honour of a young girl's birthday, and it was part of the plot that the composer himself should play the accompaniment when they sang it under her window. A piano was trundled across the garden in the twilight and the singers arrived, but Schubert forgot to come.

Although he was only 31 when he died (he was born 170 years ago this month), he had produced more than

THE READER'S DIGEST

a thousand works. He left behind him a Vienna littered with poorly prized relics: the sum of Rs. 8 was optimistically fixed upon as the probable market value of a huge bundle of manuscripts which must have included some of the great works of his last year.

Nearly 40 years later, young Arthur Sullivan, coming over from England with his friend Grove, poked about hopefully in one forgotten cupboard and found the lost *Rosamunde* music. It was early evening when they came upon this treasure trove; it was almost sunrise when they had finished copying it. Because they were in a ferment of excitement, and dearly loved Franz Schubert, they could express their feelings only by playing leapfrog until it was time for the coffee houses to open.

Ironically, it was Schubert's own prodigious output which had helped to keep him poor. He would compose half a dozen songs in a single day and naively try to get a good price for them from a publisher who had not yet had time to print the two dozen which Schubert had sold him the month before.

And the last thing Schubert wrote? It was a letter—to his friend Schober with whom, earlier in the year, he had shared lodgings until

he moved out because he could not pay his half of the rent.

Dear Schober,

I am ill. I have eaten and drunk nothing for eleven days and am so tired and shaky that I can only get from the bed to the chair, and back. Rinna is attending me. If I taste anything, I bring it up again. In this distressing condition, be so kind as to help me to some reading. Of Cooper's I have read *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Spy*, *The Pilot* and *The Pioneers*. If you have anything else of his, I entreat you to leave it with Frau von Bogner at the coffee house. My brother, who is conscientiousness itself, will bring it to me in the most conscientious way. Or anything else,

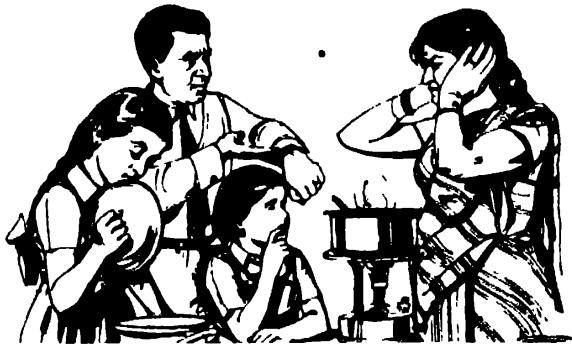
Your friend,
Schubert.

If you find that letter endearing it may be because it is sometimes in the power of a casual message, thus come upon after many years, to abolish time and space. When you think of Schubert yearning on his deathbed for the sound of a twig snapping under a moccasined foot in the forest along the Mohawk, somehow the years between 1828 and the present are expunged from the calendar. Quite suddenly we are close enough to Schubert's garden to see the fall of a sparrow, close enough to his bedside to hear the beating of a gentle heart.



WHEN G. E. Haslam was guest speaker at a club meeting in Anadarko, Oklahoma, he didn't receive the usual flowery phrases of introduction. The chairman was his wife. She merely said, "Get up, Gilbert." —AP

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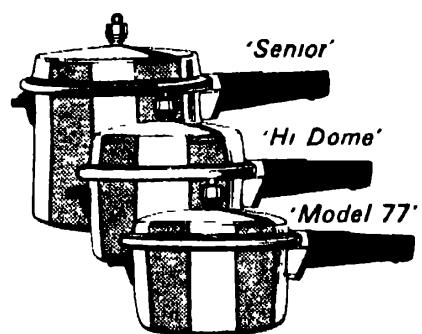
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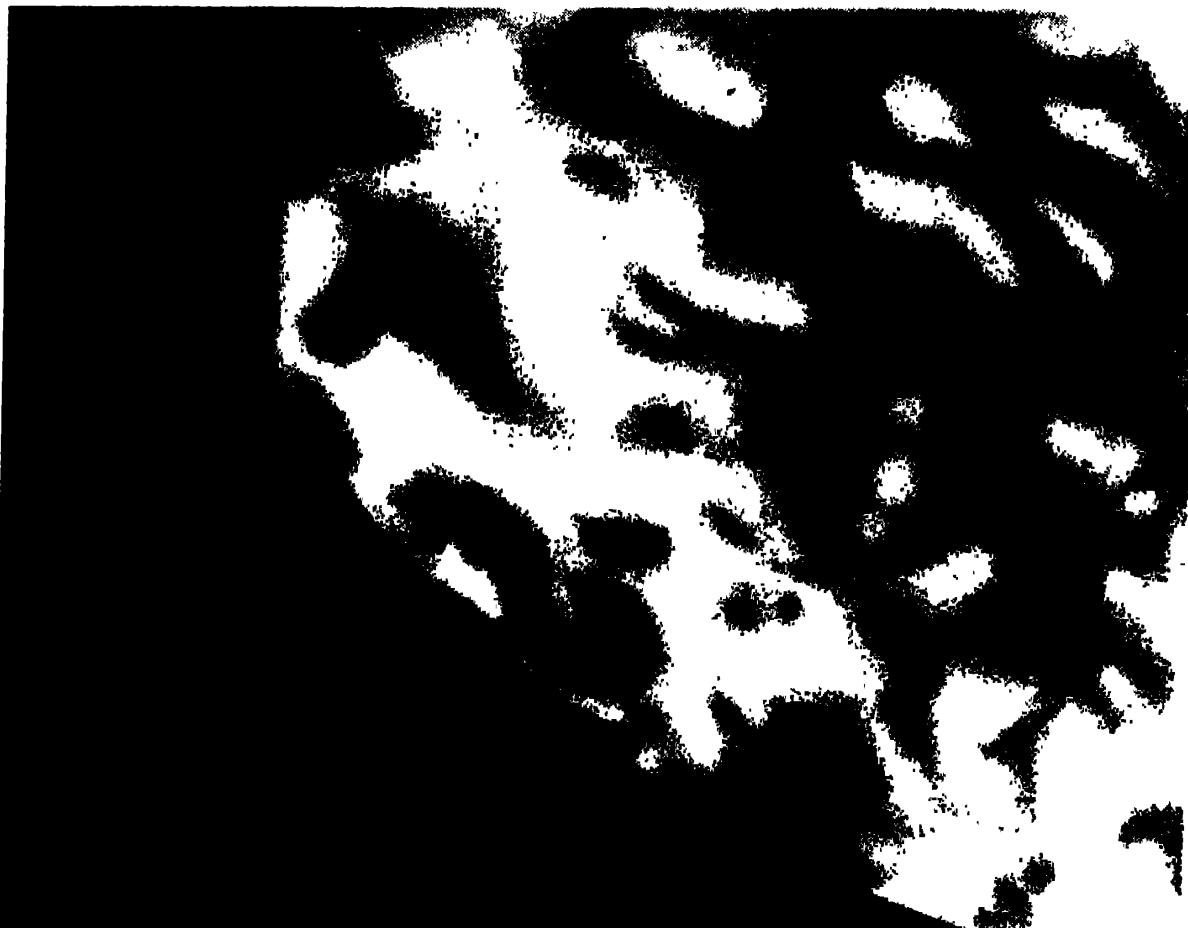
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Why don't we all learn to be players?

By MAUD SCHEERER

AFTER the excitement, gaiety or tragedy of a fine play or film, haven't you felt that the experience was more real than the events of your own existence? If acting is so much more real than everyday life, and so much more exciting, why shouldn't we all cultivate the art on a larger stage—our world?

I am convinced that we should. In my career as a dramatic coach I have taught the principles of acting to people preparing for a stage or film career. And the more I work with these principles, the more I am convinced that they have significance for us in daily living.

I don't for a moment mean that you should cultivate affectations. On the contrary, I suggest acting as a means of genuine self-expression and release.

When a university president

asked an actress to teach dramatics to his female students, he made it plain that he did not expect her to turn out stage stars. "Rather," he said, "I want you to teach the girls how to control and direct their emotions."

Few of us are conscious of the satisfaction we could get if we accepted and played heartily the varied daily roles that life gives us. Usually we go from one situation to another with no change of pace or manner. Or we type-cast ourselves as does the actor who plays butlers so well that he is always cast for that role.

A competent executive may type-cast himself by carrying over into the home the personality he uses all day at the office. He arrives home to a new role and a new scene, yet he may dump the office and its problems on the dining table, dishing them up with his wife's well-served

Condensed from The Rotarian

dinner. He may miss entirely the cue of appreciation, or affection, or relaxation, that suits the healing atmosphere of the home.

If, however, he can see that the home scene calls for an entirely different technique of acting—a release from his business troubles, a change of feeling followed by a change of voice and manner as well as dress—then both he and his partners in the scene will get much more delight out of it.

The person who enters any situation determined to play up to its every implication finds its meaning far sharper than does one who merely drifts aimlessly into it, lugging his humdrum self along.

An actor enters a scene with purpose and directness, eliminating everything that does not relate to the immediate problem. If you try this, you are not content with aimless geniality or vague irritability, but you set out to show specifically the friendliness or indignation that fits your part.

You may be worried about home problems while attending to business, but if you use the actor's methods of concentration you will rule out everything that does not affect the job at hand. This practice means that by integrating our personalities round the role of the moment we can avoid incongruities and ineffectualities.

One delightful role that every woman is called upon to play is that of hostess. Properly acted, it can be

glamorous. Yet consider the number of hostesses who permit a dozen things to deflect them from the part.

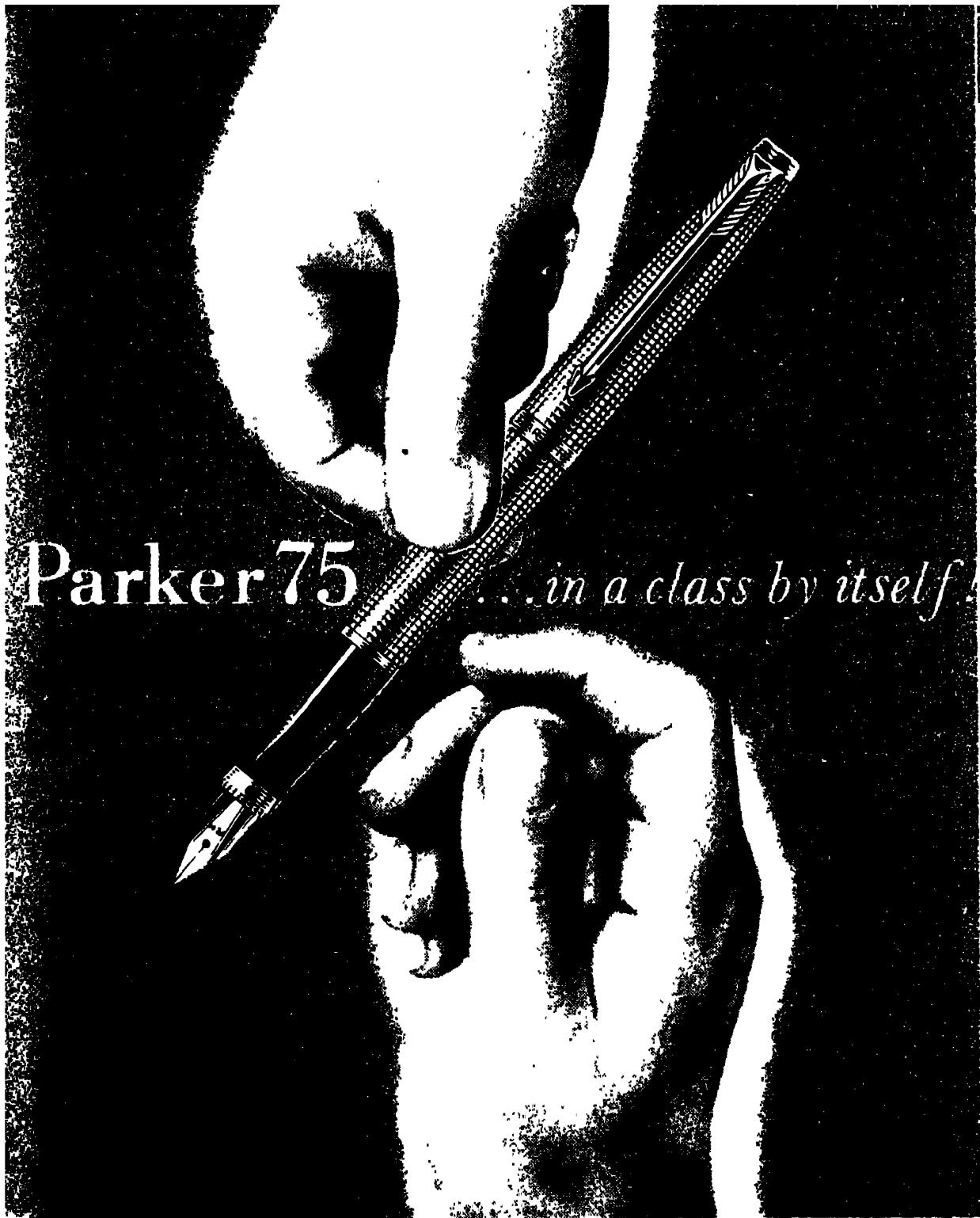
Some give all their attention to the cooking and planning, and are too tired to symbolize hospitality. Others are too eager to make an impression on their guests. Many women give thought only to the etiquette of the affair and miss entirely the spirit of their central role.

Dame Sybil Thorndike, the famous British actress, once explained to a group of young actresses that the reason the stage is so splendid is that ordinary incidents of everyday living become a symbol of the stage. Pouring tea is no longer just pouring tea; it becomes the spirit of sociability, the symbol of hospitality. If you can translate this sense of symbols from the stage into life, the rewards will be immense.

You will be surprised to find how the inner assumption of a role creates a new outward appearance.

I remember once being asked to a party and, realizing that I had no dress suited to the occasion, I considered not going at all. Then I decided to use the actor's art and dress my mind as best I could—to put my whole being into acting the role of guest. I let appreciation of the party, the hostess, the other guests take possession of me. The odd part of it is that the compliments I got that evening were on the dress I wore!

To feel and behave in a manner appropriate to the scene is far



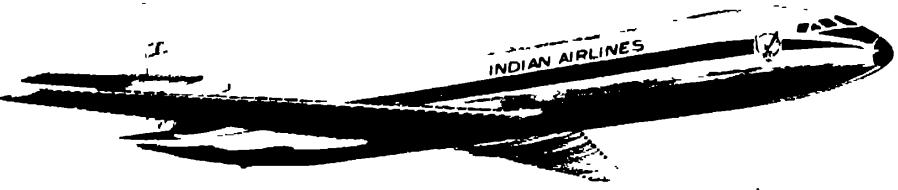
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ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE . . .

more important than to dress appropriately.

Often I have seen girls applying for jobs who are handicapped by being more concerned about their looks than what they are going to say. I want to tell them, "Dress the part as best you can, but the important thing is to fill your clothes with the person you intend to be if you get the job. Practise telling what you have to offer—skill, experience, knowledge and, above all, interest. State each with its own quality, not cloaked with either 'apology or conceit.'"

Were there no other advantage to be gained, acting in daily life would be worthwhile for the detachment it affords. Good acting is always dispassionate. It calls for poise, balance and control, and thus helps you to draw apart from a situation and view it as both participant and spectator. Only the dispassionate person has full mastery, whether in social conversation, family discussion or business conference.

This impersonal quality in good acting has the value of making you more acutely aware of other people in the scene. The best acting is done with a full awareness of your partner's role.

Every contact we have throughout our day—from the first good morning to the last good night—may be made more pleasant by skilful use of this principle. Our lives can be drab if we allow them to become habitual—zestful if we act

up to our roles and our partners.

To those who protest that such histrionic displays are affected and unnatural, it can only be replied that all our behaviour is, in the broad sense, unnatural. Talking itself does not come naturally to us; so why not talk in a way that expresses the role we feel best suited to the occasion?

Such acting is not a matter of imitating another person. We may think that the charm, grace and vivacity of a particular actress dwell in her mannerisms. But to copy these externals is only to become an affected imitator. The true technique is to make the most of every good trait that you *yourself* possess.

Technique is not a putting-on, it is a drawing-out. It is making your everyday speech and movement, gesture and manner, habits of thought and feeling, effective instruments in expressing yourself in your many relationships.

This idea of acting your part in life adequately, with truth and assurance, gives you an incentive to improve your voice and speech, carriage and posture, manners and habits of facial expression.

In Shaw's *Pygmalion*, we have an insight into the transforming power of technique: you can't improve the speech without improving the person. And there are more ways to communicate feelings than with words.

Posture can say: I am tired. I am discouraged. I am careless. I am

alert. I am timid. I am wonderful!

Walk can say: I pound the pavement. The earth is my springboard. It's a long, hard road. I must not miss any surprises along the way.

Facial expression may say: I am disappointed. I am interested in you. I am a worrier. I have a sense of humour.

Voice quality may tell that you are a nagger, a whiner, a comfort, a mouse or a lion.

It's your own choice whether you slump into the less prepossessing of these alternatives, or create for yourself the role—the personality—that springs from the others. A certain pose may gain the effect we desire and, if it does, it is as legitimate to use it as it is to seek the apt word—and equally effective.

The crowning principle of good acting is simplicity—not to be confused with easiness. Simplicity is a

certain fine clarity, even austerity. The person of great learning speaks simply; a person of great wealth dresses simply; a person of eloquence talks simply; an actor of rich technique is simple in his acting. But this quality is hard-earned and represents deep honesty. It cannot be put on; it cannot be pretence; it is the expression of the truest in us.

Every day, as we play the series of roles that life demands of us, we can employ these principles of acting. The question is whether we employ them poorly or well, whether we are content to be puppets operated by the strings of habit or consciously and skilfully portray our full role in each new scene or relationship.

The thing to aim for is a cultivated technique of self-expression by which our feelings, reactions, thoughts and wishes can be honestly and effectively conveyed.



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—*L'Express, Paris*

DONALD'S MAP

Donald had been invited to Mickey's Birthday Party, but unfortunately he is not very good at reading maps. Can you help him get there on time? He can go under or over bridges, but he must take another route if the road is blocked at a sign.



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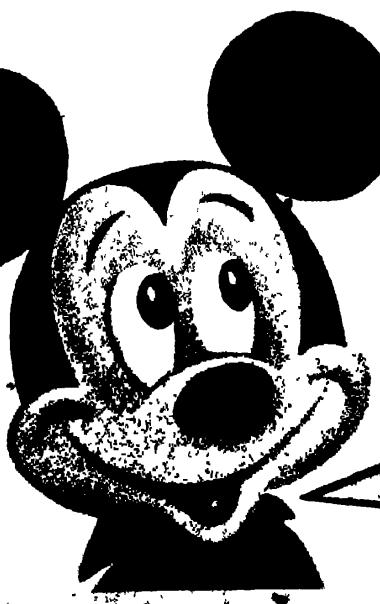
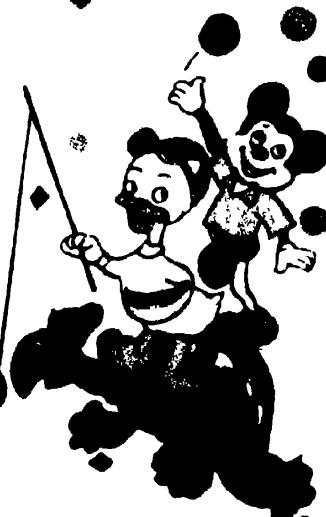
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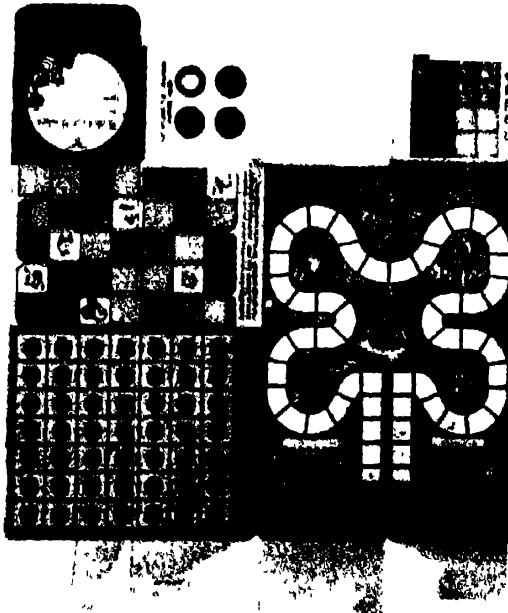
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Towards More Picturesque Speech

Auto-Nation. These are difficult days for car manufacturers: they're thinking up ways to make their products safer and new names to make them sound more dangerous (Bill Vaughan) . . . Two heads are better than one—except when both are behind the same steering wheel (A. H.)

Deft Definitions. History: Nothing at all like her story (Roger Wade) . . . Low-neckline addict: Cleftomaniac (Abe Shulman) . . . Spendthrift: Man who turns his heirs grey (W.S.J.) . . . Post office: Stamping ground (Colleen Pifer) . . . Tantrum: Pique performance (Jack Herbert) . . . Nudist camp: Place where nothing goes on (Leo Aikman) . . . Gardening: Remedial weeding (E. N.) . . . Sleeping bag: Nap sack (Bob Dreitzler) . . . Silence: Sonic boom (David Kenney) . . . Sweater jokes: Knit wit (Shelby Friedman)

Candid Comments. It's a clever man who can throw his weight around without losing his balance (O. A. B.) . . . You're getting on in years when the girls at the office start confiding in you (George Gourlay) . . . The division between the sexes isn't as serious as the multiplication (Arnold Glasow)

Verse or Worse. The shots I get of penicillin are not put in the spot I'm ill in (Anna Herbert) . . . We contemplate without enjoyment inflation cured by unemployment, and likewise view

without elation employment paid for by inflation (Kenneth Boulding) . . . I can't see why mosquitoes whine when, after all, the bites are mine (Elinor Rose) . . . Something on which my heart is set? Something for which I hunger? Something I'd really like to get? Younger (B. B.)

Occupational Birthstones. Architects: Cornerstone . . . Burglars: Keystone . . . Motorists: Milestone . . . Pedestrians: Tombstone . . . Astronauts: Moonstone . . . Doctors: Gallstone . . . Opticians: Grindstone . . . Hatters: Brimstone . . . Laundrymen: Soapstone . . . Shoe-repairers: Cobblestone (Alden Adams and Edna Webb)

Signs of the Times. In dress shop: "Buy now! Skirts are going up" (G. K. Shank) . . . Hotel ad: "Put yourself in our place" (George Fuermann) . . . At chicken farm: "Cheepers by the dozen" (Weekly Progress) . . . At school crossing: "Children should be seen and not hurt" (C. M.)

Overheard. Man at party, turning to wife: "That reminds me of a very funny story. Will you take it from there, dear?" (Stan Hunt) . . . On the bus: "I'm lucky I haven't developed a persecution complex, what with the whole world against me" (L. U. Kaiser) . . . Shopper: "I'm looking for a birthday card that won't antagonize a middle-aged woman" (Nick Kenny)

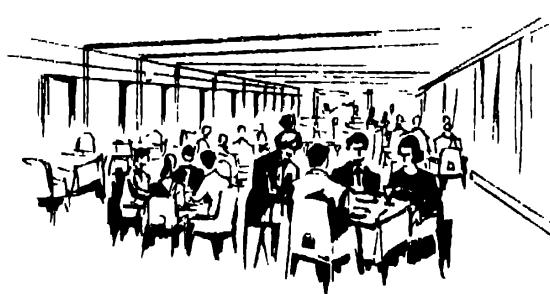


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Newfields

Cameras: the Latest Picture

Fantastic improvements are transforming these once-simple picture-takers into filmless, lensless wonders undreamed of a few years ago

By LEE EDSON

HAVE you heard about a device that can peer into the ground and see a buried city? Another that helps to predict the eruption of a volcano? Another that can be focused on your forehead and indicate whether you may be threatened by a stroke?

These are some of the incredible new jobs being performed by man's ubiquitous servant, the camera. In a host of fields, from agriculture to medicine, the once-simple camera has grown into an amazingly versatile tool that sees in the dark, pokes round corners, penetrates outer space and accomplishes other feats that nobody would have thought possible a few years ago.

These sophisticated cameras are products of a new science, electro-photo-optics—a marriage of techniques that is revolutionizing the world of photography. Instead of gathering light directly on to film in the conventional manner, some use

a photosensitive surface inside a vacuum tube. With it they can convert an image formed by invisible infra-red, ultraviolet or even gamma and X-rays to a pattern of electrical impulses.

A television camera or similar device then scans this electrical pattern and converts it into a visible image which can be preserved on film. Scientists call the new instruments "sensor cameras," or image-converting devices.

Heat Rays. One of the newest devices made is the infra-red camera, a unique instrument about the size and shape of a television camera which senses the heat rays emitted by an object or person. This camera is an outgrowth of the well-known military infra-red detector, once used to find tanks and ships in the dark. Today the camera element that picks up the heat is no bigger than the head of a pin and is so sensitive that it can turn a fraction

of a degree of temperature into a picture.

To appreciate what the camera can do, consider a photograph of three empty chairs, two of which were recently occupied. The camera's "heat portrait" showed not only the approximate size and shape of the men who had been sitting there, but also that one of them had his legs crossed. Yet the men had left the room 15 minutes before the picture was taken.

This "past-seeking" camera can photograph an empty parking ground and reveal how many cars were parked there earlier simply by the "cool" spots where the cars had shielded the ground from the sun.

The new infra-red cameras have already rung up an impressive record in medicine. Thermography—as the new heat photography is called—can, for example, distinguish a dead tooth from a live one, gauge the depth of a burn, detect hidden bruises in an unconscious patient, spot small cancers of the breast earlier than would be possible by other means.

Dr. Ernest Wood, a New York radiologist, has used an infra-red camera to pick up early signs of one type of stroke. Most normal subjects, he found, show virtually no difference in the heat pattern generated on the left and right sides of the face and forehead. But in certain cases of stroke and several other vascular disorders, one side of

the patient's forehead is slightly cooler than the other.

Dr. Wood says this loss of heat is due to the reduction of blood-flow through the carotid artery, the chief supplier of blood to the brain. The reduction, in turn, is due to thickening of the arterial walls. With the thermocamera, the doctor can detect any significant thickening at a relatively early stage—when the blood vessel is 50 to 60 per cent closed—thus allowing time for drugs or surgical treatment that may prevent the blood vessel from narrowing critically and causing a stroke.

Sound Waves. At the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Dr. Harold Edgerton, who designed underwater cameras for explorer Jacques Cousteau, built a device which generates sound waves powerful enough to penetrate deep into the sea floor. When these waves strike a buried object, they are reflected and the echoes are converted electronically into a cross-sectional profile.

Sound-wave photography was employed in the search for *Thresher*, the U.S. Navy's atomic submarine that sank in 1963, and more recently for the U.S. H-bomb lost off the coast of Spain. Dr. Edgerton's device shared in the former hunt with a new "side-scanning ultrasonic sonar" system which makes detailed television images of the sea bottom. Dr. Edgerton intends to use his sound-wave device to search for the Mediterranean city of *Helike*,

which disappeared centuries ago—perhaps because of earthquakes and tidal waves—and has been sought in vain by archaeologists.

Light-prints. At the University of California, Dr. Robert Colwell has been working with an aerial camera which in effect looks through the earth. This camera works with both invisible and visible light and uses a combination of lenses, films and filters to take pictures simultaneously in different wave-lengths.

The principle is simple: each object reflects light differently; each has what scientists call a spectral signature, or light-print, which may show up in one wave-length but not in another.

Thus photographs taken in several wave-lengths can, when compared with one another, reveal changes in the reflectivity of vegetation that are invisible to the naked eye or conventional camera. From such changes on the surface, scientists can deduce what is happening inside the earth.

In 1959, Dr. Colwell and several of his colleagues wondered whether this principle could be used in detecting secret underground nuclear explosions. Out of this curiosity came a nine-lens aerial camera which photographs a target simultaneously through nine different filters.

Experimental flights over a Nevada underground nuclear test site produced pictures that pointed to damage in roots and to cracks in

soil that could have been caused by underground detonation.

Today, Dr. Colwell reports that remote multiband spectral sensing, as it is called, can detect many tree and plant diseases—including wheat rust, which devastates millions of acres annually—weeks before they would be noticed by ground observers. This enables farmers to dust with fungicides early.

In Space. Mounted in earth satellites, sensor cameras are marvellously light, compact devices. With a very wide range of view, they can give a synoptic picture once a day of the cloud patterns over the entire world, thus aiding in weather forecasting.

“The new sensor cameras in space may also be useful in predicting earthquakes and volcanic eruptions,” says William Fischer of the U.S. Geological Survey. Two years ago, Fischer flew over Kilauea, in Hawaii, one of the world’s most active volcanoes, and reported that the sensor camera revealed the effects of underground heat changes that may imply the build-up of forces before an eruption. “If this is verified in further research, and if we can find comparable thermal or other patterns showing strain in rocks along earthquake faults,” Fischer says, “we will have a good opportunity for alerting populations to dangerous earth movements before disaster strikes.”

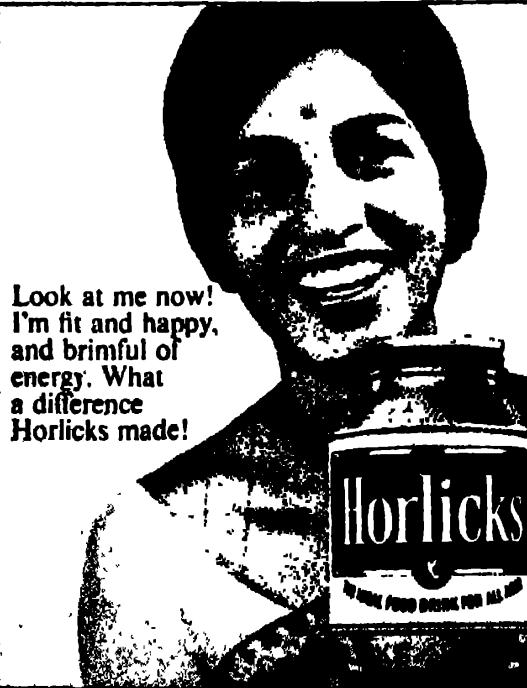
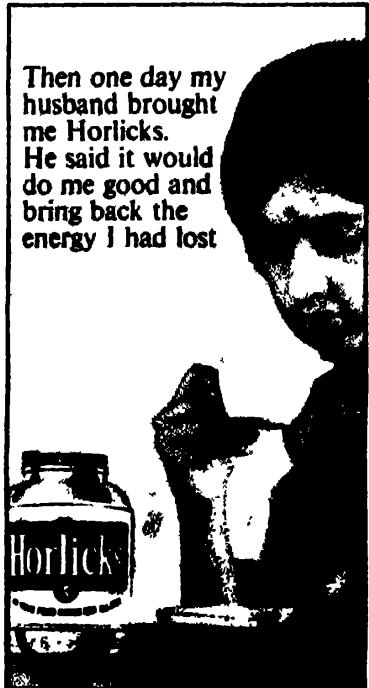
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CAMERAS: THE LATEST PICTURE

photographers in outer space are the robot cameras that scan the surface of alien planets and transmit what they see back to earth. One such camera was the star of the July 1965 Mars fly-by, broadcasting to viewers 134 million miles away the first close-up pictures of the "red planet." Similar cameras were incorporated in the various moon shots made by America and the Soviet Union.

New Age. An astounding prospect for photography is now emerging from the laboratory. In 1947, Dr. Dennis Gabor, a Budapest-born physicist working at the University of London, found a way to take pictures *without a lens* by using light waves. But it took another 13 years of work to steer his so-called holographic process into the photographic wave of the future.

The key was the invention in 1960 of the laser, which turns ordinary light, a jumble of many wavelengths or colours radiating in all directions, into coherent light—a single intense wave-length moving in one direction.

Two University of Michigan scientists successfully applied the laser to Gabor's idea of lensless photography. The resultant "holograms" do not look like photographs at all; they are a montage of blobs on a plate. But if you shine a laser beam through this amorphous mass, the image leaps out vividly in three dimensions.

Experts see fascinating uses ahead for holography. Some are considering holograms for three-dimensional television and films. Others are using holographic technique with radar to take pictures of the earth through fog and smoke. But the most startling potential of the holographic camera lies in its application to the microscope—especially to see the hidden world within the atom.

At present, there is no way of looking into an atom; it is too small for ordinary light waves to penetrate, and X-rays, which are small enough to get inside, cannot be focused well enough on film to make a clear pattern. With a holographic camera, however, a pattern of light made by an X-ray laser beam could, theoretically, be turned into a magnified image when reconstructed with a light laser beam on a longer wave-length.

Dr. Gabor used this principle to develop the world's first holographic microscope, a primitive device that magnifies only 150 times. By using a coherent beam of either X-rays or electrons to make the hologram of the atom, a feat not yet accomplished, Dr. Gabor believes that the subsequent magnification by laser can be boosted many millions of times—enough to probe the atom and illuminate its insides.

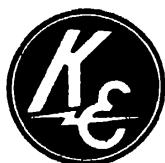
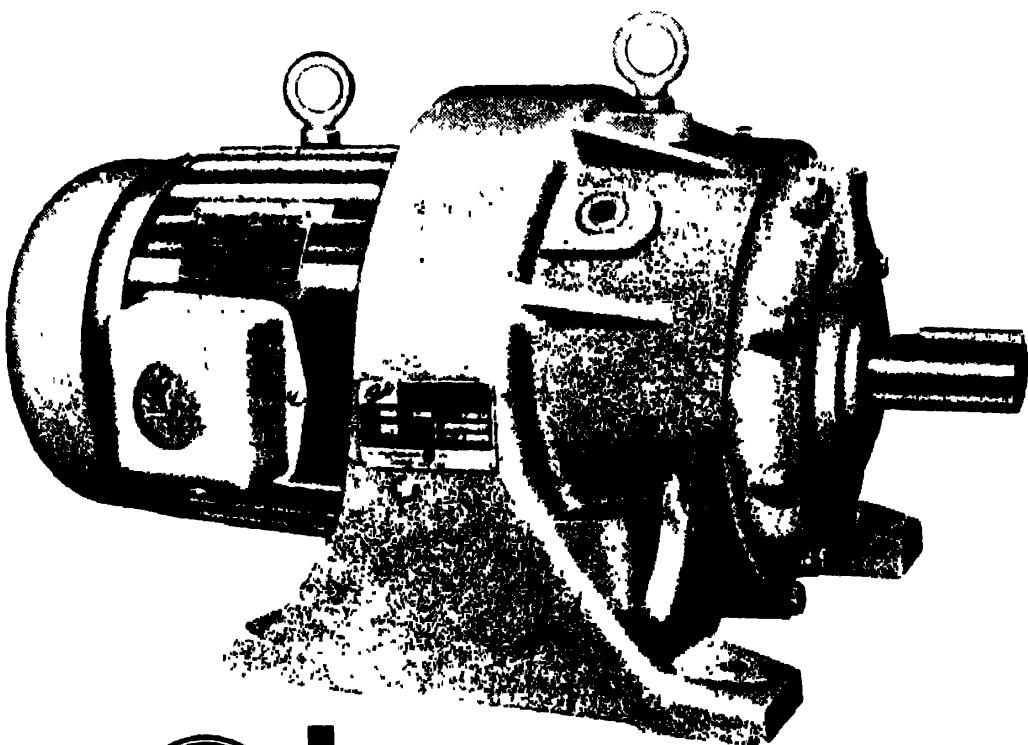
If this comes to pass, a new age of photography will have dawned.

To be human should be considered a privilege, not an excuse.—P.C.G.

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On the Twelfth Day of Christmas

BY AGNES SLIGH TURNBULL

Author of "The King's Orchard," "The Crown of Glory," "Out of My Heart," etc.



MARGARET GREAVES gave a last wave from the front steps as her husband's taxi lurched off down the icy street. Then, shivering, she closed the door and moved dispiritedly towards the living-room.

Christmas was over again, and she had never before felt quite so weary in body or heart.

This year, as always, she had looked forward to the occasion with almost childish eagerness. Penny was coming home from college; Cecily and her husband, Bill, were coming out from the city; the family

would be together again—and, pervading all, that beautiful, delicate thrill of happiness which had been a part of Christmas in the past.

But it didn't work any more. This year had been worse than usual.

Margaret looked about her. The room had the cheerless, untidy look that falls upon a house at the end of the holidays.

She looked at the faded holly, the Christmas tree. She would begin with them, for this was the day to take them down. It was Twelfth Night—or "Little Christmas," as old Anya, who had lived with them

*Condensed from "Little Christmas," © 1964 by Agnes Sligh Turnbull.
This story first appeared in Farm Journal*

when the children were small, had called it.

Suddenly a soft, startled flush rose in Margaret's cheeks. She sat there, thinking, and then she spoke aloud: "Little Christmas! Little Christmas, now, today, and mine if I want it!"

And she knew that she did want it! More than anything else, she craved a second chance this year to celebrate Christmas. Excitedly, she began to plan. First, she would take down the withered holly and substitute fresh; remove the absurd glass unicorns and golden balls that Cecily had arranged on the mantelpiece; she would even bring down from the attic the crib of the Christ-child, and the figures of the shepherds and the Wise Men which, in the past, had been the main decoration each Christmas.

Margaret remembered now the first time that Cecily had found fault with them. It was her first Christmas home from college.

"Mother, do we *have* to have all that old rubbish again on the mantelpiece? It's so old-fashioned. I'd love to try something original."

As usual they had given in to Cecily, and the effect *had* been startling. The next year she had begged to decorate the tree herself.

"It seems awfully childish to keep on hanging up the same old decorations, Mother. Do let me try out a new idea. Please!"

Of course they had to let her. It would have been difficult to refuse

her anything that Christmas. She had come home after a very successful term, was soon to take the lead in a play, and had had a painting in the college art exhibition.

That was Cecily—beautiful, brilliant, incredible.

It was Penny, their other daughter, who had been the problem. Her hair was dark and straight, her eyes shy and grey, her features too strong to be pretty. Somehow she was always behind at school. She couldn't get into one of the "big" colleges—certainly not Cecily's—but she finally managed to enter a smaller one.

Margaret recalled again the first year that Cecily had taken over the decoration of the tree. For some reason she had not thought of it before, but she realized now it was *that* Christmas when Penny had been so difficult. Could it have been because of the tree?

Margaret eyed the small fir that stood on the table, decked in skilfully-devised paper rosettes, behind which all the tiny lights glowed purple. It was artistic and original, but it did not look like Christmas. Margaret removed the rosettes, almost angrily, and put them in the waste-paper basket.

In the attic she found the old, familiar crib and figures and other decorations. Then, slowly and tenderly, she arranged the room as it always used to be. She did not hurry. Indeed she loitered as she decorated the tree again, stopping often to hold

the oldest ornaments in her hand. The fruit, for instance—the red apple and the golden peach. The children had particularly loved these for some reason.

At last there was nothing left but the star that went on the very top. She thought of Penny, who had always begged to put up the star. Penny, their strange, inscrutable daughter, who was failing in two subjects this first term.

Penny just didn't seem to care. When she got home, they had discussed it earnestly with her, but as usual could get nothing out of her. She had only mentioned casually that she had broken a swimming record. This, to her father, had been the last straw. "A swimming record!" he all but yelled. "You're not at college to go *swimming*."

Penny had said nothing. She went up to her room. What was to be *done* about her?

And what, too, about Cecily and Bill? Above everything else, Margaret had always prayed that her children might have happiness and lifelong contentment with their loves, as she and Henry had had. Her heart now was heavy with pain for the young pair. They had told her what threatened, each in characteristic fashion.

"Mother, I can't believe it! It's simply *too* marvellous!" Cecily had begun when they were alone the day before Christmas. "I've been offered the position of associate editor on the magazine!"

"That's wonderful, darling!"

"Nobody knows how I've wished for this job!" Cecily continued. "And I know I can make a go of it—only Bill is being absolutely mulish!"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, we had decided that I'd take this coming year off to have a baby. Now I can't. I think Bill ought to be reasonable." Cecily's lovely face had stiffened. A new note came into her voice. "I might as well tell you that this may be serious. He's just about issued an ultimatum, and nobody can do that to me."

And that night Bill had followed Margaret up to her room, where she was frantically wrapping up the last parcels. "We're in trouble, Mum—Cecily and I," he said. "It's bad. She's got to decide now what she wants. In a few years this magazine thing will be a tremendous job. If she goes ahead, there will *never* be any time in her life for having children and making a home for them. As a matter of fact," he added slowly, "there may not even be much of a place for me."

MARGARET shook the anxiety from her. No further word had come from Bill and Cecily. Whether this was good or bad, she did not know.

She hurried through her solitary dinner, and then ignited the logs in the fireplace. She lit the candles, illuminated the tree, and sat down, a sense of peace stealing over her. This one night was all hers, but

FINANCE FOR ELECTRIC SUPPLY

The problem of tapping external finance for a regulated industry like electric supply is beset with many hurdles. All these stem from the regulation on Licensees' finances exercised by the Sixth Schedule to the Electricity (Supply) Act. Since the Supply Act was enacted into law in 1948, the regulatory mechanism has been lagging behind the needs of the industry. At one stage it was the fixed return against an inflationary situation which was acting as a brake. Since 1956 when the return was linked to the bank rate, the actual interest rate outran the official bank rate. Ultimately when the bank rate tended to bear a realistic relation to ruling interest rate we have witnessed the spectacle of the Electricity (Supply) Amendment Act, 1966, seeking to distinguish the pattern of investments, thus limiting the linkage of the bank rate to the reasonable return to a period beyond 31st March, 1965.

Apart from the difficulties inherent in working the principle of bifurcation, it is difficult to appreciate the rationale in the decision to fix two types of returns to two sets of capital bases, although the entire investment is at the service of the community. The object of raising this issue so soon after the enactment of the 1966 series of amendments to the Electricity (Supply) Act is to emphasize the need for regulatory control exercising a promotional role in the industry's development. When the new act was on the legislative anvil during the last session of Parliament, it was stated on behalf of Government that a simpler legislation will be brought forward for consideration soon. With the experience the Federation has at its disposal I can

only hope that consultation at appropriate stages will take place between Government and industry so that the financial principles under which the industry functions could be so regulated as to enable the industry to raise funds in the performance of its public duties.

It is understood that some of the States are seeking the sanction of the Central Government to enact enabling legislation for the limited purpose of acquiring 'inefficient' undertakings. It is the Federation's view that the law as it is, provides ample powers for the States to step in where undertakings fail to discharge their duties. It will not therefore be in the fitness of things to permit enactment of such legislation, as primarily it will affect the capacity of expanding undertakings to raise capital for development.

During the last two years we have had occasions to contend with ad hoc legislation enacted by the State of Uttar Pradesh nullifying the provisions of Section 19 of the Electricity (Supply) Act. This situation has led the U.P. Electricity Board being authorised, ostensibly in the public interest, to enter into Licensees' areas to supply industrial consumers who are already served adequately by the Licensees. This has resulted in laying of duplicate power facilities when the need of the hour is to conserve resources which are scarce. I hope the Minister will personally look into this aspect of the problem. It is not so much the technical situation under the Central law which I wish to highlight, but with the pressure on the country's resources it is futile merely to displace one form of service (reasonably efficient) with another.

(Speech by Mr. A. N. Hakkar, Chairman of The Federation of Electricity Undertakings of India at the Annual General Meeting held in Bombay on October 25, 1966.)

ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

she suddenly knew that the person who would most enjoy it with her would be Penny. Even though she would say little, she would like it.

“I broke a swimming record . . .” The sentence flashed into her mind. Those were the words that Penny had injected casually the day they had talked with her about her work. What record? In their concern over her studies, they hadn’t even asked.

All at once Margaret sat up very straight. She saw it now with sudden insight: this was the very first triumph Penny had ever had. She had laid it before them in her own way, and they had ignored it.

Margaret rose with instant decision and made a long-distance phone call to Penny.

“Hallo, Mum,” Penny said. “Anything wrong?”

“Not a thing. Penny, I want to know about that record you broke in swimming.”

“You *what*?” Margaret could hear the note of pleasure that crept into Penny’s voice. “Oh, it wasn’t anything much. But just before Christmas I broke the inter-collegiate 100-yard freestyle record.”

“Penny! That’s simply marvellous! Darling, I’m so proud of you!”

There was silence at the other end of the line.

“I wish you were here tonight,” Margaret went on. “Dad’s away on a business trip and I’m all alone, so I’m celebrating what Anya used to call Little Christmas. Remember?

I’m having everything just the way we used to when you were children. The crib and the figures are on the mantelpiece, and I put all the old decorations on the tree.”

“Mum, *did* you?” Her words were quick, incredulous.

“Yes. Does it seem silly?”

“Is the bluebird on . . . and the rose?”

“Yes.”

“And the *fruit*? The peach was mine. I was always afraid Cecily would want it, but she picked the apple.”

“Yes, they’re there. And I brought down the old toys, too. You know, the favourites that you children always thought should enjoy Christmas with you—the doll and the bear and the dog.

“This year things just weren’t right. I wonder whether you know that Cecily and Bill . . .”

“Cecily’s a fool. If I had as nice a husband as Bill, I’d *want* to have his children.”

“I’m sure you would, dear. I wish Cecily were more like you.”

There was another breathless second of silence, and then came a strange, husky voice: “Would . . . would you say that again?”

“I said,” Margaret repeated distinctly, “that I wished Cecily were more like you.”

“Mum . . .”

“Yes, dear.”

“I’m awfully glad you rang.”

“So am I.”

“And, Mum, tell Dad I’ll improve

my work. It won't be too much trouble. I . . . I sort of feel different now, somehow."

MARGARET sat at the desk, her eyes wet, a warm glow in her heart. She had collected the selections of Christmas literature she liked best, and had them beside her. She would read them after playing her favourite carols.

"Mother and her everlasting carols!" Cecily used to say. "Don't you ever get tired of them?"

She put a fresh log on the fire and sat down again with a deep sigh of contentment. Even as she did so, there was a quick tap-tap on the front door. Then the door opened. She knew at once that it must be Cecily and Bill. Cecily came into the room, her face white. Bill followed her, looking as though he hadn't slept for a week. Margaret knew what they had come to tell her. Now, tonight!

But they were both looking round the room in amazement.

"What on earth!" Cecily cried.

"This is Twelfth Night," Margaret said. "Little Christmas. I wasn't satisfied with our Christmas this year, so I'm celebrating it again."

Bill was over by the mantelpiece, looking at the crib and the figures.

Cecily was by the tree. Her mother couldn't see her face, but she saw her touching the various ornaments.

"Where's my apple?" she asked.

"Up there, higher, to the right."

"Good heavens, you even brought down the old toys!"

Bill was beside her now, peering under the shadow of the tree. Cecily picked up the doll, but suddenly put it down and turned away, as though she had been guilty of folly.

Margaret spoke firmly. "I am now about to play and sing some carols, and then read some Christmas selections aloud. I ought to warn you."

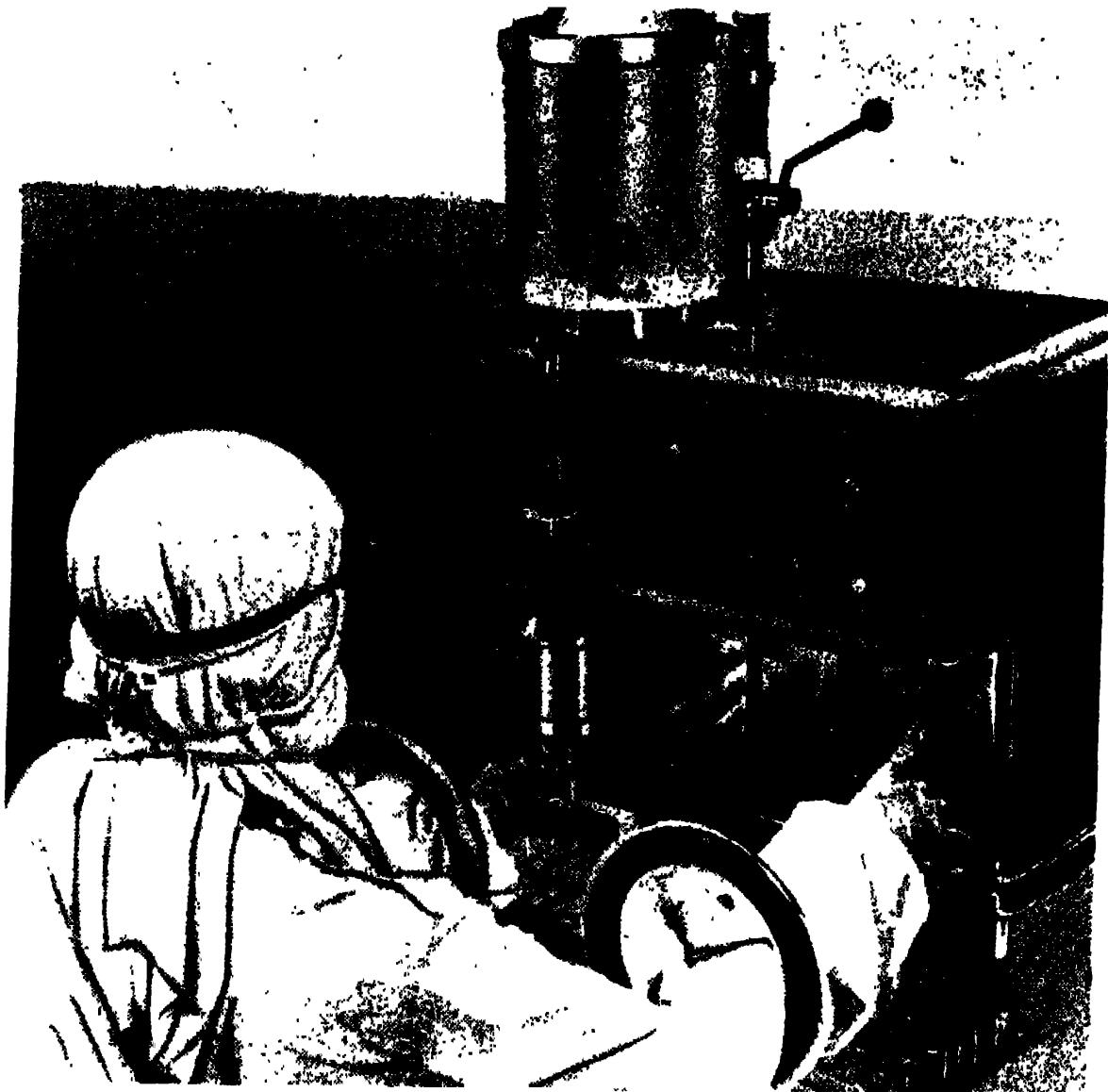
Bill went over to the fireside chair and sank into it. His face was haggard and drawn. Cecily glanced quickly at him, then sat down on the couch. Her beautiful profile was cold and set. "I suppose we can bear it," she said.

Margaret played and sang from memory, moving from one old favourite to another, ending at last with "Silent Night." As she sang, her heart all but broke in yearning over her children, sitting in the same room with her and yet so far away.

Bill was leaning forward now, his head in his hands; Cecily was sitting motionless, her eyes fixed on the tree. Once her mother saw her look at Bill, then glance quickly away.

Margaret picked up *The Night Before Christmas* and began to read. When she finished, she looked musingly at the burning logs.

"When the children were small, Bill, we always let them help decorate the tree the afternoon before Christmas. Then, after an early supper, they came down in their dressing-gowns and sat on the rug in



Photograph: Sterile filling of injectable drug vials.

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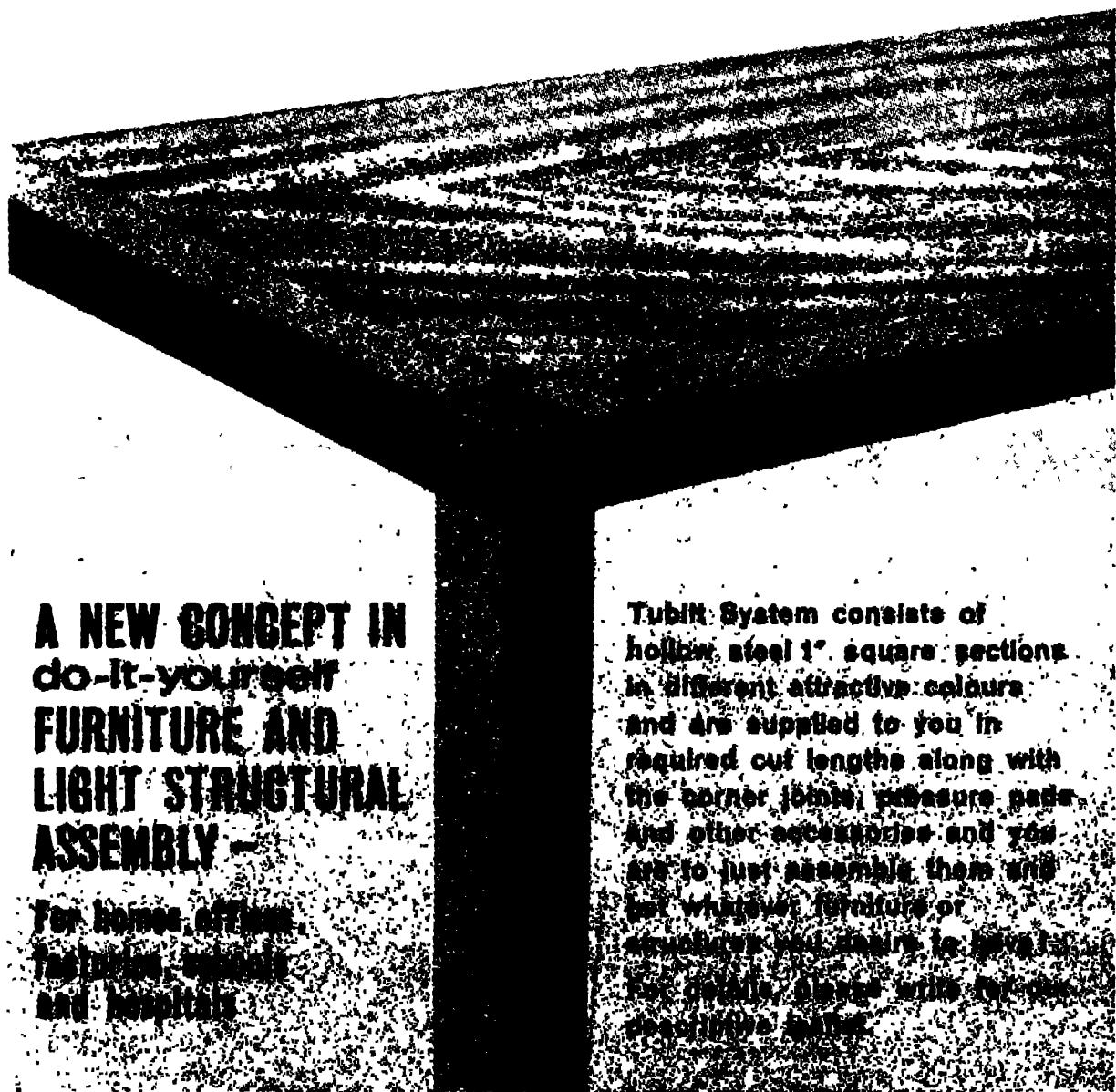


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ON THE TWELFTH DAY OF CHRISTMAS

front of the fire while I read them this poem. Do you remember, Cecily?"

"Of course," she said in an odd voice.

Margaret picked up the next book. "Then, when the children grew older, they still liked this Christmas Eve ritual, only we added bits from *A Christmas Carol*."

As she read from the worn book with its familiar markings, she glanced up once or twice to look at the haggard young man and the stony-faced young woman. She found their eyes on each other, Bill's anguished and beseeching, his wife's—but she couldn't see into Cecily's.

"And now," she said, "I am going to read the sweetest story of them all."

She picked up the small black Bible beside her. Her voice was low, and she read slowly.

... And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

Margaret's voice faltered. She knew she could never finish the chapter.

She closed the Bible and laid it back on the table. Silence filled the room. She was afraid to look up.

Then at last she sensed that Cecily had got up and gone over to Bill. Margaret raised her eyes then and

saw her standing there, with her cheeks wet with tears.

"We've got to go, Mother. Bill's awfully tired. He ought to get some rest. It's been wonderful being here tonight. And, Mother, put the toys away carefully. You can't tell what may happen before a year's up!"

WHEN they had left, Margaret came back into the pine-scented, fire-warmed, candlelit room. New wisdom and understanding had come to her.

On this, the anniversary of the holy night when the Wise Men had come to worship the baby in the manger, her own children had been given back to her, close and secure in the circle of love. If only Henry were here to rejoice with her, it would be complete.

She raised her head, thinking. She couldn't telephone him, for this was the evening of the big banquet. But she could send him a telegram!

A little smile played over her lips as she composed the message. She could picture Henry receiving it when he came back late to the hotel. He would be startled at first; then, as he read, he would be puzzled. He would be thinking, "What's she been up to now?"

Margaret repeated the message three times before the operator got it:

"Merry Little Christmas, and all my love."

Economy is in itself a source of great revenue.—Seneca

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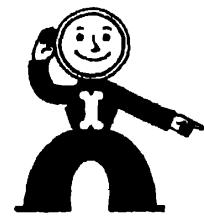
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Put Your Mind on the Spot

By WILLIAM
MOULTON MARSTON

*Concentration is
essential to success.
Do you know
how to use it?*

FOR LONG ago, I had a chance to watch a surgeon perform a delicate brain operation. A slight slip of his hand would have meant paralysis or death for the patient. What impressed me about the doctor was not his skill but his amazing calmness. I knew that only a few moments before the operation he had been nervous. But once he stood at the operating table, he worked with a machine-like sureness that left me dumbfounded.

Such feats of concentration are, of course, routine with every outstanding person in every walk of life. At any given moment, the leader, the man of excellence, concentrates his whole being on the *one* job that he has to do. Most of the rest of us allow ourselves to be distracted by nervousness, preoccupation or conflicting interests.

Not infrequently, we read of men who, successful in their own field, can also paint a little, write a bit of verse, play tennis or bridge well, make an impromptu after-dinner speech—who are, in a word, enviably versatile.

We envy them that versatility because we think it a special aptitude. It may be so in part, but mainly these people have acquired facility in concentration. To each successive activity of the day they give not scattered attention but all their faculties, smoothly and intensely.

Today, more than ever, concentration is essential not only to effective work but also

Condensed from The Rotarian

to the full enjoyment of pleasures. This is an age of distraction, with interruptions by telephone, by friends, by noise, by scares and by our own flightiness. Increasingly, work must be done under conditions which are inhospitable to concentration—yet on concentration depends, more and more, a man's success in our specialized world.

It is vital not only in work but also in the enrichment of the inner life: fascinating possibilities for mental enjoyment can be turned into a meaningless jumble of *divertissements* unless we have the power to single out and enjoy to the utmost one pursuit at a time.

When the human mind is keenly concentrated, it becomes an amazingly proficient instrument. Lord Macaulay, the English historian, used to walk through crowded London streets reading a book. After perusing a page he could repeat it from memory.

You are apt at first thought to shrug off performances like this as the product of "genius"—which you are quite certain you do not possess. But are you sure you don't? Most normal people have similar fundamental equipment. The difference comes in the way they use it.

The capacity for concentration is common to all of us until we let it atrophy. Note the so-called heedlessness of children. Aldous Huxley said that every child is a genius until the age of ten. Was there ever greater absorption than a child can

show when he is deep in a book or engrossed with some new object? At such moments we often scold children for inattention to our words. Actually, they are concentrating admirably on matters important to them, and we ought to avoid as far as possible destroying their blessed power of being genuinely interested in something.

Concentration is not an unnatural state that goes contrary to our normal bent. The absent-minded professor is, after all, only a man who has kept the child's genius for absorbed interest in his work.

I remember seeing a famous philosopher stand in the pouring rain without umbrella or coat, discussing a point of metaphysics with a raincoat-clad student who kept trying in vain to escape. The great man didn't even know it was raining. We laugh at such idiosyncrasies. But we also realize that it is just such men who attain supremacy in their chosen fields. They attain it by virtue of an intense concentration that makes them temporarily oblivious to outside conditions that distract most people.

Take any successful person you know who can do something better than anybody else and try to distract his attention from it while he is doing it. A great sculptor I knew used to bewilder his friends by literally failing to see them when they dropped into his studio while he was at work. Unless you permit yourself to become thus absorbed

in the thing that you want to do, there is little chance of your doing that thing exceptionally well.

Of course the secret of this ability to rise above the distractions of life lies in having an intense interest in what you are doing. Such interest creates attention as a tree bears fruit, and you find yourself concentrating without effort.

But this matter of interest works both ways. Concentration follows interest, but interest will also follow concentration. Goethe, when asked how he accomplished his great work, replied with perfect serenity, "Why, I just blow on my hands."

In other words, to develop the gift of concentration, you must first of all learn to throw yourself into each job, no matter how distasteful. Plunge into it, and soon it takes hold of you like a game.

It is essential to recognize this truth. If you *know* that you are going to be interested once you get started, you won't hesitate to start. Yet most of us welcome interruption, actually ask for it, because we do not realize that the unpleasant job ahead will really absorb us if we can bring ourselves to make the leap into it.

Doubtless this is why William James, one of the founders of modern psychology, pointed out that the important thing is to *go through the motions*. Get into working position. Attention is best held by a unified action of body and mind working together. Your body

involvement may be slight or subtle—a matter of posture or muscular tension—but it is there.

Even after we begin manfully to concentrate, a multiplicity of thoughts, half-thoughts, sounds, impressions, will assail our minds. It is not sufficient merely to try to exclude these extraneous impressions. We must always replace them with the one thing that demands attention.

You cannot just push a thought out of your mind. If you are in any doubt, try this little joke on yourself: "Spend the next 30 seconds not thinking about the word 'hippopotamus.'" Yet many people seek concentration by trying to exclude other irrelevant ideas rather than by trying to fasten their minds upon the thing at hand.

As you tackle one thing, of course, you will be troubled by a dozen other things you ought to be doing—things that can't wait, you say. Or *can* they wait? Of course they can. They've *got* to wait. Worry walks along with us like a ghost visible to us alone, holding our mental gaze hopelessly fixed on it instead of on the work we are doing. But no matter what specific form worry takes, say to your unconscious, "Yes, that's important; but it must wait until this other thing is done—then I'll give it full attention."

It's amazing how easily satisfied your unconscious is if you keep faith with it—really give the problem

attention in turn. That's the single-minded attitude—one-thing-at-a-time—that all of us have to learn. Without it, we get nowhere, either in work or play.

Arnold Bennett described concentration as "the power to dictate to the brain its task and ensure its obedience." This power comes with practice, and practice, proverbially, requires patience. The transition from wandering attention to clear, precise concentration is the product of persistent effort. If you keep bringing your mind back again and again to some predetermined subject, your competing thoughts will

eventually give way to the selected object of attention. In the end you will find yourself able to concentrate at will upon any activity you select.

It is *control* of the power of concentration, not the power itself, that requires practice. The power is there; continue nagging at it until it answers your call. When you have learnt to bring all your faculties to bear without distraction on the problem at hand, you will find a twofold reward: both the number of things you are able to do and your pleasure in doing them will be immensely increased.



Ways of the World

A HOTEL in Matsushiro, Japan, where over 30,000 earth tremors a year have been registered, is wooing nervous tourists with this proposition: Tremor of Force Three, free beer; Force Four, five-per-cent discount on bill; Force Five (a full-scale earthquake), guests' charges are cancelled.

—*Newsweek*

THERE are no traffic police in the interior of Guatemala. Yet speeding will get you into trouble just the same. When your car leaves a town, the time is stamped on a ticket. If you arrive in the next town too soon, you've broken the speed laws. —C.W.

THE GOLF CLUB in Montevideo, Uruguay, is located on a rise in a de-luxe area overlooking the Río de la Plata. Club members and guests can play on the course all day every day—except Sunday. The Uruguayans felt that everyone, whether or not a golfer, should have an opportunity to enjoy the beauties of this site. The club consented to a government suggestion that the links be made accessible to the public once a week. Consequently, every Sunday you will see hundreds of men, women and children playing, picnicking or just resting along the fairways. And there's not a golfer in sight. —B. F. P.



Indian textiles and world trade—Rome

"There is no year in which India does not drain the Roman Empire of a hundred million Sesterces—so dearly do we pay for our luxuries and our women." PLINY (1ST CENTURY AD)

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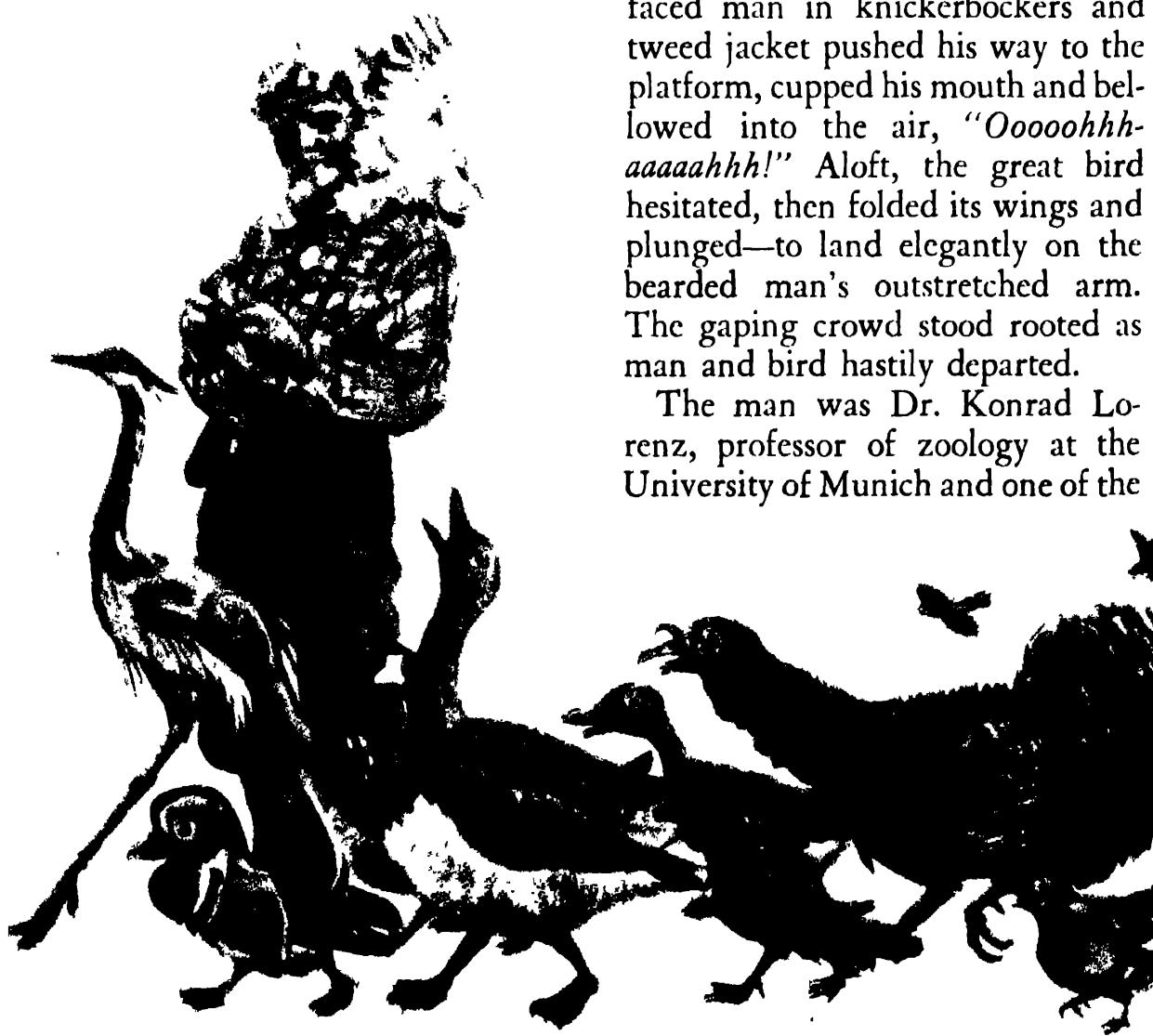
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The Professor Talks to Animals

From his lifelong study of their social behaviour, Konrad Lorenz has shed some fascinating light on our own

BY FREDERIC SONDERN



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IT WAS a bright summer day, and the station at Altenberg on the Danube, a resort near Vienna, was jammed with Austrian holiday-makers staring up at the sky. A few hundred feet above them, flashing in the sun, a big white bird wheeled and swooped.

Suddenly a spade-bearded, craggy-faced man in knickerbockers and tweed jacket pushed his way to the platform, cupped his mouth and bellowed into the air, "*Oooooohhh-aaaaahhh!*" Aloft, the great bird hesitated, then folded its wings and plunged—to land elegantly on the bearded man's outstretched arm. The gaping crowd stood rooted as man and bird hastily departed.

The man was Dr. Konrad Lorenz, professor of zoology at the University of Munich and one of the

world's foremost naturalists. The bird was Koka, a yellow-crested cockatoo.

"My academic reputation probably suffered," the professor recalls with a characteristic twinkle, "but Koka had broken out of his house and was looking for me. I had to call him down, or he would have searched for hours and perhaps got into trouble."

For 50 years, since he was a boy of ten, Lorenz has cultivated the company of many kinds of animals, studying their languages and behaviour, first for fun and then with a thoroughness and understanding that have won him an almost Darwinian stature in the scientific world. Today he is the director of a unique experimental station at Seewiesen, near Munich, a branch of

the Max Planck Society, West Germany's principal organization for basic scientific research.

"We know too little about animals," says Lorenz, explaining the Seewiesen work. "In many ways the social behaviour of animals is remarkably similar to ours. Greylag geese, for example, court their prospective brides like bashful country bumpkins; tiny fish fight with the vigour of rising business executives for such status symbols as pretentious homes; mice are capable of heroic affection and sacrifice for each other.

"Here at Seewiesen we are trying to put together the complete picture of the animal mind and its relationship to our own."

Altenberg on the Danube is a land of marshes and willow forests



which for centuries has been a migration halfway house for a huge variety of birds. Young Konrad grew up there. He was a daring and indefatigable explorer, observant and inquisitive; and, with his musical ear and exact sense of pitch, he found that he could imitate bird calls. Soon wild birds were following him home.

Konrad's father, Dr. Adolf Lorenz—one of Europe's leading physicians—guided his son's scientific bent. The boy devoured the writings of Darwin, Linnaeus, Agassiz. He completed his medical training and became an assistant at the famous Anatomical Institute in Vienna at the early age of 24.

But success in medicine did not satisfy Lorenz. In the marshes of Altenberg he kept observing fascinating similarities between man and beast. It was an almost unexplored world, and he found it irresistible.

Social Order. He observed that seniority in many animal groups is earned by age, family position and provident performance rather than by violence. Even the apparently irresponsible jackdaw observed a traditional decorum. Lorenz noted that a group of them, alighting on a telegraph wire, arranged themselves from right to left according to rank.

There were occasional flapping and screaming rows about priority, but nothing serious happened. In jackdaws, in fact, he found an amazing pattern of law and

order, including the protection of weaker members of a colony by the stronger.

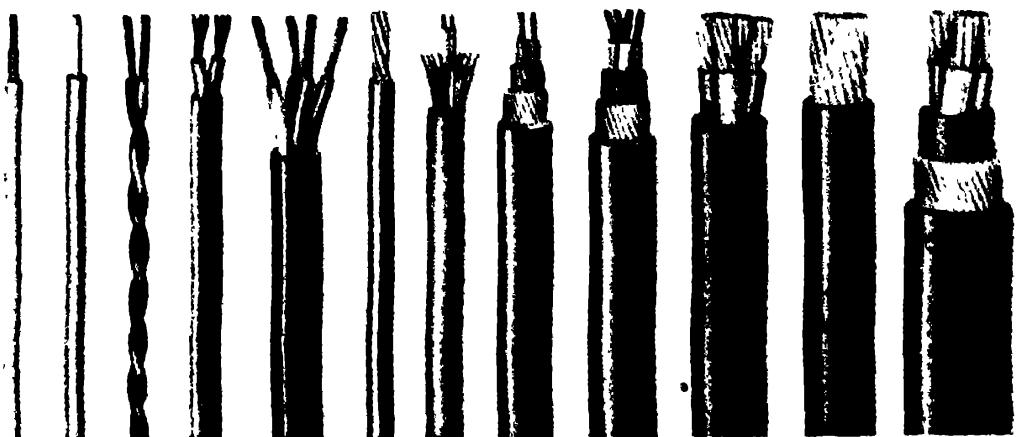
In turkeys and wolves—and subsequently in many other animals—the professor discovered astonishing forms of chivalry. A fighting turkey cock, for example, realizing that he is being beaten in battle, will suddenly bare his throat to his opponent. The other turkey will not, seemingly cannot, strike the fatal blow. The surrender is accepted and the fight is over.*

Lorenz's studies were interrupted by the war when he was drafted into the German armed forces as a medical officer, captured by the Russians and held prisoner until 1948. By this time his previous work and writings had impressed naturalists in many countries. He was elected to the Max Planck Society, and nine years ago began the Seewiesen project.

The professor's working day starts at dawn. In Wellingtons, with powerful binoculars hanging round his neck, and puffing his ever-present pipe, Lorenz begins a patrol of the grounds. Noisily chattering fowl waddle along beside him. Occasionally Lorenz stops to "converse" with his followers.

Lorenz has identified and can imitate a dozen articulated phrases in the vocabulary of geese. Some of

* "King Solomon's Ring," the book Professor Lorenz later wrote about his observations, is one of the most original and entertaining animal-behaviour studies ever published. His latest work "On Aggression" (Methuen, London), has been received enthusiastically by scientists and laymen alike.



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THE PROFESSOR TALKS TO ANIMALS

these various pitches are operational signals, some are expressions of pleasure, fear, affection. But the actual languages of geese, ducks and many other animals are postures. Scientists call these the "releaser mechanisms" because they activate reactions between the animals.

Gander and goose, for example, have several dozen ways of crooking their long necks. Each position conveys a different meaning from "Drat you" to "I'll *kill* you." One disdainful wiggle means, "Oh, drop dead." Another signal—a certain kind of waddle with a distinctive neck-crook—is used by the goose to encourage her husband to attack another animal. Lorenz's study of releaser mechanisms has given ethologists a new understanding of them—perhaps his greatest contribution to this branch of science.

The birds at Seewiesen all have names and are continually watched by Lorenz and his assistants. Files on the lives and loves of such individuals as Aida, Oswald, Hercules, Adonis, Cleopatra are scrupulously kept.

Love Stories. Many of these annals read like romantic novels. Lorenz is sentimental about young European grey geese falling in love—he refuses to use quotation marks round the phrase even in his scientific discussions. The gander finding a prospective bride behaves, in Lorenz's words, "like a teenage delinquent on a motorbike, with manœuvres that no sane bird would

attempt." The female plays hard-to-get, often for weeks. She gives the suitor only sidelong glances. Gradually she will fly closer to him in the air, edge up to him on the ground; when near him in the water she increases the intensity of her neck-dipping (which signifies interest in varying degrees).

The day of formal proposal brings a spectacular performance. After a zooming, splashing approach to his love, the gander shouts a peculiar cry. If she repeats it, the vows have been pronounced. Later, when members of the husband's and wife's families and their friends have joined in a signal of acceptance known as the triumph shout, the newlyweds join a tight clan to which their progeny will belong.

These goose unions are strong. For example, if a greylag strays from its spouse for any length of time a great commotion begins. Husband or wife turns on a blaring distance shout which carries for miles and seems to identify the sender by its cadence and wavelength. Usually it brings the wanderer back with surprising speed.

Mutual affection, Lorenz has observed, becomes so deep that if one of a pair is killed the other will search for weeks for the missing partner, returning eventually to a favoured branch of its family to live out an obviously wretched and shortened life, disconsolate and usually celibate. The family is patient, understanding, and provides

for the bereaved, who stands around unhappily, no longer joining in communal shouts and flights.

Lorenz has long maintained—and many scientists now agree with him—that affection in many animals transcends sexual urge. A grey-lag gander, for instance, is proudest not after he has consummated his marriage, but when he stands guard over his roost, shepherds his children and protects his wife.

There is much other fascinating work going on at Seewiesen. Scientists are trying to find out how much of an animal's behaviour is instinct and how much is learned from parents and environment. Thus they separate various kinds of chicks from their parents immediately after hatching and "imprint" them—as the technique which Lorenz developed is called—by hand-feeding and personal care. These chicks come to regard their human nurse as a parent almost immediately. Most become absolutely obedient children.

I watched one girl leading a solemn file of waddling ducklings. What was she doing? "We're going swimming. I'm their mother." They went swimming. . .

"Some people," Lorenz says, "think I humanize the animal. But they don't realize that human weakness, as we call it, is almost always a pre-human element that we have in common with the higher animals. I am not assigning human properties to animals. I am simply finding out that an enormous animal inheritance remains in man to this day."

Professor Lorenz believes that many of man's habits, anxieties, aggressions, superstitions, even rituals and ceremonies, have their roots in animal behaviour once useful in preserving the species. When man acknowledges this heritage, he gains new understanding of the natural causes of his own behaviour and is thus better able to exercise his own free will.

"Only the person who knows animals," says Professor Lorenz in his latest book, "including the highest and most nearly related to ourselves, and who has gained insight into evolution, will be able to apprehend the unique position of man. We are the highest achievement reached so far by the great constructors of evolution. We are their 'latest' but certainly not their last word."



All Good Wishes

THE NEW Year is at the door. I wish for the stupid a little understanding, and for the understanding a little poetry. I wish a heart for the rich, and a little bread for the poor. But, above all, I wish that we may discredit each other as little as possible during the New Year.

—Heinrich Heine

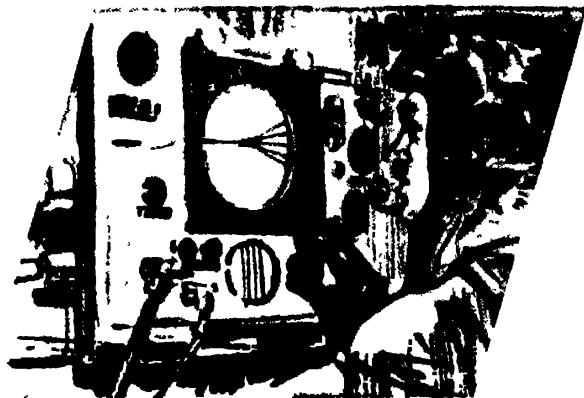
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*Sobering facts about
that controversial topic—alcohol*

Will
Alcoholism
Will it
Kill

By HERBERT YAHRAES

IN THE INTEREST of science, a university professor threw two parties in his laboratory. One was for hard, habitual drinkers—a group of down-and-outs. The other was for light, occasional drinkers—a group of teachers. The first party was dull; the guests just sat and drank without any outward sign of alcohol's effect until, one by one, they thudded to the floor in a stupor. The teachers, though, joked, laughed, and, on two or three cocktails, acted tipsy.

But whether, after a few drinks, the guests appeared sober or tight, an equal number of drinks gave them all approximately the same concentration of alcohol in their blood. And they responded pretty much alike to tests of the speed of their reactions.

"Obviously there is a difference in the way people behave while drinking," the professor who gave the parties points out. "However, when people are of average size, there is not much difference in their basic tolerance to alcohol."

The host was Dr. Leon Greenberg of the Centre of Alcohol Studies of Rutgers University. Dr. Greenberg is one of the top authorities on what happens when we drink alcohol.

When you toss back a tot of 75

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU DRINK

per cent proof Scotch whisky (43 per cent alcohol), the stomach's gastric juices immediately begin to dilute it, until the concentration of alcohol drops to about five per cent. The presence of other food in the digestive system will slow down its absorption, but if you haven't eaten, about a third of the alcohol will pass almost immediately into the blood, entering it through the tiny capillaries in the stomach's wall. The rest passes into the small intestine and is quickly taken up by the capillaries there.

Alcohol is the only food absorbed in this way—directly, without digestion. That's why it takes effect so fast.

Next it passes through the liver, where oxidation begins. This is the process whereby the oxygen carried by the blood transforms the chemical energy of food into heat and work.

If you drink slowly enough, the alcohol will be oxidized by the liver as rapidly as it is absorbed, and you will not "feel" it. By spreading a small whisky over 60 minutes, you can drink 24 hours a day without becoming even mildly high.

But in the first case, you've gulped an ounce of whisky in a few seconds, and the liver can handle only three-quarters of an ounce in an hour. Hence most of the alcohol passes through the liver unchanged, reaches the heart by way of the veins, and is then pumped through the body and brain.

Thus, within a few minutes, you begin to feel your drink.

If you are a large person you will feel less effect than a smaller person does. That's because you have more blood and other body fluids to dilute the alcohol. Within about an hour and a quarter, as the now highly diluted alcohol keeps passing through the liver, 90 per cent of it is burnt for energy; the other ten per cent is lost in urine and breath.

If you add water to your whisky the alcohol gets into your blood stream just as fast. If you add soda water it will get there even faster, because carbonation speeds the passage through the stomach—which explains why champagne goes to your head so quickly. Half a pint of beer contains about the same amount of alcohol as an ounce of whisky, but beer and wine contain solid materials such as protein and carbohydrate which slow up the rate at which alcohol gets into the blood.

That is what you do to alcohol. Now, what does alcohol do to you?

Experiments at the Centre of Alcohol Studies indicate that a little alcohol—the amount found in a pint of beer, for example—calms the nerves and eases tensions. Dr. Greenberg tells of the television producer who, trying to demonstrate the bad effects of alcohol, put a man through a driving test twice in front of the cameras: first without a drink, then after two drinks.

"I could have told him what might happen," Dr. Greenberg

says. "The driver, at the start, was in a strange situation and nervous. After a couple of drinks he calmed down and did better than he had the first time."

In most situations, however, skills as well as tensions are lowered. A multitude of tests show that after a couple of cocktails or whiskies we react a trifle more slowly to the flash of a light or the ring of a bell, and that we do not type, add, memorize, sort out cards or do other such tasks quite as well. However, since our centre of judgement is depressed, we *think* we can do everything better. The chief danger in driving after a few drinks probably lies in the fact that our confidence zooms—and we take chances.

Dr. Greenberg once tried to induce hangovers in a group of subjects by giving them a pint of whisky apiece. It knocked them out, but in the morning, except for queasy stomachs, they felt all right. "They had not gone through the fatiguing process of a party—too much smoking, too little sleep. They had simply had their drinks and fallen into bed," he explains.

Hangovers can also be partly psychological; if you feel guilty about your drinking it hits you worse. These men had downed the whisky as a research project, and their consciences were clear.

Besides deadening us to the effects of fatigue, too much alcohol upsets our mineral balance. Some of the water inside our tissue cells flows through the cell walls, taking potassium, sodium and other minerals with it, and joins the water outside the cells. That's why people with a hangover have a thirst, but drinking quantities of water before going to bed won't help because it won't stay in the cells where it's needed. The balance remains upset until the alcohol is burnt up. Neither exercise nor any other measure known will hurry this burning process.

What about the permanent effects of drinking? "In the moderate drinker we haven't found any," says Dr. Greenberg. Alcoholics—people who can't stop after a few drinks—are another matter. Excessive consumption of alcohol cuts down their normal intake of protein, vitamins and minerals, so they often suffer severely from nutritional deficiencies. Most of them have a disturbed liver, too, and a few have delirium tremens.

"Present scientific knowledge," Dr. Greenberg reports, "provides no physiological explanation of why some people become alcoholics. It appears, mainly, to be a personality problem. The evidence today is that the problem isn't only alcohol—it's people."

WHEN Robert Frost was asked to explain one of his poems, he replied, "What do you want me to do—say it over again in worse English?"

—H. E. F. Donohue

DOUBLE SUPPLEMENT

RUN AWAY, LITTLE GIRL

A mother's moving story
of how a family's
devotion helped a
brain-injured baby
struggle towards
a normal life

page 162

TERROR IN INDONESIA

Clarence Hall's first-hand
account of how
a land threatened by
communist domination is
now striving towards
a brighter future

page 203

I HAD entered the maternity ward that October evening full of bounce and confidence. This was my fifth delivery. It did not worry me that the baby was not due for two months. All my babies had been inclined to jump the gun.

But this confinement dragged on for hours. I finally gave up fighting the pain and agreed to take a sedative. What happened after that is pretty hazy in my mind. The following morning Dr. Edward Saltzman, our paediatrician, explained that I had given birth to a three pound seven ounce girl. It had been a breech delivery, rough on the baby, and her lungs had filled with fluid. She was now in an incubator.

For two days Debbie hovered between life and death. I listened fearfully to every footstep coming down the hospital corridor. Could this be a nurse bringing the dreaded news? At last, Dr. Saltzman allayed my fears. "This baby has given us a difficult time," he said, "but I believe she's going to pull through. I don't know why she had so many problems. There is just something about it that doesn't quite add up."

I realize now that Dr. Saltzman was probably trying to prepare me for some of the problems I might have to face in the years ahead. But that night I didn't ask him any questions. He had promised me the gift of life. What else could be more important?

Debbie spent a little more than

Book Supplement

RUN AWAY, LITTLE GIRL

from the book by
MARILYN SEGAL

Debbie, endearing and bright as a button, has cerebral palsy. Statistics say she can never be cured. But her parents do not accept this, and with stubborn determination have reorganized family life to make a dream come true. Here, Debbie's mother tells of all the love and energy which have spurred on a little girl's struggles towards a normal life

Condensed from "Run Away, Little Girl,"
© 1966 by the Mailman Foundation



two months in the incubator. Faithfully every day, I visited her in the nursery. With my nose pressed against the window, I'd watch for the slightest movement and listen for every sound. My arms trembled with the need to hold her.

At last Debbie seemed a little stronger, and one afternoon the nurse lifted her out of the incubator, placed her in my lap and then left us alone. It was a beautiful moment. Debbie's tiny body sank into my arms, and I felt her beating heart.

"If love could only make you strong," I whispered. "I have so much to give you."

Dr. Saltzman shared my ideas about love. "I do believe," he said when Debbie was eight weeks old, "these tiny babies do better in a home environment. She hasn't reached five pounds yet, but since her father is a doctor, I'm going to send her home."

Mike, who is six foot two, carried his new daughter proudly from the hospital, and in his arms she looked more like a doll than a baby. After a few weeks, just as Dr. Saltzman had predicted, she started to improve. I was pleased with her weight gain, but I soon realized that eating and drinking were the only things she was doing. She didn't lift her head and look around like other babies did. She didn't smile or respond to sounds or movement, and I noticed that her legs crossed oddly when I picked her up.

When Debbie was five months

old, Dr. Saltzman confirmed my fears. "I have been watching her since birth," he told me hesitantly, and with ominous seriousness. "God knows, I hope I'm wrong, but I am convinced that Debbie has had some injury to her brain."

It was several seconds before I could speak. "You don't mean cerebral palsy?" I pleaded weakly.

"It's too early to say," Dr. Saltzman answered. He suggested we take her to a near-by medical centre for another opinion.

The doctors there were uncommunicative with us, but after examining her they prepared a report for Dr. Saltzman. When he received this he tried to keep it from us. He assured us that their findings were far too pessimistic, but we insisted that he show us the report. It read: "This little girl is severely brain-damaged and shows no evidence of mentality. It is our recommendation that in the best interests of the child and the parents she be placed in an institution."

Debbie Speaks

MIKE AND I were both angered by this diagnosis. From my own observations, I knew that Debbie *did* have mentality. We were determined not to put her in an institution.

"Isn't there *something* we can do?" we asked.

"Not at her present age," Dr. Saltzman told us, "except love and enjoy her."

This was not hard, for, despite

her evident problems, Debbie was really a sweet little thing. She had deep brown eyes, a tiny freckled nose and chestnut-brown curls that strayed down to her forehead. When I put her to bed at night she insisted on a ritual. First, I had to give her a bottle. Next, I had to put her rattle inside the cot, and cover her with a certain blanket so that she could rub the silk binding between her fingers. Finally I had to give her a good-night kiss, and she would go straight off to sleep.

When Debbie was a year and a half, I took her for further examination to the Massachusetts General Hospital, regarded by some as the best cerebral-palsy centre in the world. Our home is in Florida, and the long trip to Boston was in itself an ordeal. Once there, we lived together in a hospital room for three days, and we both were frightened and tense.

Debbie made her feelings known to everyone, but the doctors ignored her distress and calmly gave her every test in the books. When they had finished, the verdict was fairly encouraging. Debbie had average intelligence, I was told, and she would be able to go to school. Speech would not be a major problem, and there was even the possibility of her walking with braces within a few years.

As soon as I got back from Boston, I started to take Debbie on more excursions. Her hysterical behaviour at the hospital made me

realize that she needed to have people round her. During the first 14 months I had kept her at home most of the time. It had been easy to rationalize about it. Debbie was such a delicate baby, I told myself, that it was wrong to expose her to a lot of germs. It was hard to admit I was really protecting myself.

For anyone who looked at Debbie could tell she had problems. Her head drooped, her eyes crossed and her face lacked animation.

Meaning to be kind, people would say, "You have a very sleepy girl there." But sometimes the comments were harsher.

Despite the whispers and comments, Mike and I resolved to treat Debbie like a normal child. We knew we must free her from the burden of our own fears and give her the same love, acceptance, opportunity, and even discipline, that we gave to our other children.

After the trip to Boston we tried to strengthen Debbie's legs with exercises, but the only real progress she was making at this time was in her vocabulary. Every few days she would thrill us with a new word. (She could call each of our other children by name now, and they were immensely flattered.) Then, one morning when she and I were out in the car, it began to rain. I put on the windscreen wipers, but Debbie started to cry so desperately that I stopped the car.

"What's the matter?" I asked, not really expecting an answer.

Debbie pointed to the windscreen wipers. "Mummy, I don't like that," she complained.

This was the first real sentence she had spoken. I felt it was important to reward her for it, so I drove the rest of the way home without the wipers. However, my careful psychology was not too effective. Debbie didn't speak another sentence for several months.

New Hope

WHEN WE first heard of the Doman Institutes in Philadelphia, we were very sceptical. A rehabilitation centre, known officially as the Institutes for the Achievement of Human Potential, its methods were said to represent the first breakthrough in the non-surgical treatment of brain injury. But Debbie had been examined by experts, and we felt that everything that could be done for her was already being done. We were determined not to drag our child from pillar to post looking for miracle answers.

But by the time she was two and a half, Debbie's physical progress was clearly at a standstill. Her eyes had become dismally crossed, and when this was partially corrected by surgery it merely improved her appearance but did not help her balance. Although we had tried all the exercises prescribed by physiotherapists, she could barely crawl.

It was as a last resort that we turned to the Doman Institutes. The waiting list was overwhelming, but

a cancellation had just been received and we were given an appointment.

I knew that before Debbie could be accepted for treatment she would have to pass an examination by the Institutes staff, and I was determined she would make a good impression. When we got on the plane for Philadelphia, her new outfit had a birthday-party look. With her neatly-cut fringe, her dark brown eyes and her small nose, she was like a little French doll.

Surprisingly, Debbie was most co-operative during that first day. To the best of her ability she did whatever the staff asked. She dragged herself along the floor, followed coloured lights, retrieved objects from a bag and attempted—with out much success—to pour a ball from one cup to another. Nevertheless, the diagnosis sounded grim.

Debbie had sustained moderately severe damage to her mid-brain area. Her mobility level was that of an eight-week-old baby. Her ankles were tight, her legs scissored severely, and when held in an upright position, she "stood" on the front of her toes.

In medical terms Debbie would be considered an athetoid C.P.* She was obviously a bright little girl, but if she followed the usual course of the athetoid she would end up in a wheelchair.

* Cerebral-palsy victims are divided into several categories. The athetoid, one type, is characterized by ceaseless involuntary writhing movements of the fingers, toes, hands, feet and other parts of the body.

That night I wondered what would happen if the Institutes refused to take her. I was almost jealous of the other parents who had been there. Most of their children looked better off than Debbie . . .

The next morning we arrived at the Institutes at eight o'clock. Debbie was taken out of my arms by one of the staff, and I tried to ignore her screams as we followed the group to the lecture hall. There, in a desperately hot room, Glenn Doman, chief of the Institutes staff, spoke to us for eight solid hours on the theories, methods and aims of the Institutes. We had brought our eldest daughter, Betty, aged 13, with us, and she was as spellbound as Mike and I.

The main points of Mr. Doman's talk were that children with brain problems fall into three classifications—emotional, brain-deficient and brain-injured. The brain-injured is the only type of child treated at the Institutes. The children in this category were meant to have good minds; something happened, however, either through poor neurological organization or brain-cell injury, between conception and the onset of symptoms.

"The reason you are all here," Mr. Doman said, "is that your children fall into this third category."

Above anything else, these words were the ones we wanted to hear. The Institutes had given us the "yes" that could reshape our lives. But we had little time for elation.

Mr. Doman went straight on. The Institutes had developed a programme to treat a child's brain by non-surgical means, he told us, but it was not a miracle or panacea. It was an arduous routine that involved a total reorganization of a family's way of life. When a child is placed on the Institutes programme, we were warned, every waking hour must be directed towards the improvement of his neurological status.

As soon as he had finished, one question was on the minds of all the parents. "We have other children and they have their needs and problems, too. How can parents sacrifice their total family to the needs of one hurt child?"

"Any family with a hurt child," Mr. Doman replied, "is already a hurt family. By restoring the hurt child to health, the whole family is made healthier. What greater gift can you give your other children than the opportunity to build a life for a brother or sister?"

Mike, Betty and I all had the same thought as we left the room. If energy and devotion were the ingredients of success, our Debbie would become the star of the Institutes.

An Ordeal—and a Promise

THE THIRD phase of our Institutes visit brought a complete change in atmosphere. During the first two sessions every parent was so involved with the prospects for his own child that he was oblivious to everyone

else. Now we were all in the same boat, with our sights set on a new horizon; and so we wished each other well.

Debbie clung to my neck with tense little fingers as we entered the first conference room. We were greeted by a staff member who handed us a developmental chart. "This chart," she explained, "will be Debbie's score-card while she is on the programme. It is a set of scales which compares a child's neurological age to her chronological age. Debbie is neurologically 24 months old and chronologically 33 months old. Her poorest score is in the motor area where she is only eight weeks old neurologically. Our aim is to make a child's neurological age match or exceed his chronological age in every area of brain activity. As you take Debbie to the different therapists, you will learn how to programme her towards achieving this."

In two areas, language and tactile competence, Debbie had scored well. To increase her ability in language, my principal duty was to read and talk to her, and give her plenty of opportunity to talk to others. To increase her tactile competence, I was to put a few small objects in a paper bag and then let Debbie identify them simply by feel. As she improved at this game, I was to increase the number of objects and decrease their size.

Manual, visual and auditory competence presented more of a

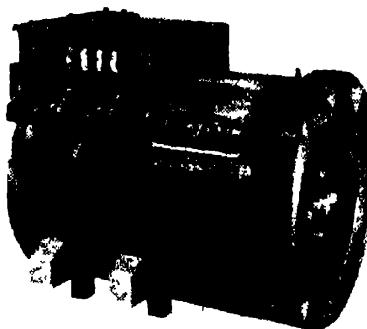
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RUN AWAY, LITTLE GIRL

problem. To teach Debbie to use her thumb and forefinger together, we were instructed to let her pick up pennies, raisins, or even biscuit crumbs, and to let her experiment with a crayon. To get her hands to function co-operatively we let her pour a ball from cup to cup.

The correction which had been made in Debbie's eyes by surgery could not be maintained, we learned, because Debbie's problem was not in eye muscle but in the brain. The Institutes methods for treating her eyes were going to require more work and more patience than surgery, but hopefully the results would be more lasting.

Taki Moore, a charming Japanese girl, showed me a series of exercises with coloured flashlights designed to train Debbie's eyes to converge so that she could perceive depth. In addition, I was told to give Debbie as much visual stimulation as possible by making her room gay and bright. Apparently the more Debbie used her eyes, the more her eyes would co-ordinate.

But Debbie's greatest problems were in the area of mobility. The therapist in charge of this area was Bob Custer, and he explained that because an injured mid-brain cannot direct the body through the motions that normally lead from crawling to walking, it was necessary to superimpose these motions on the child's brain.

I didn't understand what Mr. Custer meant until he put Debbie

on an examination table. I stood at the head of it cradling Debbie's head in my hands while Mike stood on one side and Mr. Custer on the other, each holding an arm and a leg. By moving Debbie's head, arms and legs rhythmically to and fro, we made her crawl on the spot.

"Output must always follow input," Mr. Custer explained.

"What is to follow?" I asked, in complete puzzlement.

"Immediately after you have impressed a pattern on a child's brain, you must give it the opportunity to express what it has learnt. In other words, put Debbie down on the floor directly after patterning and let her try to crawl. Except when she is eating or sleeping or receiving treatment, Debbie should always be on the floor. Find the slipperiest floor in the house and make sure she stays on her stomach."

"She won't stay on her stomach," I insisted. "She loves to roll over on her back."

"It's important not to let her roll over. If you can't prevent it any other way," he continued, "tie a long ruler to her back. Above all, don't restrict her with tight clothes or shoes."

At our final conference, which was devoted to general instructions, Pete Moran told us to mask Debbie every half-hour and to position her in bed at night. Cerebral-palsy children are known to have a high mortality through respiratory diseases. By placing a special plastic mask

over Debbie's nose and mouth for 60 seconds and making her re-breathe her own carbon dioxide, it would be possible to stimulate deep breathing and increase vital lung capacity.

The purpose of positioning her each night was to improve her neurological organization. She must always sleep on her stomach. When her head is turned to the right, her right knee must be raised; her right hand placed in thumb-sucking position, and her left arm and legs pointed down. When her head faces left, the positioning of the limbs is reversed. With children who have not yet established whether they are right- or left-handed, it is necessary to alternate sides each night.

It was midnight by the time we got through our round of conferences. What amazed us more than anything was how good all the children had been. Seventeen children besides Debbie had been through the day's ordeal. They were all tired and irritable, but not one was really outraged. It was as if they knew by some special sense that something good was happening.

First Skirmishes

WHEN WE flew back home to Florida, the rest of the family—Wendy, 11, Ricky, 9 and Patti, 8—overwhelmed us with questions. What did the Institutes people say about Debbie? How long will it be before she walks? Is she going to be completely normal? After I

had described Debbie's programme, they sat on the floor and examined the mask and the coloured lights, and puzzled over all the notes and instructions I had written down. They were so enthusiastic that I felt like inventing tasks, just to keep them happy.

Next morning, when we started the actual programme, everyone crowded round the table to watch; but the minute we began, Debbie started to scream. "Does patterning hurt?" asked my dismayed household. "It doesn't hurt her at all," I insisted, as Debbie screamed and fought in my grip. "Some children even fall asleep when they pattern!" I shouted above her shrieks. Everyone was relieved when the five minutes were up and I carried Debbie off the table.

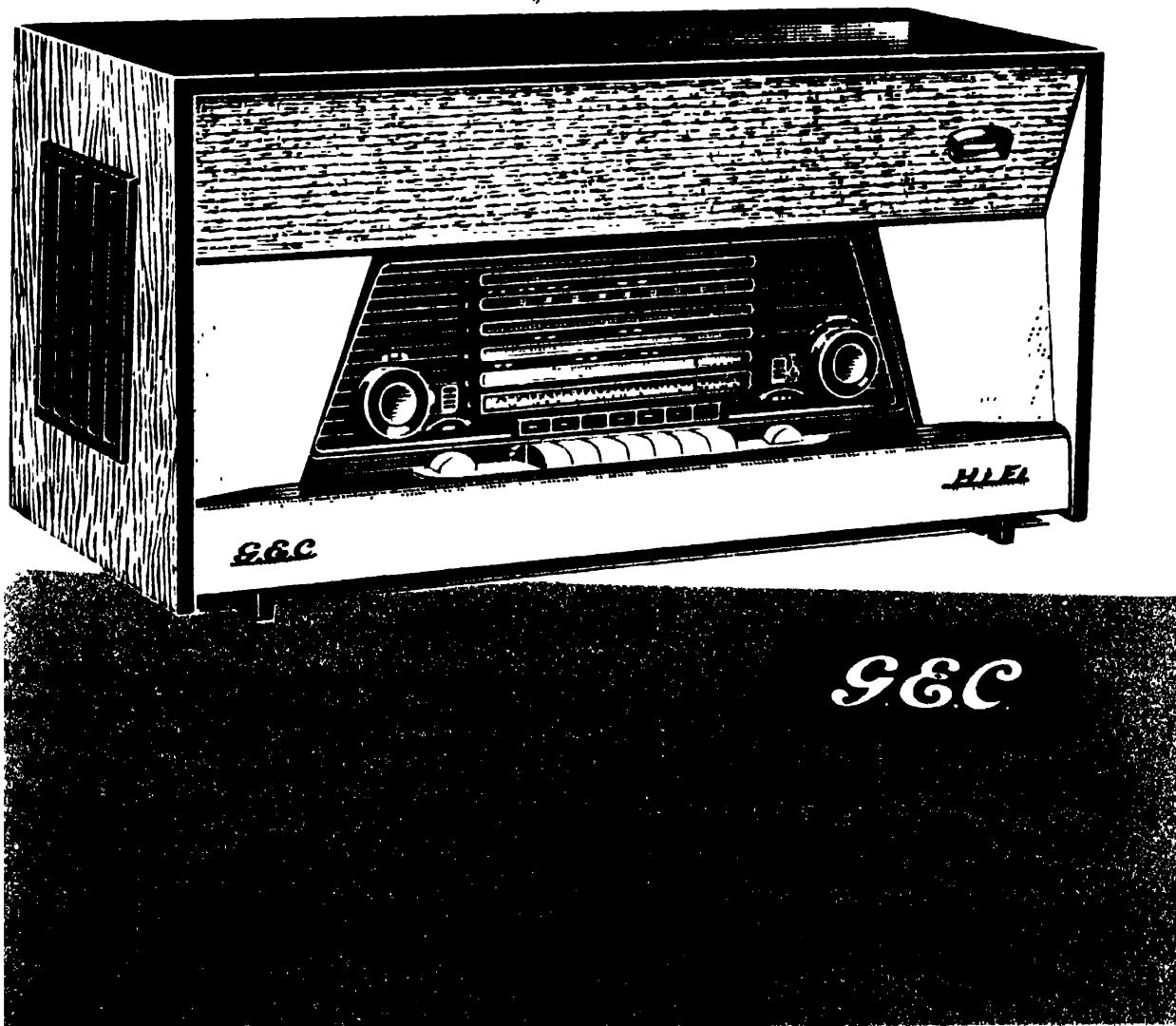
At masking time I ran into the same pitched battle. Debbie hated to have her nose and mouth covered. She screamed, tore at the mask and even tried to bite my hand. "She'll adjust to all this after a while," I assured my miserable audience.

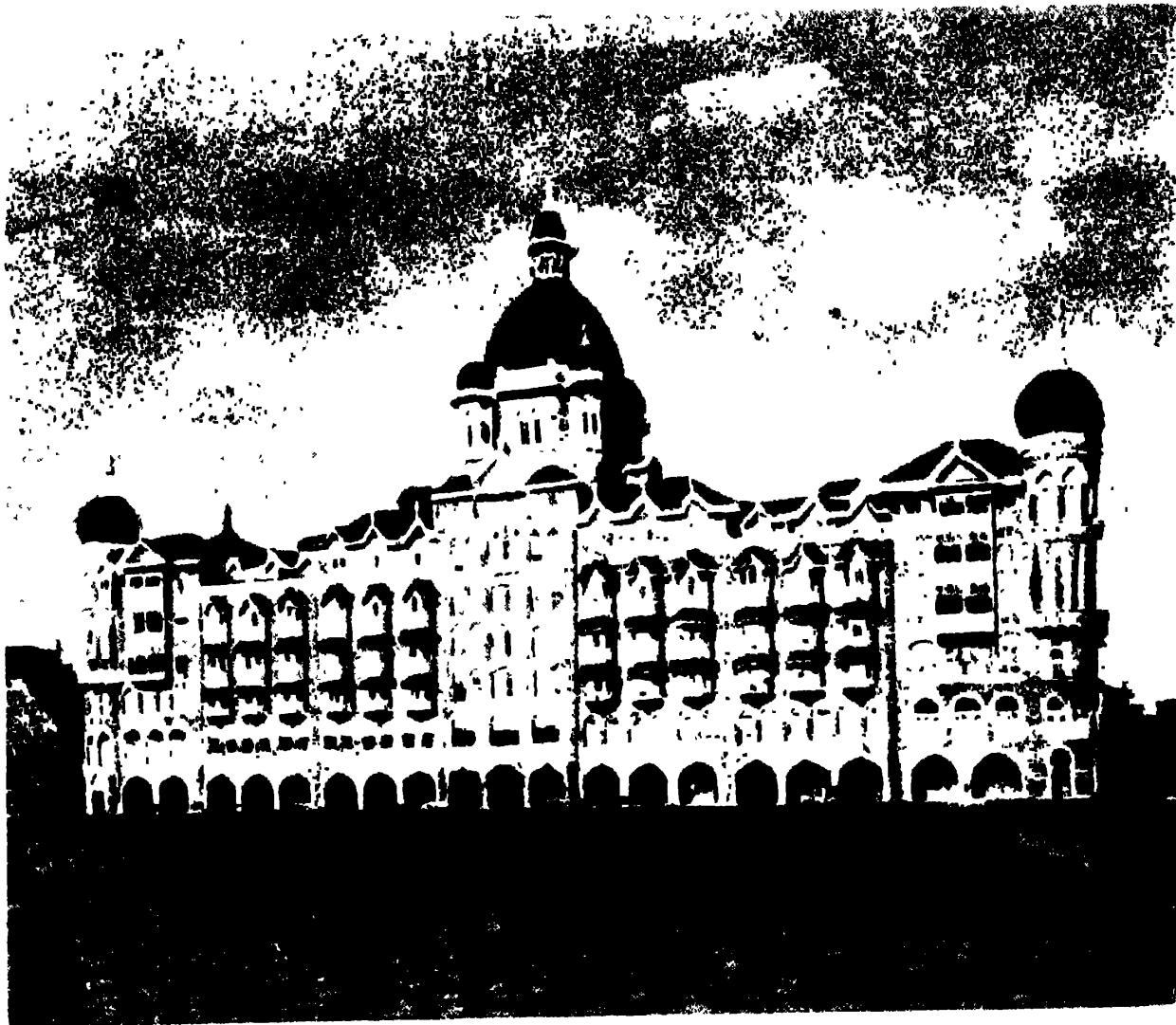
For the entire day Debbie fought everything I tried to do. She wouldn't go on the floor, she wouldn't watch the lights, and she refused even to pick up a pencil. Every time I put her on the table to pattern she fought like a little tiger.

When I put an exhausted Debbie into bed that night, Wendy said to me in disgust, "That isn't a programme. It's torture."

Debbie's rebellion continued

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through the second day. Her 200-word vocabulary telescoped down to "no." Patterning was practically impossible. She became hysterical before we even got her up on the table. When we continued to pattern, despite her protests, she became as stiff as a board.

My sister June and her husband arrived at the house on the third morning. Debbie was feeling a little less rebellious and greeted her aunt and uncle with a cheerful "Hallo." Uncle Bob decided that this was a good time to try his hand at patterning and asked us to teach him with a doll. Debbie watched the procedure attentively. As Uncle Bob moved the doll's head in rhythm, he sang the words, "Do, a deer," from the song "Do-Ray-Me" in *The Sound of Music*. Then he lifted Debbie gently on to the table. Instead of crying, she looked up at her Uncle Bob.

"Sing 'Do, a deer' to me, too," begged Debbie.

With Uncle Bob singing "Do, a deer," patterning for five minutes was simple. No tears, no screaming, no stiffening up. "Do, a deer" remained our patterning song for weeks.

It was Wendy who solved the masking problem.

"You look like a horse with that thing on," she told her sister. From then on, the mask became a feeding-bag, and Debbie loved to wear it.

Debbie's eye exercises presented a different problem. She refused to

follow the light. I put the flashlights through all the prescribed manoeuvres, and Debbie just stared into space.

I tried all kinds of gimmicks. My red flashlight became a fire engine, a circus spotlight and an aeroplane. I attached a little bell to it and called it Rudolf the Red-Nosed Reindeer. As soon as Debbie realized that eye exercises were fun, she began to co-operate.

At first, Debbie felt angry and resentful every time I put her down on the floor. She was used to being carried around all day, and she did not at all take to the idea of being on her own. To make matters worse, I had to keep her on a smooth, slippery surface, and the only room in the house that was suitable was our vinyl-tiled playroom. Betty suggested that we buy a linoleum mat that could be carried from room to room. Debbie liked the idea of choosing her own locale, and she became much less rebellious about going on the floor.

Keeping Debbie on her stomach was simpler than I had anticipated. The first time Debbie turned over on her back I turned her back on her stomach. "You must not turn over," I told her in a firm voice. Debbie turned over and laughed. I took the ruler and tied it to her back. "I don't like it," Debbie whined. "Take it off."

"Debbie," I explained, "I put the ruler on you to stop you rolling over. If you stay on your stomach,

we won't need it." Much to my surprise, Debbie gave in. She was happy to have the ruler off, and she stopped rolling over.

In less than a week Debbie learned to accept the programme. Several of my friends came over to help, and June was with us constantly. Debbie enjoyed all this attention and took an active interest in the routines. When Uncle Bob came back at the end of the week, he was amazed. "That baby has certainly done an about turn," he remarked. "How did you manage to make her accept this programme idea?"

"I suppose she just made up her own mind," I answered, "that if you can't beat 'em, join 'em."

A Note of Exultation

BEFORE Debbie went on the programme, we had arranged to spend a month's holiday in the mountains. But the first three weeks there were very difficult. We had no sooner unloaded our belongings than the children were trotting up a mountain path, while I was left behind with Debbie. I wanted to follow them. I wanted to forget about patterning. I wanted to be a carefree child chasing a butterfly up the side of that mountain.

As I worked alone in the cottage with Debbie, I began to have doubts about the programme. What proof did I have that these things were going to work? And even if they did, would I have the stamina to stay

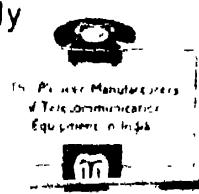


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THE READER'S DIGEST

with it eight hours a day, seven days a week, even when on holiday? Debbie and I had been through one week, and I already felt drained and defeated. What would happen to me after months and months, or even years?

The summer went from bad to worse. Disappointment in myself made me irritable with the children. I criticized their patterning when I knew they were doing their best. I pounced on them for getting back late when I know what a mountain trail can do. I refused their offers to stay at home with Debbie, and then made them feel guilty for leaving me.

But my whole attitude changed when my mother and father came to spend a week with us. They were delighted when they saw Debbie.

"She looks wonderful!" Dad exclaimed as he tossed her in the air. "Her back is stronger, her eyes are straighter, and listen to how much louder her voice is."

I had been too close to Debbie to notice these changes, but Mother and Dad were impressed. They spent hours with Mike learning about the programme and raving about their Debbie.

Their enthusiasm was catching. The mountains regained their stateliness, the pine trees regained their fragrance, and the programme became the greatest idea of the century.

On our last day in the cottage, we got so involved in the mammoth

job of packing that Debbie was left to fend for herself in the middle of the floor.

Suddenly Mother and Betty shouted simultaneously, "Look at Debbie! Who put her in a sitting position?"

To our amazement, nobody answered. One by one we questioned the children. They honestly hadn't been near her.

"I sat up by myself," Debbie announced with pride.

Our summer in the mountains ended on a note of exultation.

Big Red Words

WE HAD arranged to return to the Institutes every two months, and it was now time to report back. What a change in atmosphere we found on this visit! Every child on the programme had shown improvement, and every parent was eager to show off. As soon as we got to the waiting room, Mike and I put Debbie down with two other children, and she pulled herself over to them and joined in their playing. At first the three of them pushed a fire engine to and fro and talked into a broken toy telephone, but then Debbie discovered a rag doll under the chair and hauled it out by the legs. All at once the parents started laughing. The three children had arranged themselves around the rag doll and were giving her a vigorous patterning.

During the two-month period from August to October, Debbie



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CAN'T I?



had progressed almost five months in neurological age. Language, the area we had given least concentration, showed the greatest improvement. Her vocabulary increased from 200 words to 2,000. She spoke as a matter of course, in short but complete sentences. Only motor development, the area of greatest concern, had remained stationary. Although Debbie was starting to move her legs in a crawl, the Institutes wouldn't give her "credit" until she could achieve a more consistent pattern.

"I do feel," said Mr. Doman as he reviewed Debbie's achievements, "that your little girl is now ready for a full programme."

My husband and I looked at each other. A *full* programme? The people at the Institutes did not seem to know how many hours there are in a day. But over the next 18 months, we were to learn over and over again that a 24-hour day could and would be stretched.

The first extension of the programme was explained by Hazel Doman. "You will start teaching Debbie to read," she stated matter-of-factly when we seated ourselves in her room. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Debbie was not even three years old, she had just about learnt to speak, she had absolutely no interest in the alphabet, and the Institutes expected her to read! Mrs. Doman ignored my expression of dismay and went on to explain the method. "We start with big red

words—body images are best because they are the most familiar—and introduce them one word at a time." Mrs. Doman handed me 40 giant words printed on stiff cardboard and assured me that Debbie could learn them.

When we got home, I was still pretty sceptical about the idea of early reading, but I felt I owed it to the Institutes to at least give it a try. On the first day, I took EAR out of my group of words and introduced it to Debbie. "Let's play a game," I began unctuously. "This is a word picture. It's another way of saying 'ear.'" Several times during the day I let EAR pop out of nowhere. "EAR," Debbie declared with enthusiasm every time it appeared.

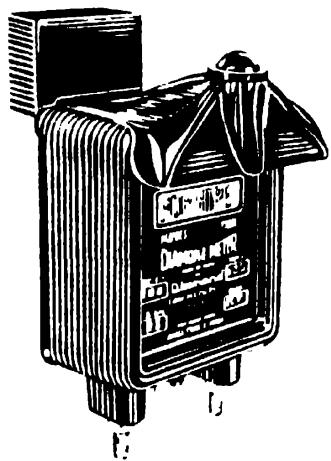
The next day I introduced Debbie to NOSE. I landed NOSE on the table with a grand gesture. "EAR," said Debbie stubbornly.

For the next two days, NOSE and EAR were our constant companions. NOSE was taped to the teddy bear's nose, and EAR was attached to a doll. By the end of the third day, EAR and NOSE became easy for Debbie to distinguish. She took great pride in naming the word that had just flown through the air or popped out of a bag or slipped out from under my blouse.

Every day for the next ten days I introduced one new word, but soon one word a day just wasn't enough for Debbie. I started labelling everything in the house, including her sisters and brother. To my complete

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amazement, within the next two months Debbie learned to read a hundred words.

"All Grown-up"

OUR THIRD visit to the Institutes was in early December, and Debbie showed marked improvement in most areas. Her ability in the tactile area was amazing. Her eyes, too, were showing definite improvement, especially in convergence. But the therapist involved with manual competence was not quite as pleased with Debbie's writing. Her circles were as crude as ever, and her concept of a square was nil. Throw away the pencil, the therapist suggested. She'll do much better if you let her draw with her finger in sand, soap or finger paint.

Mr. Doman was delighted with Debbie's progress. Here was a brain-injured child, only three years old, who had a reading vocabulary of 100 words. What better proof could there be of the workability of the Institutes' pet "reading" theory? Mrs. Doman decided that Debbie could transfer to words written in ordinary lower-case letters.

When we got home the following day, I started work on the third phase of the Institutes programme. Every two months, it seemed, I had to stretch the day a little more. Now I had to organize my household so that the entire day, except for Debbie's nap time, could be devoted to the programme. But, always a dependent child, Debbie had now

reached a state where I couldn't leave her for a second. If I walked out of the room she started to cry. If she cried, she got tired; and if she got tired, the programme suffered. I wanted my child to become independent, but my own behaviour was increasing her dependency.

I talked over the problem with Mike. We realized that we weren't going to find any overnight solutions. Until Debbie's complete physical dependency was overcome, we couldn't expect her to develop any real degree of emotional independence.

Nevertheless, Mike pointed out, we didn't have to be defeatists. There must be positive ways of helping Debbie if we tried hard enough to find them.

For one thing, Mike felt I was being too rigid about the programme. "Let her refuse sometimes," he insisted. "At least, when she says 'no' she is being herself and not you. You also have to give her a little recreation. Take her out on an occasional spree. Bring in some children for her to play with. When she feels accepted by some outsiders, she'll have a better chance of accepting herself."

I realized the sense in what Mike was saying, and began to follow his advice immediately. Debbie's new social life began with Mark Yeslow, a good-natured, friendly three-year-old boy who absolutely filled the bill.

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fun that comes with friendship. On his first visit to our house he sat in the playroom cupboard and sorted out the lorries while Debbie went on with her programme oblivious, I thought, to his presence. Not a word passed between the two of them the entire morning, but when it was time for Mark to go home, they begged for another date.

The following week, Mrs. Yeslow had an important appointment in town, and she dropped Mark off at our house. When she came to pick him up again two hours later, Debbie asked just the question I wanted to hear: "Why did Mark stay here all alone without his mummy?"

"Because," I answered pointedly, "your friend Mark is a very grown-up little boy."

At first Debbie didn't take the hint. She persisted in not letting me out of her sight for a second. She even refused to visit her Nana and Papa, her maternal grandparents who lived near by, unless I came too. Mother and I decided that this pattern just had to be changed.

"Get to the end of the mat and I will drive you over to my house," Nana promised one day when she was helping me with structural crawls. Debbie finished her crawls, and Nana carried her into the car.

Debbie stayed with Nana about 30 seconds before she let out a howl of protest.

"Oh, you wanted me to go with you?" I asked nonchalantly. The following afternoon, we went

through the same routine. This time we made some progress. Nana got to the end of the drive before the howling began. In a week, Debbie got as far as Nana's house. At the end of two weeks, she was willing to stay with her grandparents for dinner.

"I'm all grown-up like Mark," she announced proudly when Mother brought her home.

I was amazed at our continued success with reading. Debbie soon mastered her hundred lower-case words and was ready to absorb new words at an amazing rate. Our house looked like a science museum; everything was labelled. Door, light, window, carpet, stair, lamp, table, refrigerator; there were sticky tape and words wherever your eye fell. When Debbie sat down for lunch, her cup said "cup," and her napkin said "napkin." When she asked for an apple for dessert, first she got the word "apple," then she got her piece of fruit.

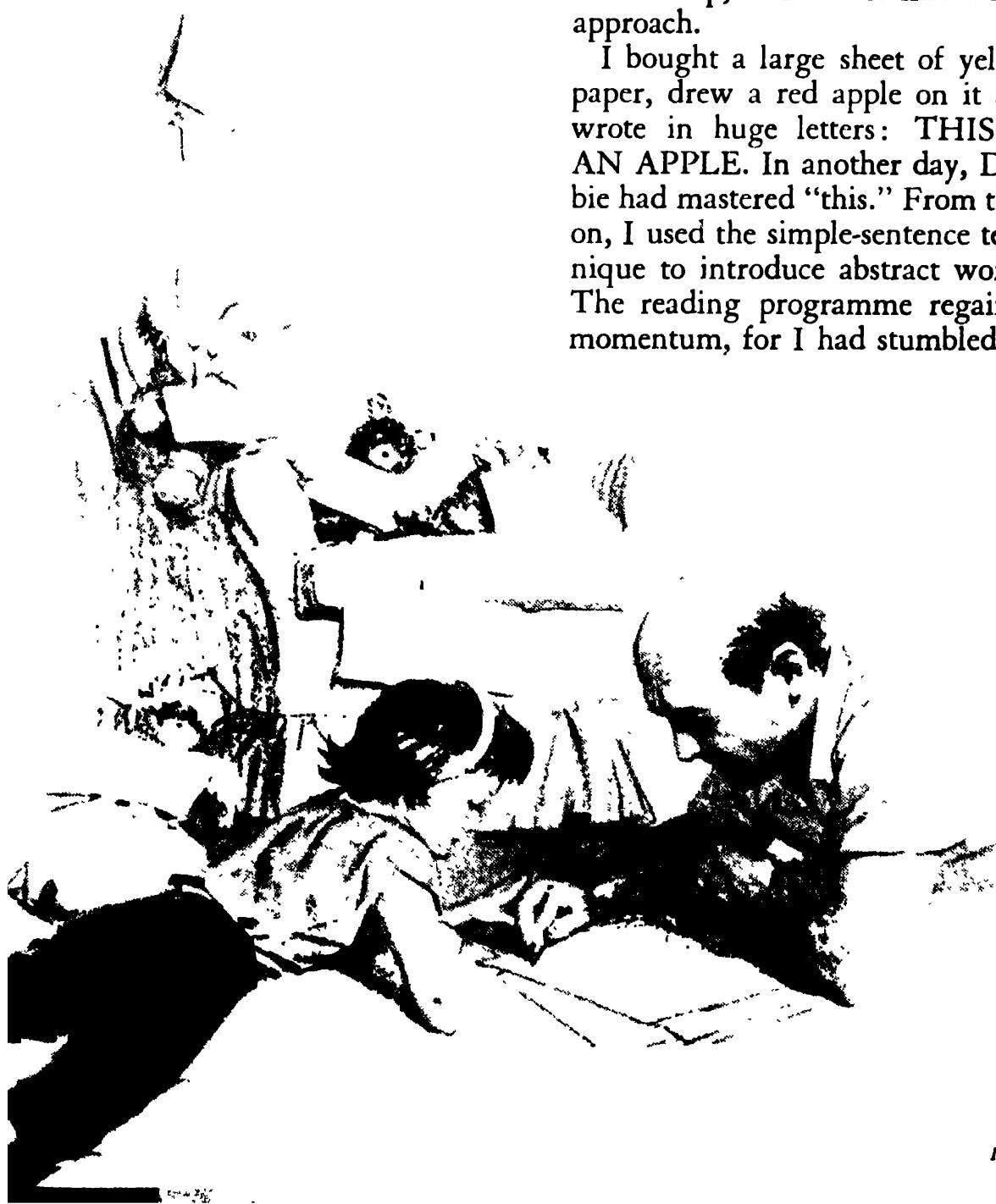
The reading programme came to a sudden impasse, however, when we reached the word "this." So far, all the words I had taught Debbie had been concrete. "Apple" was something to eat and "eating" was what you were doing with "apple." But how can you explain the abstraction "this" to a child who was only just three?

"This" ate every meal with us for

four days. "This" became an aeroplane, a train, a car, a shovel. "This" carried food to the fish in the pond. "This" flew through the air, hung from the ceiling and danced round the room—to no avail.

Either the reading programme would stop, or I had to find a new approach.

I bought a large sheet of yellow paper, drew a red apple on it and wrote in huge letters: THIS IS AN APPLE. In another day, Debbie had mastered "this." From then on, I used the simple-sentence technique to introduce abstract words. The reading programme regained momentum, for I had stumbled on



to the stepping-stone that took us from single words to Debbie's first books.

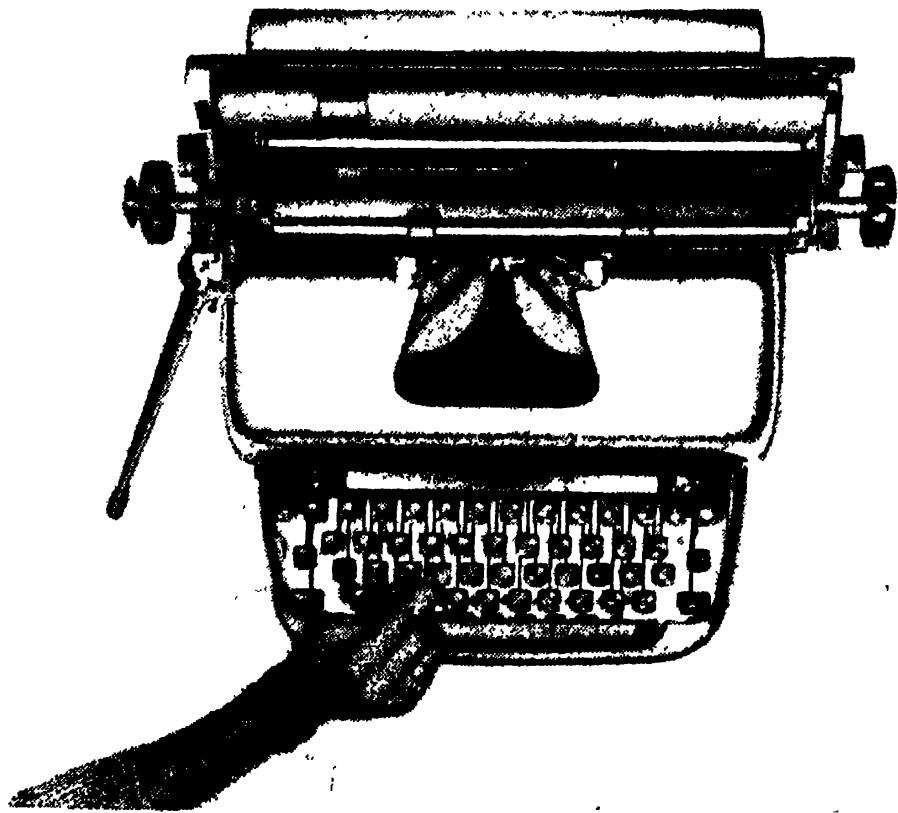
Writing continued to be impossible. Debbie didn't like putting her finger into sand or finger paint, and she produced the same nothings that characterized her endeavours with a pencil. Crayons, ink brushes, kindergarten pencils were attempted in rapid succession, but the implements made no difference. Debbie didn't even seem to enjoy scribbling.

But my discouragement with Debbie's writing ability was more than compensated for by my pleasure and amazement at her tactile ability. With as many as ten fabrics in a bag, Debbie was able to identify

each one without looking. I increased the difficulty of the task for her by writing the words down on cards—"velvet," "wool," "brocade" and so on. She took great delight in retrieving each piece of fabric from the bag and placing it on its proper name.

We returned to the Institutes in February, and our successes were met with real enthusiasm. Debbie was now almost three and a half, and we had been on the programme for six months.

What remarkable changes had come about during this time! Debbie's eyes were bright and sparkling, her smile was gayer, and her expression was alert and vivacious.



She could use her hands with more grace and precision. She could use her legs to crawl.

Crawling Precedes Creeping

THE INSTITUTES make a distinction between crawling and creeping. In crawling, with his stomach on the floor, a child inches forward by pulling with the arms and pushing with the legs, both at the same time. In creeping, with his stomach off the floor, a child advances by reaching with one arm and pushing with the opposite leg, and then repeating this pattern with the other arm and leg. Crawling precedes creeping so that much of Debbie's day during this stage of her development was

spent in crawling, crawling and more crawling.

I needed the children more than ever at this time because they were much more inventive than I when it came to discovering games that kept Debbie on the floor. Patti played hide-and-seek, Ricky played army games, Wendy became a tunnel and Betty turned into Mr. Alligator. As often as we found the courage to put up with a carful of sand, we all took Debbie to the beach. Betty, Patti, Ricky and I would have crawling races across the sand.

Poor Wendy, our typical, self-conscious pre-adolescent, was appalled by our lack of dignity. With eyes staring straight ahead, she

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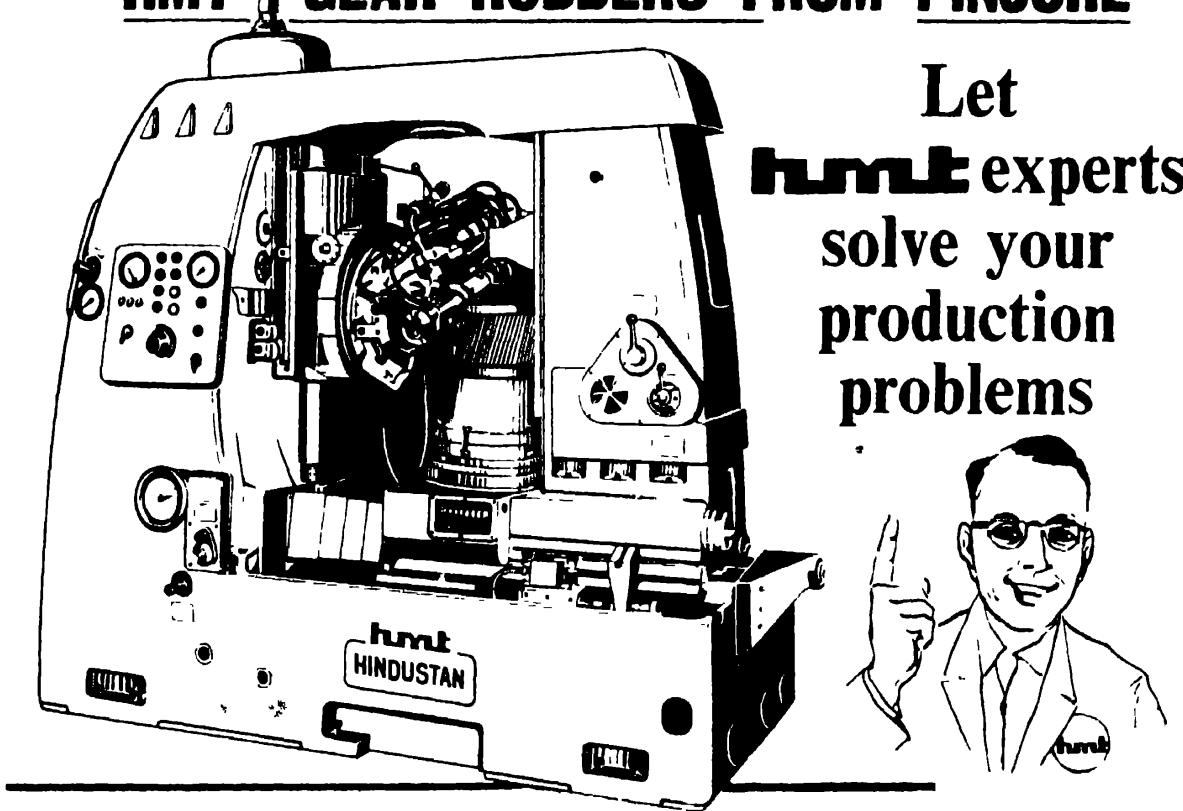
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RUN AWAY, LITTLE GIRL

strolled along the beach pretending that she didn't know this ridiculous group of crawlers. But even Wendy had to admit that our crawling paid off. First, Debbie moved forward with a kind of kangaroo hop with both knees together. Next she learned to move one knee a little before the other. After a while her legs began to separate, and we knew she was starting to creep.

When we returned to the Institutes for our April visit, Debbie was the first one to tell Bob Custer about her new talent. "I am not a kangaroo any more," she announced with pride. "I am a dog."

Bob was delighted. "That's wonderful," he told Debbie. "We are very proud of you."

"Now that Debbie is beginning to creep," I asked, "must we still continue the crawling?"

"Debbie's crawl," Bob said, "is far from perfect, and a perfect crawl is the pre-requisite of a perfect creep. There's no use searching for a short cut. Remember that it is difficult to make a walking child creep, or a creeping child crawl. Work on the crawling now while you can get Debbie's co-operation."

This point, of course, is best appreciated with hindsight. A parent of a brain-injured child may understand and agree with the reasons for not rushing a child. But understanding intellectually and accepting emotionally are not the same story. To say "crawl time" to a child who is just experiencing the thrill of

creeping; to say "creep time" to a child who is just experiencing the thrill of balancing on his feet—these are the most difficult tasks the Institutes ask us to perform. We have to remind ourselves over and over again that this programme is based on the concept of an orderly neurological progression. By taking short cuts we destroy this progression.

When we got home, I went back to work. The crawling routine was more monotonous than ever. First, I coaxed Debbie up to one end of the mat, and then I turned her round and coaxed her back down to the other end. After crawling on the mat, we'd crawl on the floor.

Debbie was co-operative most of the time. "Look, Mummy, I have legs," she said one day. "What are they for if I can't walk?"

The Talk of the Town

AFTER a year of this programme my boredom with structured crawls was intense, but Debbie was a different child. She had progressed from a pitiful, helpless tot to a delightful and vivacious little charmer. The children loved to bring home friends and show off their little sister. Debbie's memory for names was outstanding, and each one of the children's friends got a special reception. Debbie was not only the talk of our house but the talk of the town as well.

During the month of August we decided that the whole family needed a holiday, and we finally settled



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on a tour across the country. We all agreed in advance that we would pattern, mask and crawl Debbie wherever we went, carrying on her programme in private or public without worrying about who was watching. If there was any quibbling or lack of responsibility on the part of any member of the family, the holiday would end automatically.

During the next month, we visited Disneyland, San Francisco and a ranch in Colorado, patterning faithfully at every stop along the way. This often proved to be a problem, but the children's ingenuity was equal to every occasion. Mostly, our teamwork was involved in patterning Debbie between planes. Betty and Ricky would go ahead to scout the airport for carpeted areas and patterning tables. Wendy and Patti would find a restaurant and order for the family. Mike would look after tickets and I would look after Debbie.

At the airport in one town we converted a long bench into a patterning table, while at an airport in another city we used a table in a reading room. On the train ride to Denver, we found a patterning table in a bar and a splendid crawling spot down the aisle of the buffet car.

The ranch in Colorado was packed with children, and one of the popular games for them was limbo. One night the ranch play-leader asked Debbie if she would

like to join in the limbo contest. Debbie was delighted. She lined up with the other children. When they backed under the limbo stick, she followed on hands and knees. With surprising sensitivity, even the two- and three-year-olds waited patiently for Debbie, and applauded when she finished her turn. For the first time in her life, Debbie had the thrill of taking part in group activity.

After ten delightful days at the ranch, our holiday was up. What a perfect time it had been! Debbie's programme hadn't spoilt things at all. Actually it had made everything a little bit more fun by adding an extra challenge. The children more than ever had become creatively involved in Debbie's programme. They became aware of the needs and problems and volunteered their best efforts to get the work accomplished.

We got home just in time for a hurricane. I had always preached that Debbie's programme came before anything else, but the complete disarray left behind by this storm shook my resolve. Until our house was once again in working order, she didn't get her full share of my time. When I was finally ready to devote myself to the programme again, Debbie had other ideas.

The grand battle started during structured crawls.

"I'm not going to do my crawls," Debbie stated emphatically.

"You have to do your crawls,

young lady," I countered. "And that's all there is to that."

Debbie screamed and I screamed back, and the tension mounted by the minute. Finally Debbie turned to me in complete disgust. "I hate you, Mummy," she said. "I hate you and I'm going to run away."

The humour of it struck us both at the same instant. "Run away, little girl," I promised, "and you'll not only be finished with your structured crawls, but I'll bring you the moon on a silver platter."

With a good laugh to restore our spirits, Debbie and I went back to work in earnest.

"Don't Be in a Hurry"

DURING THE next six months Debbie made slow but steady progress in all areas. Creeping and crawling were still given top priority, and the Institutes occasionally thought up innovations to help her develop in these areas. First, we had to build an 18-foot sandbox and let her crawl from one end to the other; then,





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when she had mastered this, we were told to build a narrow, eight-foot-long-plywood box with a foam-rubber bottom and a rope top whose purpose was to keep her from raising her head so that she would be forced to push with her legs instead of pulling with her arms.

At the same time, Debbie was doing what seemed like a never-ending series of "in-place" crawls. Lying face down on a foam-rubber mat, she had to raise her knee to waist height. We were told to start with ten in-places on each side the first day and then add one a day until we worked up to a hundred. By the time we reached that number, both Debbie and I hated the mention of in-place crawls. Many times I was overcome with discouragement, but whenever this happened I called into action all the dogged stubbornness of my nature, and we both went back to our programme.

Working with Debbie day after day, we couldn't possibly notice the changes that were taking place in her; so, instead of one major triumph, we had to settle for a series of minor ones.

One such moment was the day she achieved her first success with cursive writing. For months I had been trying to get Debbie to write the word "it." She had been completely uninterested. But then one day during patterning, I asked Debbie to remind me to order her father's pills.

"I'll write a note," she suggested cheerfully.

When we finished patterning, I gave Debbie a pencil and paper. I expected her to scribble, of course—but she was intent on doing it right. First, she asked me to write "order pills" at the top of the page. Then she told me to hold her elbow so that her hand wouldn't get stuck. It wasn't magnificent penmanship, but you could read "order pills."

But most delightful of all, Debbie was fun to live with now. She directed the daily schedule and kept track of all the children's appointments. She made sure that her father took his morning pill and let me know when he broke his diet. She told Patti when to do her piano practice, made Ricky comb his hair with a comb instead of his fingers and made Betty take an antihistamine pill after a second sneeze. We nicknamed her our "general manager."

At last, on our April visit to the Institutes, Mr. Doman brought up the subject of Debbie's walking. These words, which we had waited so long to hear, were spoken at the final evaluation with which Mr. Doman always ended our visits. As he looked at Debbie's chart and studied the reports of the staff, he beamed with pleasure. "Your little girl is doing splendidly," he said. "Those legs and ankles of hers have come a long way in the past 20 months. Yes, she is going to win all right."

"When will she walk?" was right

on the tip of my tongue, but Mr. Doman hadn't finished.

"I'm glad you haven't asked me when she is going to walk," he continued. "The only way we can mess things up is by being in too much of a hurry. We're not going to settle for just any kind of walk. When Debbie gets on those feet, we want her to be perfect."

Debbie fell sound asleep even before our Miami plane left the ground that night. As I looked at her peaceful little face, the words of Mr. Doman kept running through my head. "This little girl is going to win." These were hopeful words, but I had wanted something more. I had wanted Mr. Doman to tell me *when* Debbie was going to win. I wanted him to give me a date to mark off on my calendar.

When we arrived in Miami, Mike and Papa were waiting for me at the airport. They prodded me with questions all the way home. Their enthusiasm was catching, and I forgot about my time-table. After all, what difference does it make how fast we go so long as we make it? What can I do in this world that is more fun or more rewarding than working with my little girl and watching her get well?

Blaze of Glory

THE DAYS WHIZZED BY like lightning now, and soon it was time for our June appointment in Philadelphia. Debbie had been on her programme for almost two

years and was in no way daunted at the Institutes. She went through her paces like a trouper. When Pete Moran tested her reflexes, I stood back smug and smiling. I knew from my own private tests that the Babinski reflex on Debbie's feet, a sign of neurological immaturity, had completely disappeared. "Ha!" said Pete Moran, clapping his hands. "Debbie's outgrown her Babinski. This is a giant step forward."

"And I can wiggle my toes," Debbie added pertly, anticipating the next test.

"You little monkey," Pete laughed. "You know the ropes all right. We'll give you a job around here one of these days. Now, how about doing some creeping for Uncle Pete?" Debbie crept effortlessly across the room, and Pete was amazed. "That crawl box has certainly done the trick. She's creeping with her knees apart. As soon as we get her hands straightened out, that creep will be perfect."

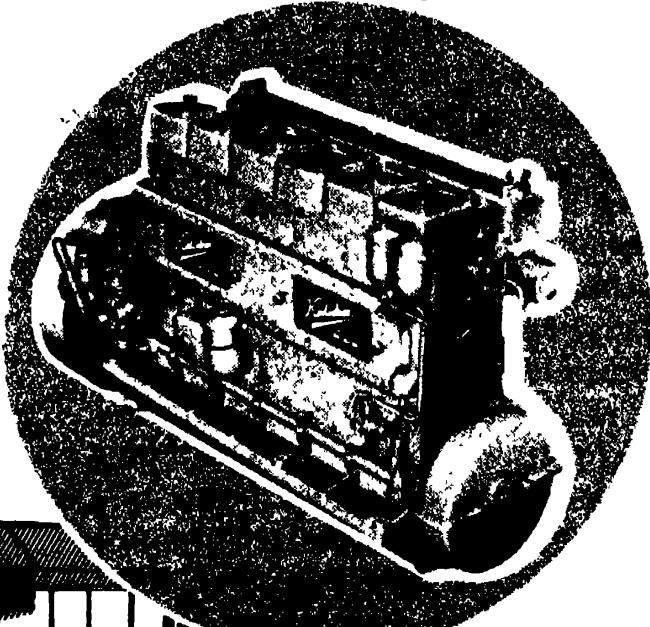
Taki's delight with Debbie matched Pete Moran's. For the first time, Debbie was consistently using her right eye as much as her left. Just as important, she was using her eyes together, thus assuring the efficiency of her vision.

At the end of the round of therapists, we walked towards Mr. Doman's room. The interview with Glenn Doman was always the high point of the evaluation, and this day held special promise. He met and

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welcomed us, and then addressed his remarks to Debbie. "Well, little girl, you have done some pretty important things in these last two months. You've improved your balance, you've loosened up your ankles and you've learned to creep without knocking your knees together. What does this mean in terms of what you're going to do next?" Glenn was talking to us all now. "For the first time, I'm going to try to give you an answer. It's not going to be exactly the answer you want, but it's going to be a pretty good answer."

By now we guessed what he was going to say, and we were all sitting on the edge of our seats. But Glenn went on at his own unhurried pace. "Debbie has now achieved enough balance and control for walking to be feasible. As a friend of the family and not a therapist, I could start her walking, but I know that would be premature. A year from now, on the other hand, Debbie will be so accustomed to creeping that she won't want to walk. Even as a therapist I wouldn't want to wait that long. Somewhere between now and a year from now is the right moment for Debbie to start to walk. Let us hope that we at the Institutes have the wisdom and judgement to select just that moment."

At this point Glenn extracted a solemn promise from all of us. "No matter how strong the temptation," he insisted, "you must never try to jump the gun with Debbie's standing. The first time Debbie gets up

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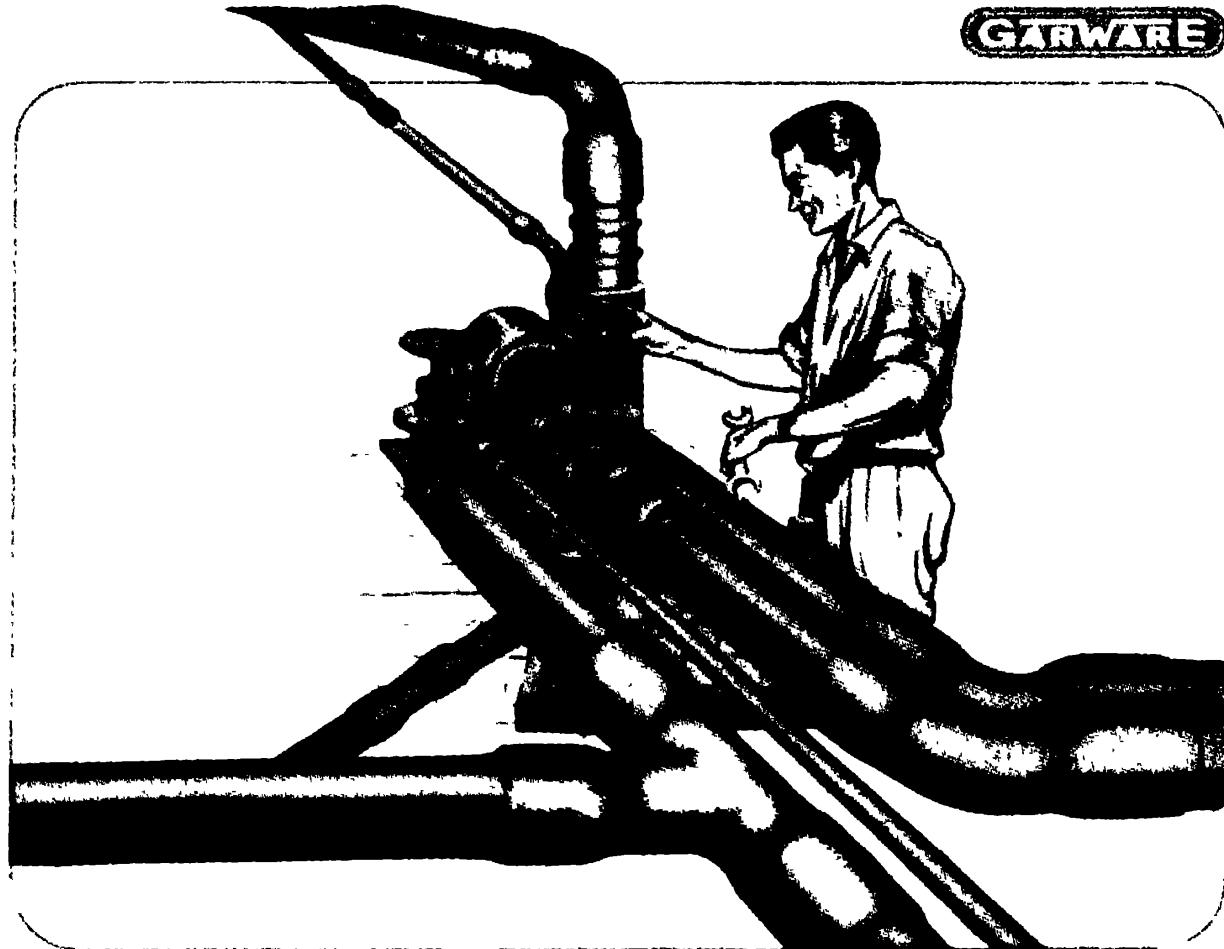
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on her feet, I want it to be right here under my supervision. If you lose your patience now, you might jeopardize all that you've done."

His tone softened again, and he reviewed the changes in Debbie's programme. The biggest change was in patterning. We must grasp Debbie's foot instead of her leg and give an extra twist to her ankle. The crawl box, too, must be altered to decrease her crawling space and force her to push harder with her feet. We left the Institutes in a blaze of glory.

Mike met us at the airport in the morning. Later, he bombarded us with questions. He sounded more like a father than a doctor. "Did Glenn really say that Debbie would walk within a year? Tell me the truth—deep down in your heart, do you really think he is right?"

"Yes," I assured Mike, "we're going to win with Debbie."

Holding On by Letting Go

As MIKE and I became less involved in the problems of the moment, we began thinking about Debbie from a long-range point of view. So far we had devoted ourselves to helping her adjust to her disabilities. Now we must teach her to adjust to her abilities. Within a very short time Debbie must learn the social finesse, the sense of responsibility, the essential independence of a normal five-year-old.

The summer months provided me with plenty of opportunity to work

out Debbie's social life. We had decided on a unique family holiday plan, with each of our children going off in a different direction and only Debbie remaining at home. So every morning I found a new group of playmates for her.

My home-made nursery-school idea worked very well. It wasn't long before Debbie abandoned the role of observer and joined in all the fun. Much to my surprise, the children paid no attention to her handicaps and accepted her wholeheartedly.

My sister returned from her holiday at the beginning of August and came over to visit the "nursery school." "This is a marvellous idea," June said. "Pity it can't continue all through the year." An idea struck us both simultaneously. Perhaps it could!

Debbie couldn't go to an ordinary nursery school, of course. She needed surroundings where she could get continuous mental and physical stimulation. June and I decided the kind of environment we were seeking for her would have value for all pre-school children.

Our first job in organizing our nursery school was the recruitment of a qualified staff. We needed state-certified teachers, experienced with the young age group and familiar with the Doman methods. With the help of our most co-operative County Superintendent of Schools, we recruited this ideal staff.

Finding a location for our school

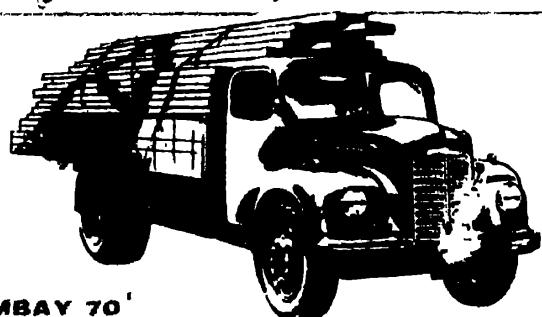
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was no problem at all, the local church offered to lend us its facilities.

The third task, of course, was the enrolment of pupils. Apparently the city was ripe for this type of school. Within two weeks, with word-of-mouth our only publicity, we had an enrolment of 60 children, and the problem of a waiting list.

On September 19, 1965, the World Medical Association held its annual convention in London. Mike came home one evening and announced matter-of-factly that he was planning to go to the convention, and he wanted me to go with him. Mike had my family on his side, and they all told me I didn't need to worry about Debbie. Mother, Dad, June, the children and all my friends were willing to help with the programme in my absence.

As I weighed the arguments of my family and friends against my own doubts, I thought of a passage my teacher had once read at school. I couldn't remember the words exactly, but the import was impressed on my memory: "Children are like butterflies. Grasp them too tightly in your hand and you can crush out their life. Hold them with an open hand and they're yours to love and behold." Yes, I decided the time had come to go away with Mike.

The glory of Europe exceeded our brightest imaginings, and the three weeks passed like days. With medical practice and family an ocean away, Mike and I had time for each other. "Today was the best day yet,"

Mike commented every night before we went to sleep.

Mike was perfectly right. But the greatest day of all was the day we flew home. As I looked at the faces of the children, I felt both joy and security. Yes, they had been lonely, but how well they had got on without us! A thought flashed through my mind. The ultimate aim of a parent is to efface his role. An avalanche of kisses, hugs, questions and stories quickly submerged my philosophy. Maybe the children did get on well without us, but it certainly felt good to be home!

"Run Away, Little Girl!"

WHAT I needed most for the next couple of days were three extra ears. All five of the children had stored up three weeks of tales, and the talking never stopped but I finally managed to telephone Debbie's new teacher. "How is Debbie getting on at school?" I asked.

"Debbie is doing very well," Mrs. Weisman replied. "But she's creating quite a problem."

"A problem?" I asked anxiously.

"A serious problem," Mrs. Weisman insisted, but I detected a smile in her voice. "All the little boys and girls are fighting over her."

I was still catching up on the backlog of tales when it was time for our October appointment. As Mother and I boarded the plane to Philadelphia with Debbie, I wasn't even tempted to call her "the baby." With her blue travelling suit, her

matching bag and shoes, and her hair brushed back behind a headband, she looked like quite the young lady.

Debbie sailed through her evaluation with record speed. She read a story, picked up her pennies, crawled and crept energetically, and showed fairly consistent eye-ear control. As Glenn Doman was out of town, the case summary was done by Dr. Rosalise Wilkinson. "Debbie isn't getting enough foot action with her crawl," she complained. "I want you to put a series of rods in Debbie's crawl box so that she can use them to push against." Dr. Wilkinson wasn't too happy with Debbie's creep either. "She's still turning those hands in quite a bit and doing a lot of wobbling."

I was feeling more discouraged every minute. Then, quite out of the blue, Dr. Wilkinson asked me to try Debbie's standing. "Was it possible?" I wondered. I knelt beside Debbie and held her hands in mine. Slowly, hesitantly—but finally successfully—Debbie straightened out her legs and stood on her feet. "That's very good," Dr. Wilkinson said simply. "I think she's ready for weight bearing."

Debbie fell asleep within seconds that night. I was alone in the hotel room, with time at last to luxuriate in the overwhelming joy of the day. Debbie stood up! Debbie stood up! It wasn't a dream any more. Triumphant, I telephoned the family and told them the wonderful news.

The children were overjoyed, and their words were too jumbled to understand. But as I put down the receiver I knew just what they were saying. "We are happy and excited, and, oh, so terribly proud."

They had reason to be proud. Debbie's success rightfully belonged to them as much as anyone else. It



took the genius of the Institutes to plan a programme for Debbie, but it also took the love and devotion of a family to make that programme work. Each of us was aware of this, and each felt a personal triumph in Debbie's unfolding. For all of us it has been a beautiful and awesome experience.

As for myself, Debbie and I have had an intense and intimate relationship, and I have experienced through this relationship the wonder and challenge of childhood. Now I see all my children with different eyes. I take nothing for granted. When I rush them off to school in the morning, when I listen to their jokes and questions, when I make my rounds at night to give them each a kiss, my heart is full of gratitude. It is true that I have devoted a portion of my life to Debbie and her programme. I have used every resource of love, energy, imagination and ingenuity that nature has bestowed upon me. Yet, measured against what I have received, my contribution has been insignificant.

Can I ever hope to give my

Debbie a strong and healthy body? I know the prognosis that medical authorities give for Debbies throughout the world. Debbie is an athetoid child, and the statistics are against her. In all medical history, there has never been a documented report of a cured athetoid.

Even as I write these words, I fight them with all my heart. I remember what Mr. Doman said at our first meeting:

"The objective of the programme is not a *better* child, not an *almost* well child, but a *completely well* child. When you send Debbie to school, the teacher won't need to know that she was a brain-injured child."

Mr. Doman planned a future beyond our most fervent prayers. In the beginning we gave no credence to this plan. But week by week and month by month Debbie grew stronger and better, and a dream formed in our hearts. We know one day this dream will come true. One day we will say to Debbie:

"Run away, little girl!"

And she'll stand on her feet and she'll run.

THE END



Talked Out Of It

ON MUNICH a young man has called off his engagement and decided to remain a bachelor. "It was a stroke of luck that brought me to my senses," he reported. Apparently, he had phoned his fiancée to say he would pick her up in 30 minutes, hung up the phone, and taken a taxi to her flat. When he arrived, she was still talking to him on the phone. "She was chattering so much that she hadn't even noticed I'd rung off," he said.

—NANA

FEATURE SUPPLEMENT

TERROR IN INDONESIA

by Clarence Hall



He was that rare figure: a natural-born leader, tailored for greatness. When he was but a child his mother had whispered to him, "My son, you will be a man of glory, a leader of your people." Sukarno never forgot those words.

Liberating his land from 350 years of colonial rule, he moulded many disparate peoples into a nation that became the fifth most populous in the world, one of the richest of all in natural resources.

He gave his people a language of their own, raised their literacy rate from six to more than 55 per cent, gave them an intense pride in being Indonesians.

He had monumental talents: an oratorical gift that could sway and charm, an abundance of that indefinable mystique called "charisma." Responding, his people gave him loyalty beyond love, reverence approaching god-worship.

But, tragically, he had monumental weaknesses as well. And because he made no effort to overcome them, he fell captive to international communism, leading his country to the brink of disaster.

On the night of September 30, 1965, he and his nation reached that brink . . .



As THE HOUR approached midnight, most of Indonesia's 105 million citizens were fast asleep. The flower-scented night, blossoming with stars, gave no hint of the crashing events that, in the next few hours, would nearly sweep the sprawling archipelago behind the Bamboo Curtain.

Far from sleep, however, were the leaders of the Indonesian Communist Party (PKI), who for months had been preparing to launch this night's terror.

In Lubang Buaja, a remote section of Halim Air Force Base on the outskirts of Djakarta, leaders of the planned *coup d'état* pored over maps pinpointing strategic targets: power and communications centres to be paralysed, Radio

Djakarta and the National Bank to be seized, important road junctions to be sealed off.

"The situation in our country," gloated a member of the PKI's Politburo, "is like that of a pregnant mother on the eve of giving birth. *The midwife is ready . . .*"

Long before zero hour (3 a.m. on October 1) truckloads of armed soldiers had rumbled out of Lubang Buaja to take up their positions. Now couriers sped to give them their final orders.

Last to move out from the air base were the *élite* squadrons, made up of a battalion of Sukarno's palace guard, plus units of young communist toughs trained to torture and kill. Theirs the most important task of all: the capture, dead or



alive, of eight generals comprising the Indonesian army's top command.

Directing the operation was one Lieutenant-Colonel Untung, a battalion commander of the palace guard. To the squadron leaders Untung barked: "You have but two hours before daylight to carry out your mission. See that you do it well!"

They did—almost. Within those two hours, six of the eight generals were dead, and the *coup* came within an eyelash of success. That it was stopped in its initial stage was due to the killers' failure to catch the other two generals—Defence Minister Abdul Haris Nasution, Indonesia's top soldier, whose young *aide* gave his life to stall the assassins long enough for Nasution to escape over a wall; and Major General Suharto, commander of the Army Strategic Reserve, who, unknown to his would-be killers, had left home to spend the night at the hospital with his fever-stricken daughter.

To TELL the story of Indonesia's crisis, Clarence Hall, a Senior Editor of The Reader's Digest, devoted months to intensive background study, interviewed scores of political and economic experts on Indonesia in Hong Kong, Tokyo, Washington, and, in Indonesia itself, talked with people on every level, from top government officials to cab-drivers. He also spent five hours in a revealing interview with President Sukarno soon after the attempted *coup*. No stranger to revolutionary movements, Hall wrote the story of Brazil's exciting counter-revolution against the communists, "Brazil, the Country that Saved Itself," which appeared in the May 1965 Reader's Digest.

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But for that sheer coincidence, the fifth most populous nation in the world, and by far the most strategically important in South-East Asia, would almost certainly have been snatched into the communist *bloc*.

Instead, General Suharto, by swift and brilliant action, was able to rally the army and crush the *coup*. The public did the rest. In one of history's bloodiest purges, some 300,000 communists and known sympathizers were slain by enraged Indonesians.

For all its lamentable savagery, the significance of Indonesia's bloody rejection of communism cannot be overemphasized. In communist hands, Indonesia would have become a major bastion of Chinese expansion, imperilling American and British efforts in Vietnam and Malaysia, exposing all of South-East Asia to communist domination. But the *coup's* failure and the violence of its aftermath had wide repercussions.

Experts believe that the events in Indonesia contributed significantly to the many communist-party "disalignments" from Peking that have occurred throughout the Far East.

The audacious attempt to take over the country—halted by Indonesians without any help whatever from the outside—exposes to all the world the true character and intent of international communism, raising the warning that no country can

ever afford to let down its guard when dealing with the Reds. To developing countries tempted to embrace communism as a means to national goals, it is an object lesson of terrifying pertinence. To neutral and non-aligned nations it makes plain that communism, however "nationalistic" its pretensions, cannot be allied with other forces, but must eventually attempt complete domination.

Sukarno Ensnared

FOR MONTHS after the *coup*, there was little reliable evidence of exactly what had happened, and who was the evil genius behind it all. But now, an accurate picture is emerging from records seized from PKI leaders, official government documents, and the testimony of *coup* participants.

It is a picture compounded of the duplicity and corruption of national leaders, the growth to power of the PKI, and the skilled machinations of Peking.

Most startling in the revelations is the picture of the one man responsible: *Sukarno himself*. As the evidence against the President accumulates, most Indonesians are convinced that it was Bung (Brother) Kurni who, wittingly or unwittingly, came close to delivering his country into the hands of the communists.

How did a head of state once regarded by his people as only slightly below the gods become ensnared in

the toils of international communism?

The answer can come only from an understanding of the emotional forces that have dictated Sukarno's every action: an enormous personal vanity; a love of revolutionary turbulence for its own sake; a Marxist coloration to his political thought; an inbred hatred of the West.

Born on June 6, 1901, in Surabaya, eastern Java, the centre of the then-growing nationalist movement, Sukarno early manifested traits that would mark and mar him throughout his life: the conviction that he was destiny's favourite; a determination to get what he wanted, no matter how devious the means; and an insatiable demand for the company of the opposite sex.

When he was a child, his native pride was fed by his Javanese father and Balinese mother, who carefully nourished in him the notion that he was superior, even to the Dutch. That pride, buffeted by Dutch children who "looked down on me because I was a dark-skinned native," blossomed into cunning and arrogance.

In a recent book he says, "My destiny even then was to conquer, not be conquered. In the game of spinning tops, a friend's top spun faster than mine. I solved the situation with typical Sukarno quick thinking: I threw his in the river!"

An apt pupil, he saw nothing wrong in cheating to get better



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At 15, young Sukarno came under the influence of the underground nationalist party, becoming fired with their revolutionary fervour.

Young Revolutionary

WHEN HE was 20, Sukarno took that fervour with him to the Bandung Institute of Technology, where he was enrolled as an engineering student. Devoting to textbooks only enough study to get by, he immersed himself in biographies of revolutionary heroes. He organized nationalist youth clubs, began making fiery public speeches, soon was a figure trailed by the Dutch police.

Graduating from the institute in 1926 with a degree in civil engineering, Sukarno gave little time to his profession, preferring revolutionary speechmaking. And in 1927 he and six friends formed the Indonesian Nationalist Party. Its objective: "complete independence — *now*." When the party's propaganda mounted in defiance of Dutch rule, he was imprisoned. From then on he was in constant trouble with the colonial authorities, spending a total of 13 years in Dutch jails, capitalizing on his martyrdom to establish himself as the unquestioned leader of "the freedom movement."

During this period, freedom governed his marital relations as well. He took his first wife when he was

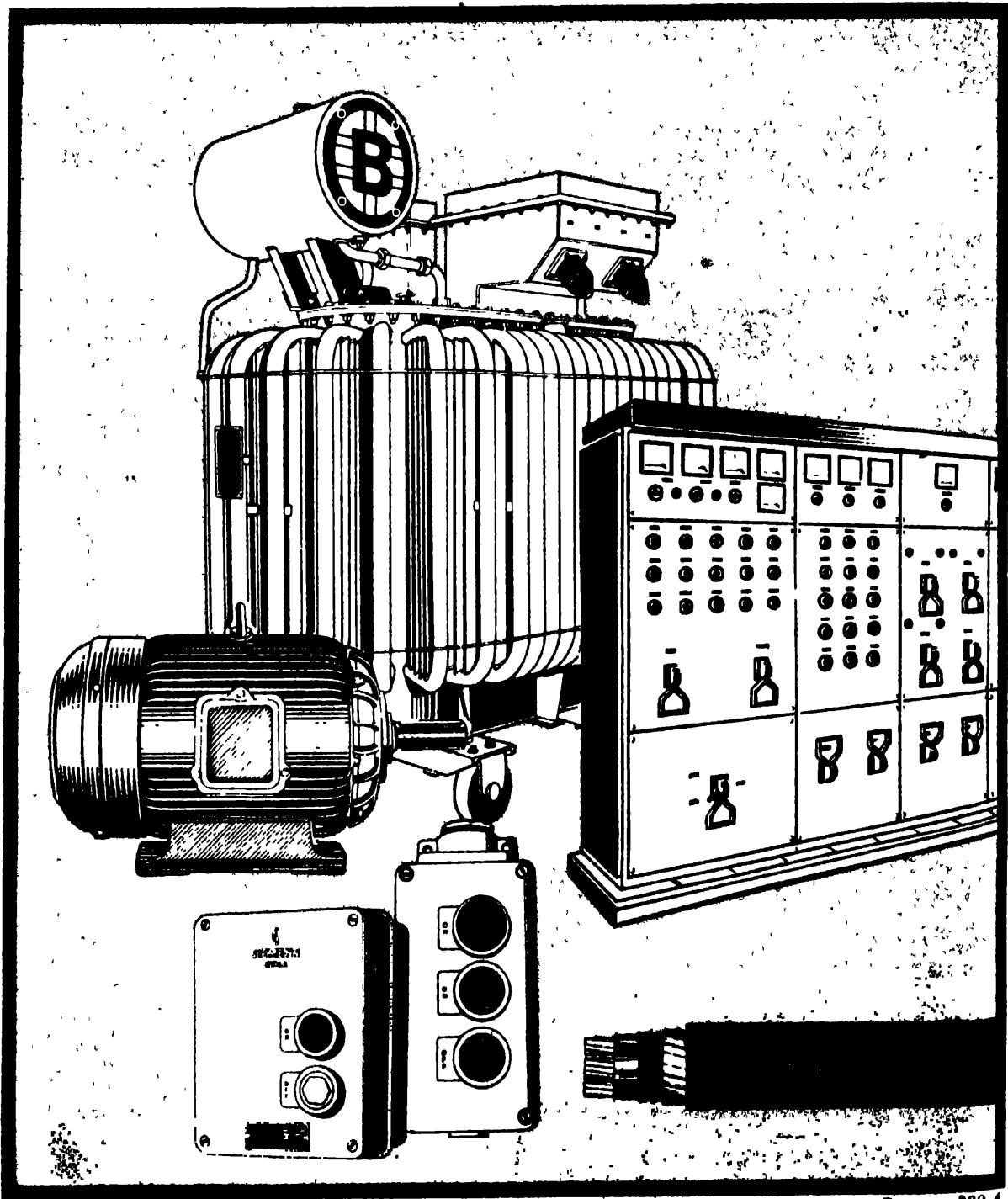
20, she only 16. Divorcing her, he married a divorcee, 12 years older than he; later, he shed her in favour of another 16-year-old—and in time, without the bother of divorce, added three others: Hartini, who serves as his Bogor palace wife; Dewi, a former Japanese bar hostess, his current favourite, who presides over his household in Djakarta; and Haryati, a fourth official wife taken in late 1964. Moslem women have been aghast at so many marriages and unofficial alliances, but the Bung managed, in this as well as other matters, to bluff his way through.

The Second World War introduced one of the darkest chapters in the Sukarno career: his collaboration with the conquering Japanese.

He argued that by co-operating with the occupation authorities he was able to gain concessions for his people and get Japanese aid in the coming war with the Dutch. "Utilizing what's placed in front of me is a brilliant tactic on my part," he said defiantly, "and that's how I intend to look at it." That his people generally did not look at it in the same way put a stain on his public image that was never erased.

Yet he managed to retain his leadership. With the Japanese surrender in August 1945, he boldly proclaimed Indonesia's independence and assumed the presidency of the "Republic of Indonesia." But "independence" was short-lived. In September, the allied forces moved

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in, first the British, then the Dutch. It took more than four years of intensive guerrilla warfare, plus pressure from the U.N. and the United States, to wrest the country from the Netherlands.

Then followed years of struggling to knit the disparate peoples of the archipelago into something resembling a nation. Numerous political parties, civil wars, attempts to topple him from power provided constant problems.

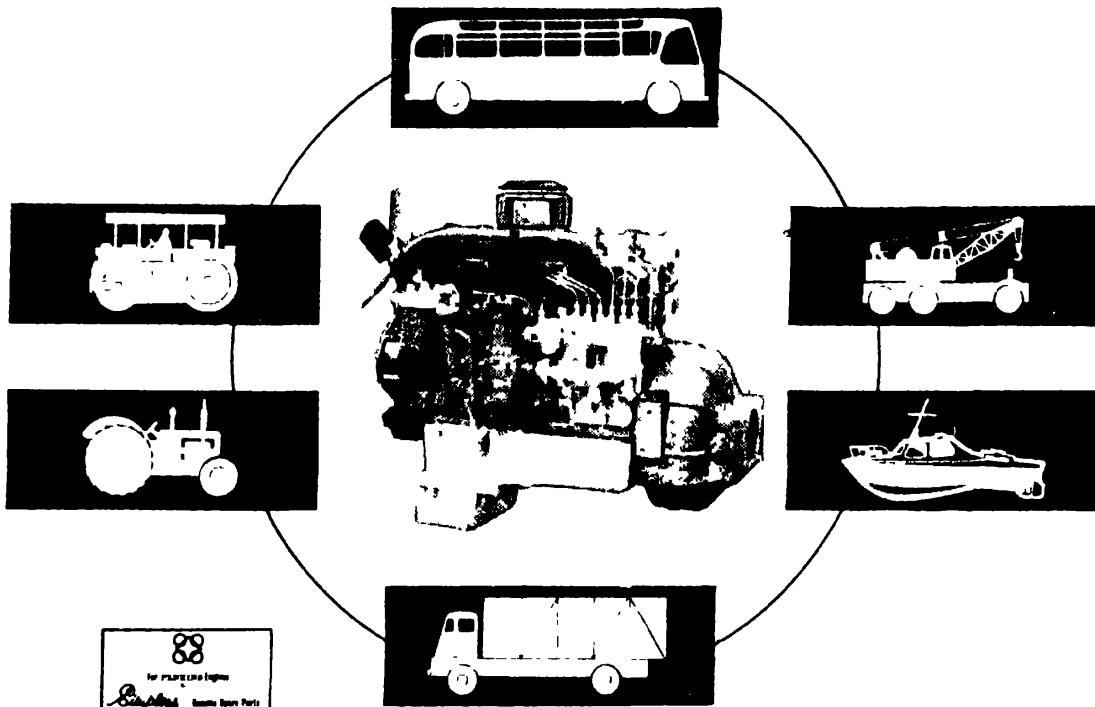
"Time and again," he says, "our Republic nearly fell and stood up, was hit and hit back. We were steadily attacked from within and without."

Yet, to his credit, Sukarno kept his hold. By sheer force of personality and by ruthlessly jailing every opponent who rose to challenge his leadership, he seemed capable of coping with any and every force. With one exception: communism.

Rise of the PKI

UNTIL 1955, when Sukarno appointed himself its unofficial patron, the PKI's strength was only a sometime thing. Founded in 1920 by Dutch communists, it gained some 50,000 adherents, attempted to seize power in 1926, was quickly cut down by the colonial police. But, in 1941, the party became a guerrilla force fighting the occupying Japanese, and by 1948 it felt itself strong enough to respond to Stalin's pressure to create an autonomous Soviet state in the area around the Javanese

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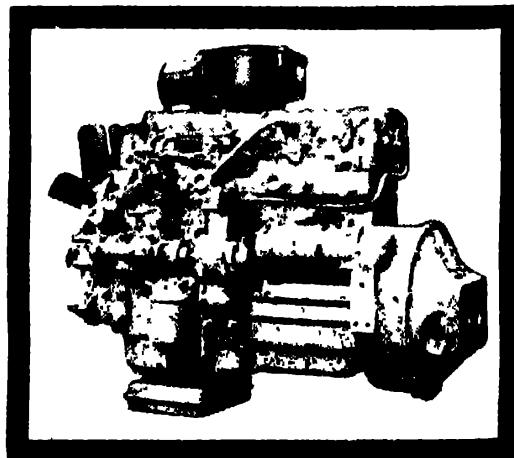
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TERROR IN INDONESIA

town of Madiun. The Madiun rebellion was ripped to shreds by the Indonesian army's crack Siliwangi Division under Major-General Abdul Haris Nasution. Following this abortive bid for power, the PKI slipped almost into oblivion—until, in 1951, a young professional revolutionary named Dipa Nusantara Aidit seized control of the party.

From then on, the PKI's rise was meteoric. By 1955 Sukarno, feeling a natural affinity for such active Marxists, began giving the PKI his most effusive blessings. He hailed PKI leaders as "great patriots," publicly praised the party for its "great contributions to the Indonesian revolution," taunted other parties with such statements as "the PKI gets things done; all of you should be more like them." It was plain that he thought to use the PKI—its disciplines, its mass-organization techniques, its growing wealth. But it soon became difficult to tell who was using whom.

Audit and his two deputy chairmen, Lukman and Njoto, craftily built the PKI on Sukarno's own radical brand of nationalism and played upon his weaknesses with consummate skill. The PKI nourished the President's megalomania, heaping grandiose titles upon him and prompting the Press to be ritualistic in praise of the Great Leader of the Revolution, Saviour of Indonesia, Bearer of the Message of the People's Suffering, Great Shepherd of Indonesian Progressive

Women, Supreme Peasant, etc. It would also assemble audiences to applaud the Sukarno oratory, putting cheerleaders in the crowds to ensure that the acclaim thickened at the right time.

A quick-witted man with an ingratiating manner, Aidit wormed his way into the tight little clique surrounding the President, became a fixture at Sukarno's side at every official and social gathering. (Only a few days before the attempted *coup* last year, Sukarno proclaimed him "a great son of Indonesia.")

To sharpen the Sukarno identity with PKI, Aidit saw to it that phrases with a definite party ring were included in the President's speeches. The PKI then laced its pronouncements with quotes from the speeches, cleverly imparting the impression that anyone who opposed the PKI opposed the President himself.

By 1965, the PKI claimed a membership of 3.5 million, plus another 20 million in various other organizations toeing the party line. It was the largest communist party outside the Red *bloc*.

The PKI was also by far the richest party in Indonesia. An apparently never-ending supply of money was available through various government departments headed by communists, from the state-owned Central Bank (whose director, Jusuf Muda Dalam, was a PKI member), and from wealthy Chinese businessmen pressured by Peking's embassy



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BANGALORE-12

January

in Djakarta to "contribute" to the party.

The PKI's network spread throughout the islands; its disciplines were enforced in thousands of villages. It controlled SOBSI, the All-Indonesian Central Labour Organization, and through it most of the country's vital services such as railways, docks and oilfields. It infiltrated schools, newspapers, rival political parties, even the armed forces.

Especially riddled with communists was the air force, whose chief of staff, Vice-Marshal Omar Dhani, was an open PKI sympathizer. The army itself estimated that more than a quarter of its forces were secretly communist. In early 1965, anti-communist generals only narrowly defeated a scheme—first proposed by visiting Chinese Premier Chou En-lai, enthusiastically promoted by Aidit and later supported by Sukarno—to "arm the revolutionary workers and peasants" and put political commissars in the army.

The PKI had its leaders or admirers in the highest places. Top ministers—including those in charge of agriculture, labour, justice, mining and electricity—were either avowed communists or regularly used their offices to advance the PKI cause.

Into his cabinet Sukarno took the three PKI leaders—Aidit, Lukman and Njoto—as ministers without portfolio. In addition, Aidit served

1967

as vice-chairman of the 540-member People's Consultative Congress, theoretically the nation's highest policy-making body. Lukman, second deputy secretary of the PKI, was vice-chairman of the parliament. Njoto, third deputy PKI secretary, was minister of state attached to the cabinet praesidium.

Next to Sukarno himself, however, the PKI's prize conquest was Dr. Subandrio, first deputy premier and foreign minister. A ruthless opportunist who had clawed his way to power by making himself Sukarno's willing sycophant, Subandrio by early 1965 had his hands on almost every power lever in Indonesia. Besides his foreign ministry, Subandrio controlled the Press, foreign trade and the Central Intelligence Body, an internal spy network he used to keep watch on the country's political and military organizations.

The Dictator

FOR A PERIOD after independence Indonesia tried parliamentary democracy, but after ten years Sukarno found this too inhibiting and resorted to the only role he knew and liked: rabble-rousing for a "continuing revolution." In a presidential decree of July 5, 1959, he announced "the rediscovery of the revolution." Dissolving the elected parliament, he handpicked his own.

Sukarno called his government "Guided Democracy," a euphemism for personal rule. "Let the



imperialists abroad be in uproar," he declaimed. "We have made a complete break with Western democracy!" Swayed by his oratory, most Indonesians accepted Guided Democracy without a murmur; the vocal few who didn't, vanished.

For several years, Sukarno clung to the fiction of neutralism. Shrewdly he extended to the international field his favourite ploy, playing one group against another, wrangling from both Russia and the United States millions in aid and long-term loans to bolster his sagging economy and build up his military machine. But in the early 1960's he abandoned all pretence of neutrality and began to sidle up to China.

From then on, Sukarno's every action followed a deeper decline into dictatorship and predictable chaos—perfectly suited to PKI aims. He unblushingly styled himself "the Lion of the Platform." Resplendent in snow-white uniform heavy with decorations, his balding head jauntily topped with the *pitji* (peasant cap) that was his trademark, wearing dark glasses and carrying a swagger stick beneath his arm, he used his considerable oratorical powers to fill his people's heads with a dazzling diet of jingoism. His soaring oratory had an almost narcotic effect on a people loving colour and excitement, and needing to forget their troubles.

Sukarno had a penchant for taking the simplest concept, giving it a capital-letter name, investing it

with an aura of vast profundity, and for ever invoking it as something august and dynamic. Examples: NEFOS—"new emerging forces"; GANEFO—the "games of the new emerging forces," sponsored by Sukarno as rival to the Olympics; CONEFO—"conference of new emerging forces," planned by Sukarno to draw African and Asian nations away from the U.N. The two favourite Sukarno acronyms were NEKOLIM and NASAKOM. The former stood for "neo-colonialism and imperialism," embracing in one neat term all the vague, illusory forces Sukarno pretended were threatening from every side. NASAKOM stood for "the three forces on which our country is balanced: nationalism, religion and communism."

Sukarno's Mistakes

IN HIS MOVES under Guided Democracy, it was the communists' counsel Sukarno heeded most often. As Indonesia veered sharply to the extreme left, it was clear that although Sukarno was in the driver's seat, Aidit's hands were on the steering wheel.

For example, while moderates were advising caution in the *konfrontasi* (confrontation) with Malaysia, the PKI and Subandrio were urging military action. And Aidit had been calling the proposed Malaysian confederation an "imperialist plot" long before Sukarno recognized it as such. Indeed,

strong evidence exists that the PKI engineered the "crush Malaysia" campaign to tie up the army in a war that could only weaken both it and the nation.

If it appeared that the President was faltering on Malaysia, Aidit was on hand to remind him. At a gay party one evening at the Bogor summer palace, where the President was being gently gibed at in song for his fondness for women, Aidit's solemn contribution to the roundelay was, "You can flirt with all the girls you want, but don't forget to crush Malaysia!"

The senseless *konfrontasi* drained Indonesia's resources, cut her off from badly needed markets, drove her ever closer to China. Further severance of relations with the rest of the world came when, in January 1964, Malaysia was elected to a seat on the U.N. Security Council. Aidit and Subandrio, playing on Sukarno's injured pride and personal pique, encouraged him to stage a dramatic withdrawal from the world body—the first and only nation ever to do so. He confidently expected other emerging nations to join him; not one did.

All this time, Sukarno was driving his country further towards fiscal ruin by wasting Indonesia's money on lavish building schemes. Capital and foreign-aid funds that should have been used for developing the nation's rich resources of rubber, tin, oil, mineral deposits, spices, coffee and copra went into

monuments and "prestige projects." Among them were: a grandiose GANEFO sports complex, costing more than Rs. 75 crores, with its huge covered Bung Karno stadium capable of seating 100,000 and rushed to completion for the 1963 Asian games; Djakarta's luxurious Hotel Indonesia (Rs. 9 crores) and others like it, built with Japanese reparation funds; the world's biggest mosque (Rs. 22.5 crores); the National Monument set in the middle of Merdeka Square, a 330-foot obelisk topped by a 22-carat (Rs. 22.5 lakhs) gold torch.

Besides these completed projects, Djakarta is dotted with such half-finished buildings as one of the world's largest department stores; an elaborate "press house" planned to accommodate, free of charge, press delegates to Sukarno's projected African-Asian conferences; a complex of buildings where the newly emerging forces could convene.

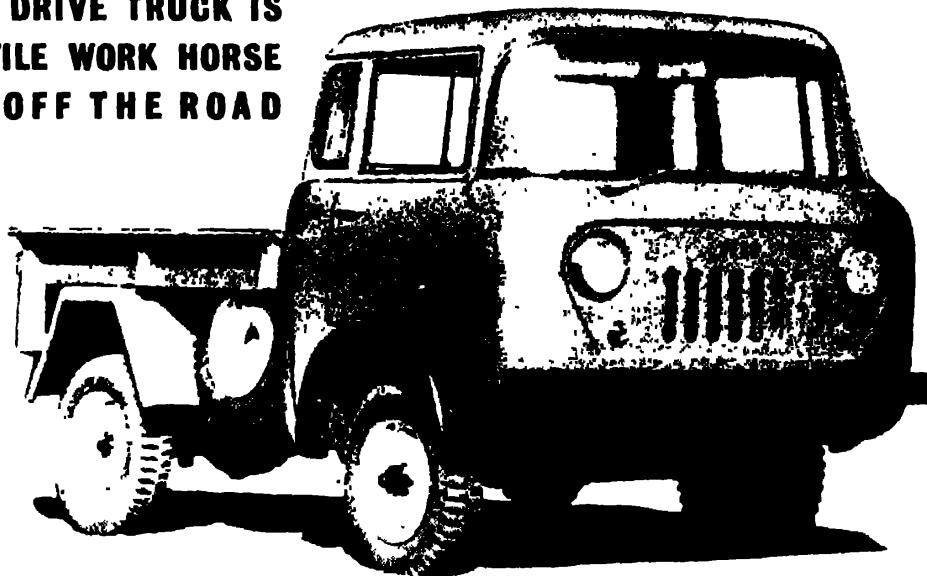
With more than two-thirds of the national budget being used to support the military in the Malaysia matter, and the rest devoted to "prestige projects," the Indonesian economy by the middle of 1965 had plummeted to near-zero. Foreign reserves were almost gone, industry was slowing down for lack of raw materials and spare parts, the cost of living had rocketed sky high, inflation had taken over and outside aid had dried up.

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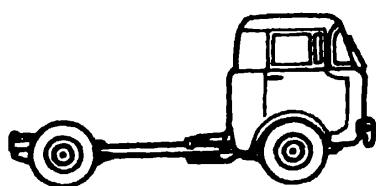
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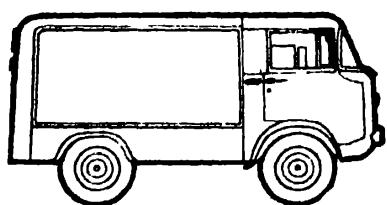


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TERROR IN INDONESIA



because he was duped, Sukarno had fallen into the PKI plans for bringing about chaos. The time was ripe for communist take-over.

Now or Never

THE ATTEMPTED *coup*, contrary to first reports, was no hastily cooked-up operation. Masterminded by Aidit from the beginning, it was first set for 1970, but three circumstances dictated earlier action: the plunge towards economic chaos had been much more rapid than even the PKI had calculated; army leaders had correctly read the PKI intent and were threatening an investigation of its illegal possession of arms; by mid-1965 Sukarno's Chinese doctors reported that the President's health was failing, and China was pressing for action with "now or never" urgency.

Needled by Mao Tse-tung, Aidit committed the PKI fully to the Karl Marx axiom: "Insurrection is an art quite as much as war; never play

with it unless you are prepared to go the whole way!"

Thus, as early as June 1965, Aidit and his PKI confederates began shaping their master strategy. This called for a take-over in five stages: (1) a swift move against the military that would eliminate in one bold stroke the army's top leadership; (2) the immediate setting up of a Revolutionary Council to rule; (3) the removal, by death if necessary, of more than 10,000 other armed-forces officers, anti-communist party chiefs, "reactionary" politicians and state officials; (4) the setting up of a Peking-type "People's Republic" backed by a "people's militia"; (5) the communization of all Indonesian life and the welding of the nation to China.

At the insistence of Peking, the date of the initial strike was set for October 1 to coincide with China's celebration of its National Day:

"A birthday present to the

People's Republic of China," Aidit said.

The operation's first phase—the wiping out of the army's top command—demanded a quick, terroristic strike to confuse the army and immobilize the government long enough for the take-over. Needed for this action was an *élite* striking force close enough to Sukarno to keep an eye on him.

So Aidit wangled an appointment for Lieutenant-Colonel Untung as commander of a battalion of Sukarno's own Presidential Guard. Untung had a background of communist activity, could be flattered into leading the attack, then discarded when his task was done.

To gain the nucleus of a People's Militia, Aidit combed the country for the tougher members of the PKI's communist youth and women's organizations, and took them to Lubang Buaja, ostensibly for training to combat an "invasion from Malaysia." In charge of their training were air-force officers under Marshal Omar Dhani.

As *coup* time neared, members of the PKI's Politburo toured the hinterland to alert party leaders, clarify their assignments, supply them with secret codes. Farmers in the Peasant Front were to add to the chaos by destroying crops, raiding stores of rice, sugar and petrol. Workers belonging to SOBSI were to begin strikes, slowdowns, sabotage of plant equipment, and be ready to take over all state-owned enterprises.

Guerrilla activity increased against anti-communist village leaders. Terrorist bands were formed to kidnap wealthy people, loot and burn their homes, light forest fires, kill landlords.

Another group was trained in breaking laws to bring on local anarchy. One auxiliary was made up of "beautiful and seductive enchantresses." Their function: to "lure leaders of other parties into the PKI fold."

On the higher planning level, Aidit and Subandrio began shuttling to and fro between Peking and Djakarta.

In early August, Aidit spent nine days in the Chinese capital conferring with Mao Tse-tung and came back to put into effect some of Mao's suggestions. Subandrio's task was further to strengthen Peking-Djakarta ties, gain promises of aid and arms, work out in detail how China and Indonesia would divide South-East Asia between them.

For weeks before September 30, Subandrio made dozens of speeches with ill-disguised references to army chiefs as "bureaucratic capitalists," faithfully fed to Sukarno falsified documents linking a "Council of Generals" to a planned *coup*. Then, on the eve of September 30, Subandrio slipped away to Sumatra with PKI deputy chairman Njoto.

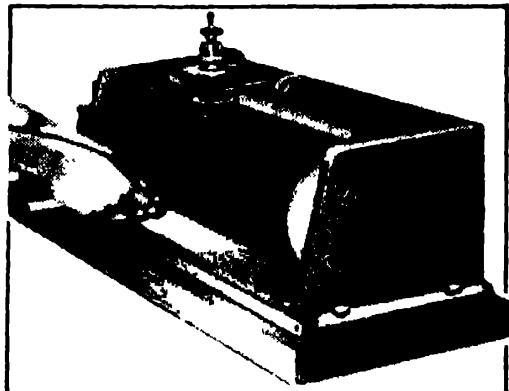
Three days before the *coup*, coded word went out to all PKI regional heads: "Stand by on September 30,

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and listen continuously to broadcasts from Radio Djakarta. Then act according to plan."

Chilling News

FOR THE FIRST few hours of the coup, everything seemed to go as arranged. Air-force elements and armed communist youths seized Radio Djakarta as ordered; two paratroop battalions surrounded the presidential palace; telecommunications centres were captured by communist trade-union members.

At 7.15 a.m., Untung went on the air to announce that the "September 30 Movement" had foiled a plot by the "Council of Generals," the generals had been "arrested" and

the President was "safely under protection." A later broadcast explained to mystified Indonesians the formation and composition of a 45-member "Revolutionary Council" that had taken charge. Topping the list of councilmen were Subandrio and Omar Dhani. President Sukarno's name was missing.

Prematurely optimistic, Omar Dhani issued an air force "order of the day" fully supporting the movement and the council. The leading communist newspaper, *Harian Rakjat* (People's Daily), hurried to press with an enthusiastic endorsement of the uprising. And to Subandrio in Sumatra went a cable: "Everything going smoothly.



Revolutionary Council established. Await further instructions."

Sukarno's actions were equally premature. After spending the early-morning hours nervously watching the paratroop battalions surround his palace in Djakarta, he set out for Halim Air Force Base. The President's later explanation for joining Aidit, Dhani and other PKI plotters at the *coup's* command post: "I was of the opinion that the best place for me was somewhere near a plane which could transport me at any moment to another place if something unexpected took place."

Sukarno learned that something "unexpected" had indeed happened when one of the chief plotters burst

in to shout, "My God, they missed Nasution!"

The chilling news swept through Lubang Buaja like an icy wind. Optimism disintegrated into dismay. A special task force was dispatched to find Nasution at all costs but returned to report failure.

Sukarno himself, anxiously conferring with one group of plotters after another, seemed as confused as everyone else by the unexpected turn of events. Pressed by Aidit and Untung to sign the document setting up the Revolutionary Council, he hesitated: "Let us wait and see." Amid the turmoil, he took only one positive action: the hurried appointment of Major-General Pranoto as

Dr. X : Impossible, Sir, my observation suggests 29.

Dr. Y² : Come, come, professor, you cannot question fact.

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Dr. X : Fantastic. But how come?

Dr. Y² : Simple, dear fellow, she's been reading the advertisements.

Dr. X : You mean the perfect skin formula in the familiar tube?

Dr. Y² : Exactly, Menehette.

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"day-to-day caretaker of the army," succeeding the army commander, Lieutenant-General Achmad Yani—a strange move, unless the President already knew that Yani was dead. Late in the day, though urged by Aidit and Dhani to flee with them to Central Java, Sukarno chose to go to his palace at Bogor. Early next morning, Aidit and Dhani commandeered a plane and flew to Central Java alone.

Meanwhile, in contrast to the confusion and indecision at Lubang Buaja on October 1 was the prompt and determined action by General Suharto that eventually saved Indonesia.

Returning home early on October 1, after spending the night at the hospital with his sick daughter, Suharto was met by a distraught neighbour who shouted, "All the top generals have been kidnapped—including Nasution! And they were after you only an hour ago!" Assuming the neighbour's report to be true, Suharto later reported, "I decided on my own to take leadership of the army."

Rushing to the palace, he confronted the rebellious commanders there and ordered them to surrender or face the consequences. Other Suharto forces moved in on the radio and telecommunications centres, secured them without firing a shot.

The air force was a more ticklish matter: its top leadership was committed to the *coup*; its headquarters at Halim Air Force Base served as

the *coup's* command post; moreover, the President was there.

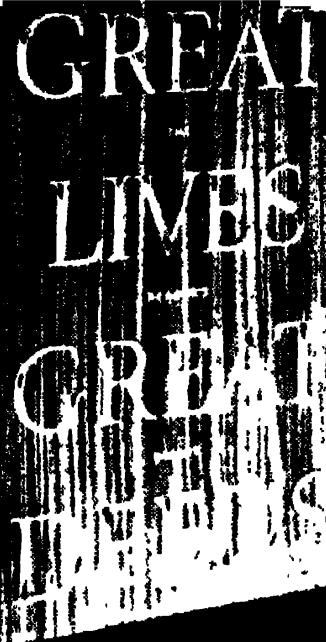
Getting a message to Sukarno's adjutant, Suharto ordered him to "move the President from Halim at once," and announced his purpose to attack the base that night with 22 tanks and a full complement of army troops. Under this threat, Sukarno hurriedly left Halim for Bogor, the *coup's* main figures melted away, and the air force base was occupied after no more than a skirmish.

The Public Reacts

CONFRONTING the President at Bogor next day, Suharto demanded clarification of his status. Sukarno reluctantly revoked his order appointing the *coup*-involved General Pranoto "as caretaker of the army," and gave Suharto official sanction "to restore order and security."

Suharto quickly mobilized all loyal elements of the armed forces, banned all communist newspapers, announced a nationwide search for those responsible for the *coup*, established a dusk-to-dawn curfew. Within a few days a sweeping clean-out of communist officers in the armed forces was under way; Subandrio's spy network was dismantled and 14 communist or pro-communist colleges and universities were closed.

Radio and other news media, free of PKI control for the first time in years, headlined the charges against the communists. Immediately, anti-communist students carrying signs



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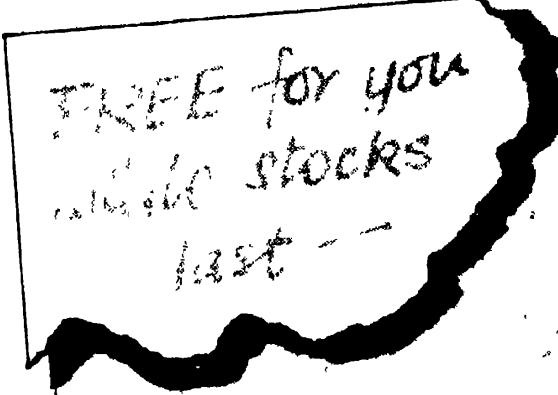
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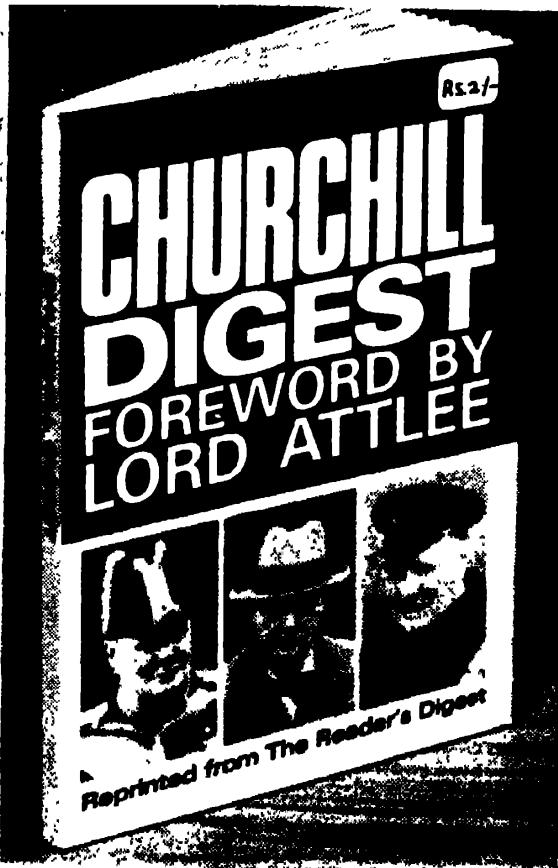
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emblazoned with "Dissolve the PKI" and "Kill Aidit" marched on the Communist Party headquarters in Djakarta and set it on fire.

The full impact of what had happened did not hit the public for a few days. Only after the bodies of the "kidnapped" generals were found on October 4, and some of the actual killers were captured, did the horrible details come out. General Yani's head had been blown off; General Harjono had been gunned down in his home when resisting capture. They were the lucky ones. The other four generals and Nasution's *aide* were turned over to 100 screaming members of the communist women's front.

Joined by male members of the communist youth front, the savage women, trained in torture killing methods, moved in on the bound and helpless generals. Circling them in an obscene dance, they first taunted, then beat and slashed at the victims with small knives and razor blades. The dead and half-dead were riddled with bullets, the eyes of some gouged out, and the bodies dumped in a deep dry well and covered with earth and debris.

The army published photographs of the mutilated bodies, with gruesome accounts of what had happened and who had directed it. Then, two days later, Nasution's five-year-old daughter died from wounds received when she was shot while in her mother's arms on the night of the *coup*. The next night,

half a million Indonesians surged into Djakarta's Merdeka Square to demand death for the assassins, revenge on the PKI.

Nervously, Sukarno summoned cabinet members to Bogor palace. Airily dismissing the tragedy of the September 30 Movement as "a mere ripple on the ocean of our revolution," he called for public calm. The situation, he said, required a "political solution." "Leave it to me!" he shouted.

But the Indonesian army, in cold fury over the ruthless murder of the generals, pursued its objective of grinding the PKI into oblivion, exposing and expunging communism at its roots. Lieutenant-Colonel Untung was captured in Central Java, later convicted by a military court and sentenced to death. Aidit was seized in the vicinity of Surakarta, where he was desperately trying to rally communist resistance, interrogated briefly and shot.

Indonesians by the thousands, often with the army and police looking the other way, lunged into action reminiscent of the French Revolution's reign of terror. All over the country, Communist Party headquarters were burnt to the ground, the offices of People's Youth and SOBSI ransacked.

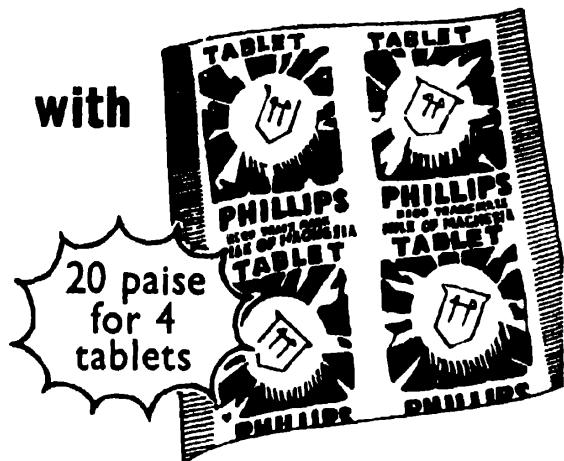
In Djakarta, while pillaging the homes of PKI leaders, rampaging mobs found caches of weapons, documents spelling out the *coup's* master plan, lists of people to be killed. Raiders at the Aidit home

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found it full of luxury goods, expensive clothing, boxes containing millions of rupiahs. The people shouted, "Now we know who are the 'capitalist bureaucrats!'" and set the house alight. Village councils everywhere made their own arrests, had their own trials, executed and buried known and suspected communists in mass graves.

Holy War

REPORTS reaching Djakarta told of wholesale massacres of known communists and their entire families in Central and East Java, of hundreds of corpses rotting in the jungles of West Java, of rivers clogged with bodies in North Sumatra, of public beheadings in Timor, of heads on pikes being paraded through villages, of an estimated 50,000 (out of a population of three million) slain in Bali.

All through the islands carnage mounted. Moslem action was especially vicious. Some Islamic leaders, their hatred for communist dogma long pent-up, turned the routing of the communists into a *jihad* (holy war), demonstrating a capacity for savage mayhem normally alien to the gentle Indonesians. For their reaction to the brutal murder and mutilation of the generals (most of them devout Moslems) they had the Koran's blessing: "Fight in the way of Allah against those who fight against you, and slay them wherever you find them . . . and one that attacketh you,

1967

attack him in like manner as he attacked you."

From the time the PKI had gained national power, communist agitators had enjoyed free rein in lording it over village heads, beating and even killing those who opposed them. In many *kampongs*, communist leaders of the Peasant Front had formed terrorist squads, raiding peasant homes, destroying farmers' crops, assaulting their daughters. Gangs of young ruffians ranged over the countryside, brandishing stolen arms, tyrannizing the religious, desecrating mosques, mocking the Koran, affronting rural morals. Many Youth Front headquarters were widely reputed to be centres of unbridled sexual orgies.

As one village head told me, "Whatever the Bung said about NEKOLIM, we knew who our real enemy was. He was not some unseen power across the seas; he was in our own villages. And whatever the Bung meant by 'the message of the people's suffering,' we knew its real meaning, for we were the people who had been the sufferers—at communist hands!"

And as evidence of Peking's role in the attempted *coup* piled up, Indonesians of Chinese ancestry as well as Chinese nationals (together comprising over three million of the population) suffered severely along with known PKI members and sympathizers.

Reliable proof of Chinese involvement was the discovery of large



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PKW-E2

quantities of Chinese weapons and ammunition in the possession of PKI activists, much of it smuggled in as "construction materials" for the CONEFO project; the finding of long lists of gifts to the PKI, solicited by the Chinese embassy from wealthy Chinese in Indonesia; the discovery in Subandrio's raided Foreign Office of documents not only spelling out the Peking-Djakarta axis but detailing the division of spoils after the communist takeover.

That Peking knew of the *coup* in advance was established by non-communist members of an Indonesian economic delegation, in Peking on September 30, to whom Chou En-lai said enigmatically, "Something will happen in your country tonight!"

Another sure sign of Peking's advance knowledge came the following day when China's newspapers reported the event in full, giving a list of the generals "captured" which included those who had escaped, and hailing the "triumph of the people's revolution." This was followed days later by bitter denunciation of the "right-wing reactionary generals" who had thwarted the *coup*.

Indonesian anger at China first flared up when the Chinese embassy and consulates refused to lower their flags to half-mast during the period of mourning for the slaughtered generals. It rose to savage heights when Radio Peking

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began ranting against Indonesia's "spineless surrender to the imperialists." The Chinese embassy was raided; Chinese consulates were smashed and closed, Chinese shops looted and destroyed, Chinese correspondents ordered out of the country; and the New China News Agency was closed. Hundreds of Chinese were slain.

Was Sukarno Guilty?

COULD Indonesia's horrible nightmare of death and destruction have been avoided? Most experts on Indonesia insist that it could—if Sukarno had moved at once against the *coup's* obvious instigators. That he did not do so raised serious questions about his own possible involvement in the plot. Perhaps, even, his instigation of it.

After nine critical days of virtual silence at Bogor, the President returned to Djakarta to belittle the importance of what had happened, to deny any air-force involvement, to resist all demands that the PKI be dissolved, to insist that communists were essential to Indonesia's structure. Though on one occasion he did mildly deplore the murder of the generals, there is no record of his ever condemning the PKI.

With events sweeping to swift disaster for Indonesian communists, Sukarno suddenly plunged in with all his old fervour—not to find the "political solution" he had promised, but to divert his people from their single-minded purpose of

THE HOLDING THE TRADITION

There is a new awareness for their culture and some new responsibilities in the arts in the present day. Lucy's 22nd solo exhibition, "Tradition with a Future," will be held at the National Gallery of Art, Washington, D.C., from June 10 to July 10. Lucy's work has been exhibited in the former Soviet Union, Poland, and Canada.

The exhibition group will have featured solo

exhibitions in the United States, Canada, and the Soviet Union. Lucy's work has been exhibited in the former Soviet Union, Poland, and Canada.



destroying the PKI and its works. Instead of speaking on the topic uppermost in their minds, he loosed again his old fiery shafts at imperialism and neo-colonialism, "our real enemy." The diversions fell flat.

The revelation that his people, for the first time in his career, were not listening to him was a brutal blow to his vanity. If vestiges of the famous Sukarno charm still remained, it was clear that for many of his people the old black magic was gone. Petulantly he demanded: "How can I act as supreme judge to solve the September 30 incident if my people pay me no heed?"

Though for months no Indonesian would admit aloud that he suspected Sukarno of more than an innocently incidental role in the attempted *coup*, dark whispers began to be heard:

Why had the President hurried to Halim Air Force Base on the night of the *coup*, spent a full day among the conspirators?

Why was he trying so desperately to save the PKI from the just wrath of the people? And why had he demanded that the solution be left to him—then done nothing?

What was behind Untung's angry outburst when captured: "This fellow Sukarno let me down"? And what was the meaning of the cryptic note, in Sukarno's handwriting, said to have been found in PKI leader Njoto's house after the *coup*: "The goats have been slaughtered and must now be skinned"?

Their conclusion: at best, the Bung had been badly duped by the communists; at worst, he had been deeply involved in the *coup*, perhaps even ordered it. "Being Indonesians, with a great love for the President," explained one, "we chose to believe the best. Our resolve from then on was to try to save him from himself—if he'd only be tractable."

Sukarno proved anything but tractable. For at least five months after the *coup*, he used every trick in his well-filled bag to regain his slipping authority, restore his tarnished image.

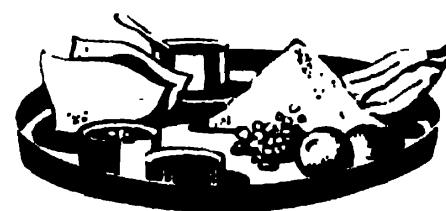
Taking full advantage of the dilemma he presented to Suharto and Nasution, who were unwilling to risk new unrest by forthrightly ousting him, Sukarno kept up a steady drumfire of criticism against anti-communist action by the army, and pledged support for such palace favourites as Subandrio and Omar Dhani. To hints of forthcoming reforms of his policies, Sukarno issued impassioned denials, stating that he was "still President, still Great Leader of the Revolution" and that he would not retreat from his policies "by one inch, or even one millimetre."

For weeks it was touch-and-go in the inner councils where the struggle between the Sukarno-Subandrio and Suharto-Nasution forces was taking place. Then, last February 21, the Sukarno vanity tripped him into his most brash and foolish action: the firing of Nasution from

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his post as Minister of Defence. Ousted at the same time were 14 other ministers who had been outspokenly anti-communist. This, Sukarno proclaimed, was his long-awaited "political solution" to the September 30 Movement. It was, of course, no solution at all, and it provoked a public outcry from one end of the archipelago to the other. It also brought into action a politically potent force that was to become Suharto's most effective ally: the newly formed Indonesian Students Action Command (KAMI), a federation of anti-communist student groups.

Students' Uprising

KAMI quickly became the balance of power in the struggle between the Sukarno-Subandrio forces fighting to hold power and the cautiously moving Suharto-Nasution forces. Long held down by communist student and teacher organizations, anti-communist students now sprang up to reveal their strength. Before long, KAMI included at least 80 per cent of Indonesia's 250,000 university students. A companion organization, the United Indonesian Student Action Council (KAPPI), enrolled an estimated half a million secondary schoolchildren to support KAMI's three objectives: to liquidate the PKI; to banish all communist elements from government; to stabilize the economy and bring down the spiralling cost of living.

1967

KAMI youth saw the Sukarno cabinet shuffle and the firing of Nasution for what they were—just another of the President's "balancing acts" aimed at outfoxing the Suharto-Nasution forces and nullifying anti-communist gains. In protest, tens of thousands of students surged through Djakarta for three days, demanding Nasution's restoration and the expulsion from the new cabinet of those people patently involved in the *coup*. Enraged, Sukarno ordered the dissolution of KAMI, closed down the university, called for police action to stop "these stupid students." The demonstrations went on.

Student "action squads" made citizen's arrests of prominent ministers and government officers, turning them over to the army for imprisonment and trial.

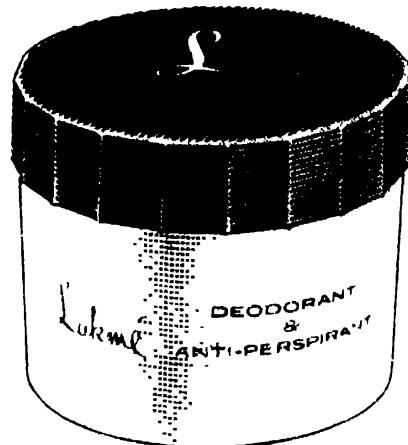
Anti-communist students kicked up such a furore against former Air Marshal Omar Dhani that Sukarno, to protect him, sent him abroad on a vague assignment. To the students, even Sukarno himself was no sacrosanct figure. By July, they were openly ridiculing Sukarno's prestige projects and monuments, and deriding his policies. "The future is ours," they declared. "We will build the new Indonesia, an Indonesia free of fear!"

Some may have felt that Indonesian youth was going too far too fast, and that they might at some point become difficult to control. However, their achievement in

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Adam Malik, General Suharto and Sultan Hamengku Buwono

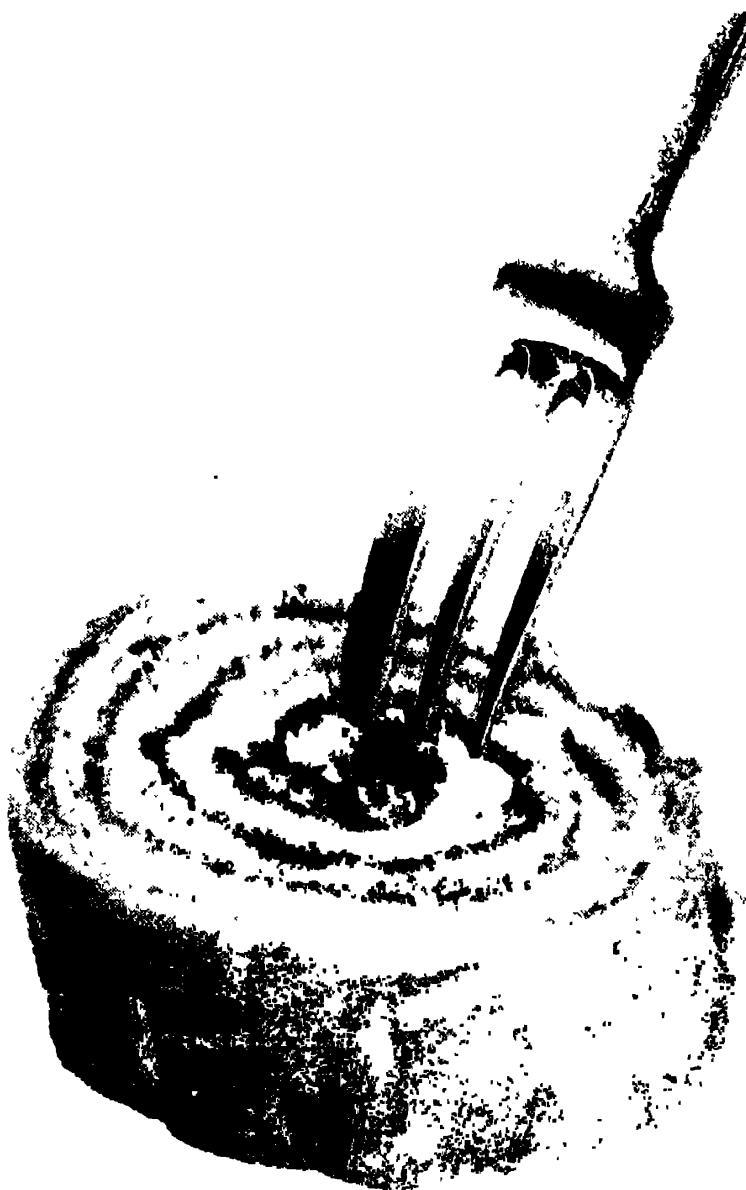
forcing action, where for months it had been sluggish and uncertain, was impressive. Certainly, it was largely KAMI action that hastened the army's move in forcing Sukarno to yield what control he had left.

Suharto's Ultimatum

IT WAS in March of last year that the generals, deciding the time for tact was past, confronted Sukarno with an ultimatum: either get rid of the odious Subandrio and declare the PKI officially banned or they would do it for him. Their ultimatum was backed by an impressive

contingent of troops, brought in for the occasion and assembled in Djakarta's Merdeka Square. Sukarno stormed for hours, then capitulated, signing an order putting Suharto in control.

With the presidential order in hand, Suharto promptly outlawed the PKI, arrested Subandrio and 14 other ministers suspected of communist collusion, began a wholesale cleanout of PKI supporters from the oversized cabinet, reopened the closed university. Suharto's next step was to bring into top cabinet posts two of Indonesia's most able



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civilians: Adam Malik as deputy prime minister in charge of foreign relations and political affairs, and the Sultan of Jogjakarta, Hamengku Buwono IX, as deputy prime minister in charge of economic affairs. General Nasution, to whom Suharto offered his own post as "strong man," declined in favour of remaining a government adviser.

In the opinion of Indonesian experts, it would be difficult to choose an abler trio to tackle Indonesia's tangled future. The 45-year-old Suharto, a handsome, stocky figure with flashing black eyes and an air of quiet toughness, is steeped in the anti-communist teachings of Nasution; by reputation and example, he is said to be "completely unflappable."

Malik, at 48, is a brilliant career public servant, long held to minor government positions by Sukarno's jealousy of able men, whose experience as ambassador to Moscow years ago put him wise to the ways of communism. The sultan, at 54, is an ardent nationalist who, even in Sukarno's most dictatorial period, managed to make his territory a model of democratic administration, introducing free elections of village officials and pioneering just taxation measures to make his district pay its own way.

The take-over left Sukarno stripped of power. Largely confined to his palaces, his visitors carefully screened, his helicopters grounded, his praetorian guard replaced by

regular army troops, Bung Karno had little left but the aura round his image. And that, the new leaders proceeded to dissolve little by little.

Suharto rooted out more and more of the President's left-wing cronies, and took a hard line towards China. Malik announced hopes for a "negotiated settlement" of the Malaysia affair, a willingness to return to the U.N., a policy of "co-operation with all friendly nations, East or West." The Sultan halted all work on prestige projects, reversed Sukarno's socialism by inviting new foreign investment and pledging support for private enterprise.

A "Declaration by the Armed Forces," framed by Suharto, announced the intention of "putting the President's position on its true basis, in keeping with the principles of the 1945 Constitution." Pointedly, Suharto commented, "Democracy without leadership is anarchy, whilst leadership without democracy is dictatorship."

Sukarno Silenced

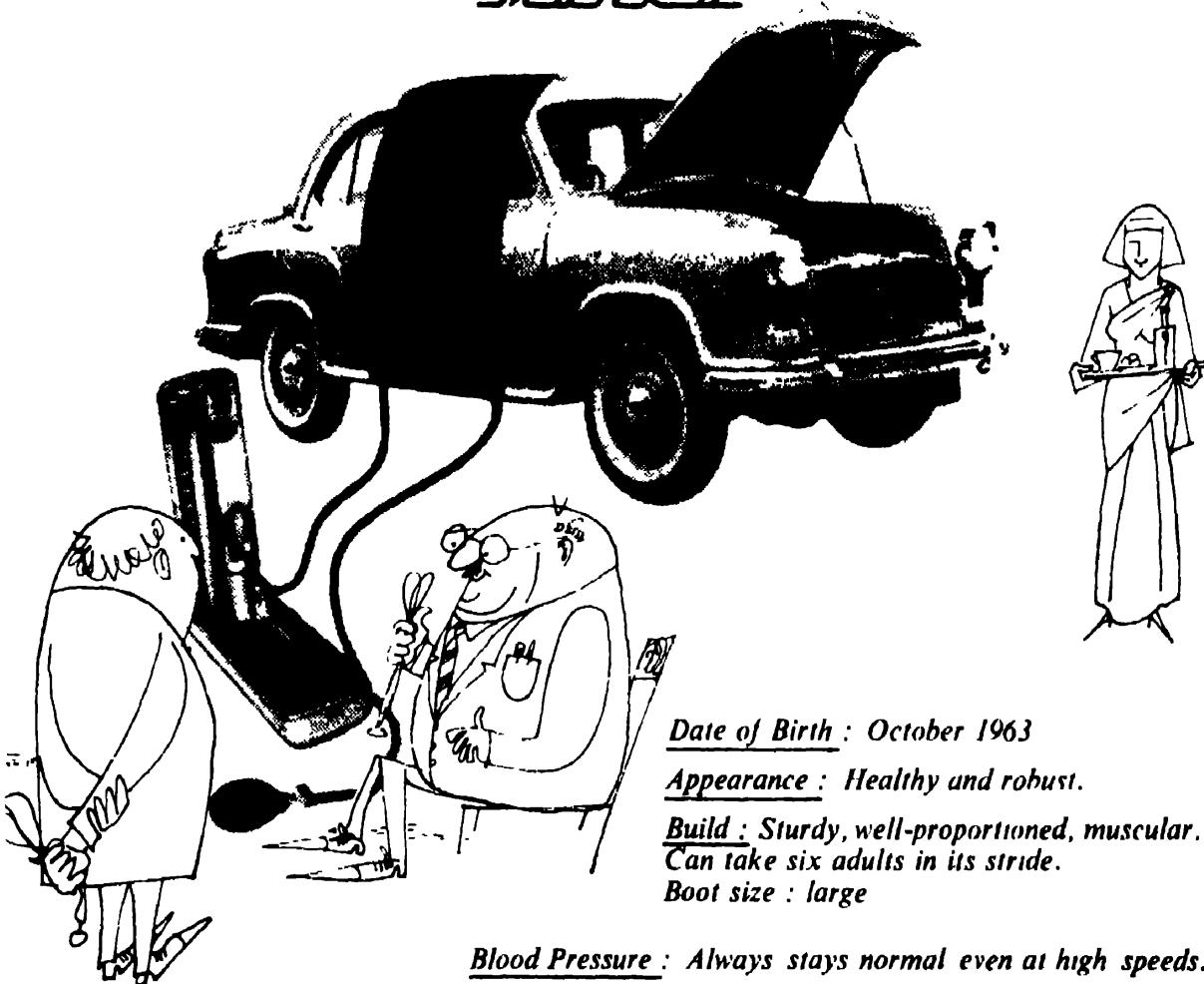
PARTY LEADERS and others in the public eye, emboldened by the declaration, began speaking out against "one-man rule," demanding an early meeting to rescind Sukarno's "rule by decree" and to get the nation back to constitutional government.

Sukarno glumly observed: "A lot of people are talking about the

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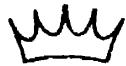
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TERROR IN INDONESIA

President who didn't dare to be-
fore."

Gleefully, leading newspapers in Indonesia joined in attacks on the Sukarno image. They relegated mention of him to back pages, and stopped using his string of grandiose titles. To further dim his public image, they ran selections from his recently published biography, using for headlines such Sukarnoisms as "I love my country, I love women, but *most of all I love myself*."

Nevertheless, the new leaders found that shearing off the Sukarno power was simpler than silencing the Sukarno tongue. To all within hearing distance, the President ranted against the new government's measures until in early June the new leaders, weary of all the turmoil Sukarno was kicking up, played their trump card: they confronted him with a mass of newly obtained evidence of his role in the PKI *coup*.

This evidence, apparently conclusive and deeply incriminating, had been gained from intensive interrogation of the jailed Subandrio, Omar Dhani and others. Subandrio, in the hope of saving his own life, had revealed a great deal. Dhani, brought back from hiding in Cambodia on promise of partial immunity, had told even more. The new leaders had no intention of making the record public—so long as the President behaved himself. If he didn't... Sukarno got the point.

By mid-July, Congress had appointed General Suharto to serve as

"acting President" in case of the Bung's illness or absence from the country. It further authorized Suharto to form a new cabinet and decreed that general elections should be held not later than July 5, 1968.

Meanwhile, the new leaders had taken some impressive first steps towards their difficult goals. Suharto's firm hand had restored comparative peace to the troubled land. Foreign Minister Malik had convinced the world that the spirit of constant *konfrontasi* with nations not holding Indonesia's views was a thing of the past, and that neighbourliness with countries East and West was now desired. And the economics minister, Sultan Buwono, with the worst job of all, was working on plans to bring the bankrupt nation back to something near solvency.

Hope for the Future

WITH THE END of Sukarno's senseless confrontation with the rest of the world, trade and credits long denied Indonesia have already begun to bring in the spare parts and raw materials whose lack during recent years all but closed down Indonesia's industries. Peace with Malaysia and Singapore—historically Indonesia's natural trade partners—will rapidly reopen these prime markets for its raw materials. In fact, Malik has begun quietly working for the reactivation of a plan for a South-East Asia common market embracing Malaysia, the

THE READER'S DIGEST

Philippines. Thailand and Indonesia. Western leaders see such a strong regional economic *bloc* as a boon to peace and stability throughout the area as well as another bar to Chinese expansion.

With the money saved by halting Sukarno's prestige projects and military experiments, and with the national labour force no longer dominated by communists committed to wrecking their industrial growth, Indonesians can at last lift their eyes from their sparsely filled rice bowls to a vision of something beyond mere existence. Private foreign capital, driven out by harassment and threat of expropriation, has shown a willingness to return. And several countries, including Britain, have given economic aid to this country, now struggling to its feet.

Nobody knows better than the

three men guiding Indonesia's destiny that all these are but preliminary steps, and that the road back will be rough and hazardous, with many pitfalls. To undo the damage of the Sukarno years will call for almost superhuman strength of purpose as well as political and economic ingenuity. Does the present government have these abilities, or can it summon them from Indonesian experts long prevented from using their know-how? A man recently said, "It is ultimately ourselves that success or failure depends."

With that spirit, and with Sukarno no longer in a position to thwart it, Indonesians are given the chance to rise to the dignity and degree of prosperity they deserve. At the very least, in Suharto's words, "The abyss of disaster has now been changed into a valley of brightest hope."

Indonesia has since encountered many hazards along the difficult road towards stability and fair government. Her leaders, however, have ruthlessly pursued their policy of exposing the corruption of the old order and purging its evils. And what of the man who led his country to the edge of disaster?

Today, as he sits brooding alone in his palace, issuing orders no one obeys, delivering pronouncements nobody heeds, one wonders what thoughts move through his head. Is he chastened by the anguish of his people struggling upwards out of the ruin brought upon them? Does he feel, heavy on his conscience, guilt for those thousands of his countrymen so needlessly slain? Has he learnt from his stricken people of the human thirst for freedom—and the lengths people will go to slake it?

Ever a genius at self-deception, he can perhaps explain away the anguish and the guilt, blaming others. But the tragic fact he cannot dodge is this: that he who was his nation's liberator came so perilously close to being its greatest traitor.

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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

By PETER FUNK

ALICE IN WONDERLAND believed that saying what you mean was the same thing as meaning what you say. The Mad Hatter knew better. In the list below, tick the word or phrase you believe is *nearest in meaning* to the key word. Answers are on page 16.



(1) **camaraderie** (kă mă rah' dĕ rĕ)—A: hospitality. B: council. C: inner circle. D: comradeship.

(2) **effulgent** (ĕ fü'l' jĕnt)—A: satisfied. B: bursting. C: shining brightly. D: demonstrative.

(3) **sartorial** (săh tōr' ē al)—A: caustic in speech. B: lewdly wicked. C: despairing. D: pertaining to clothing.

(4) **mundane** (mŭn dăne')—A: worldly. B: sophisticated. C: dull. D: pertaining to the moon.

(5) **bauble** (baw' b'l)—A: effusive talk. B: worthless trinket. C: social error. D: confusion of tongues.

(6) **potable** (pō' tă b'l)—A: tasty. B: sour. C: strong. D: drinkable.

(7) **verdure** (verd' yer)—A: covering. B: inexperience. C: greenness. D: simplicity.

(8) **condiment** (kōn' dī ment)—A: seasoning. B: sweet. C: mechanical device. D: channel.

(9) **garrulous** (gă' rōō lüs)—A: friendly. B: argumentative. C: talkative. D: senile.

(10) **intemperate** (in tĕm' per ēt)—A: immoderate. B: permissive. C: unruly. D: windy.

(11) **seraphic** (sĕ răf' ik)—A: sacred. B: angelic. C: relating to an Egyptian god. D: oriental.

(12) **carousal** (kă rouz' āl)—A: tournament. B: merry-go-round. C: riotous party. D: square dance.

(13) **ambrosial** (ăm brō' zhī āl)—A: jewel-like. B: delicious. C: golden. D: ethereal.

(14) **benison** (bĕn' i son)—A: donation. B: meat. C: good deed. D: blessing.

(15) **levity** (lĕv' i tī)—A: solemnity. B: sincerity. C: frivolity. D: mockery.

(16) **flamenco** (flă meng' kō)—A: long-necked bird. B: style of dancing. C: flaming dish. D: ornate candle.

(17) **pot-pourri** (pō pōō rĕ')—A: peppery food. B: holiday drink. C: mixture. D: informal gathering.

(18) **hilarious** (hī lăr' i us)—A: merry. B: exhilarating. C: hysterical. D: frenzied.

(19) **bonhomie** (bōn' ö mē')—A: sweetmeat. B: geniality. C: gentleman. D: playboy.

(20) **halcyon** (hăl' sī ün)—A: flowery. B: sumptuous. C: shimmering. D: calm.

(Now turn to page 16)

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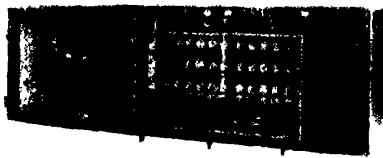
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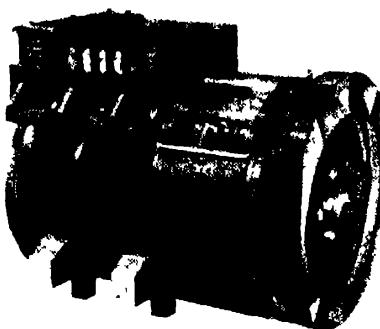
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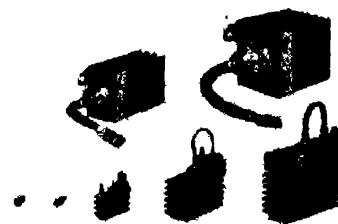
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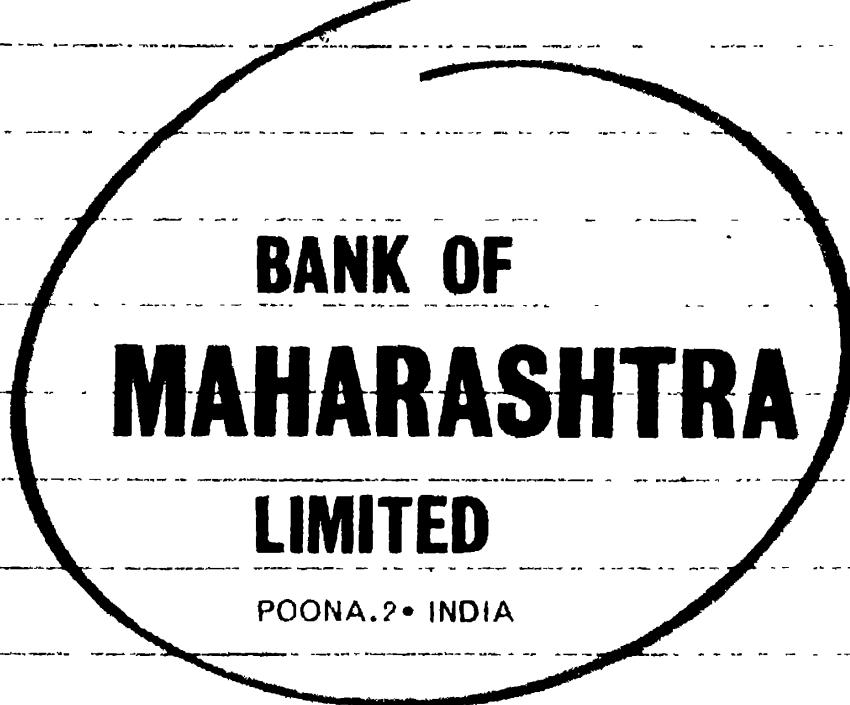
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It Pays to Increase Your Word Power

Answers to the quiz on page 9

(1) **camaraderie**—D: Comradeship; loyalty; fellowship; as, to relax in friendly *camaraderie*. French.

(2) **effulgent**—C: Shining brightly; radiant; as, faces *effulgent* with joy. Latin *effulgēre*, “to shine out.”

(3) **sartorial**—D: Pertaining to clothing, especially to finely tailored garments; as, the *sartorial* splendour at an embassy ball. Latin *sartor*, “tailor.”

(4) **mundane**—A: Worldly; practical; not spiritual; as, *mundane* business affairs. Latin *mundanus*, “of this world.”

(5) **bauble**—B: Worthless trinket; trifle; toy. Old French *baubel*, “plaything.”

(6) **potable**—D: Drinkable; suitable for drinking; as, *potable* water. Latin *potabilis*, from *potare*, “to drink.”

(7) **verdure**—C: Greenness; fresh vegetation; hence, vigorous good health; as, the *verdure* of youth. Old French *verd*, “green.”

(8) **condiment**—A: Seasoning, such as spice, relish, sauce. Latin *condimentum*.

(9) **garrulous**—C: Tediously talkative, especially about trivialities; as, a *garrulous* old man. Latin *garrulus* from *garrire*, “to chatter.”

(10) **intemperate**—A: Immoderate; unrestrained; as, *intemperate* language. Latin *in-*, “not,” and *temperare*, “to set bounds.”

(11) **seraphic**—B: Angelic; as, *seraphic* features. Hebrew *serāphîm*, “angels of the highest order.”

(12) **carousal**—C: Riotous party; drinking bout. From German *garaus*, “all out,” as in “to drink the cup all out.”

(13) **ambrosial**—B: Delicious; extremely pleasing to taste or smell. The mythical *ambrosia* was the food of the gods. Greek *a-*, “not,” and *brotus*, “mortal.”

(14) **benison**—D: Blessing; benediction. Old French *benison*.

(15) **levity**—C: Frivolity; lack of seriousness; as, *levity* inappropriate to the occasion. Latin *levitas*, “lightness.”

(16) **flamenco**—B: Vigorous dance style of the Andalusian gypsies. Spanish meaning *Flemish*, or “like a gipsy.”

(17) **pot-pourri**—C: Mixture; stew; jar of flower petals dried for fragrance; medley; as a musical *pot-pourri*. French *pot pourri*, literally “rotten pot.”

(18) **hilarious**—A: Loudly merry; boisterously gay; as, a *hilarious* group. Latin *bilaris*, “cheerful.”

(19) **bonhomie**—B: Geniality; good-natured, easy friendliness. French.

(20) **halcyon**—D: Calm; peaceful; happy; as, *halcyon* days of autumn. Greek *alkuōn*, a legendary bird, usually identified with a species of kingfisher, that nested at sea and calmed the waves.

Vocabulary Ratings

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18–16 correct.....good

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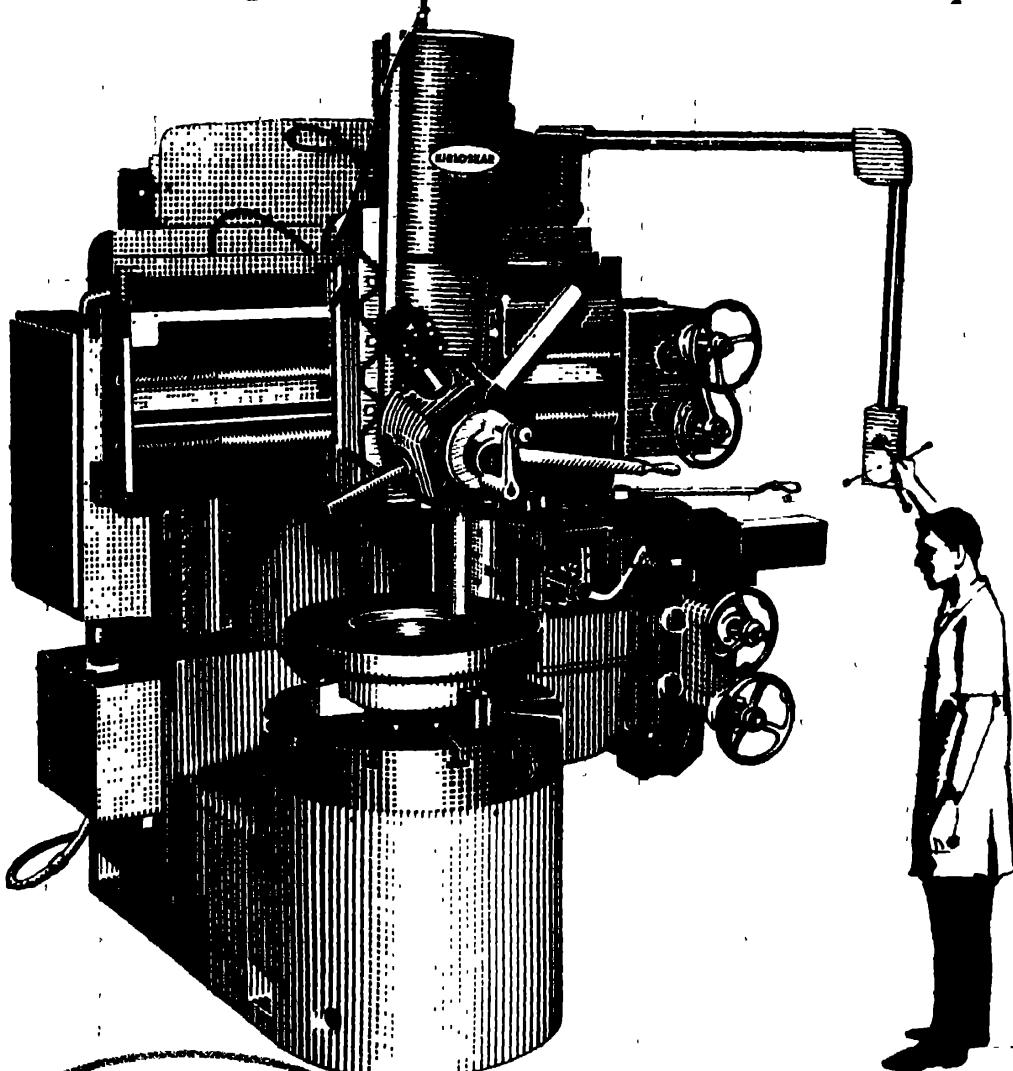
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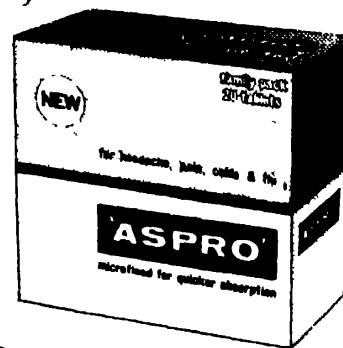


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Personal Glimpses

THE IRISH tenor John McCormack attended a performance of *Madame Butterfly* in Dublin. Afterwards, he warmly congratulated the Yorkshire tenor Walter Widdop, who had sung the part of Lieutenant Pinkerton.

"You sing very well," said McCormack, "but you must be a rotten naval officer."

"Why do you say that?" asked Widdop.

"You begin with a little bit of gold braid on your sleeve," McCormack told him. "Then you come back to Japan years later, and you've still got the same little bit of gold braid. Don't you ever get promoted? When I sang Pinkerton, I took good care to promote myself to commander in the third act."

—Ivor Newton, *At the Piano*
(Hamish Hamilton, London)

STANDING in a long queue at a New York post office, a businessman noticed that in the next queue Cardinal Spellman was waiting to post a parcel. The cardinal stood motionless, his eyes closed. Impulsively the man said, "You look tired, sir. Let me post the parcel for you. You've got more important things to do than queue at a post office."

"Thank you," said the cardinal. "I

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OF THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SIR MAX BEERBOHM

am a little tired, and I could use the time." As they shook hands, a thought suddenly struck the man, and he asked, "Tell me, Your Eminence, with all the work you do, do you ever get so tired that you forget to say your prayers at night?"

"No," the cardinal replied. "When I'm so tired I can't keep my eyes open, I simply say, 'Dear God, you *know* I've been working in your vineyard all day. If you don't mind, could we skip the details till morning?'"

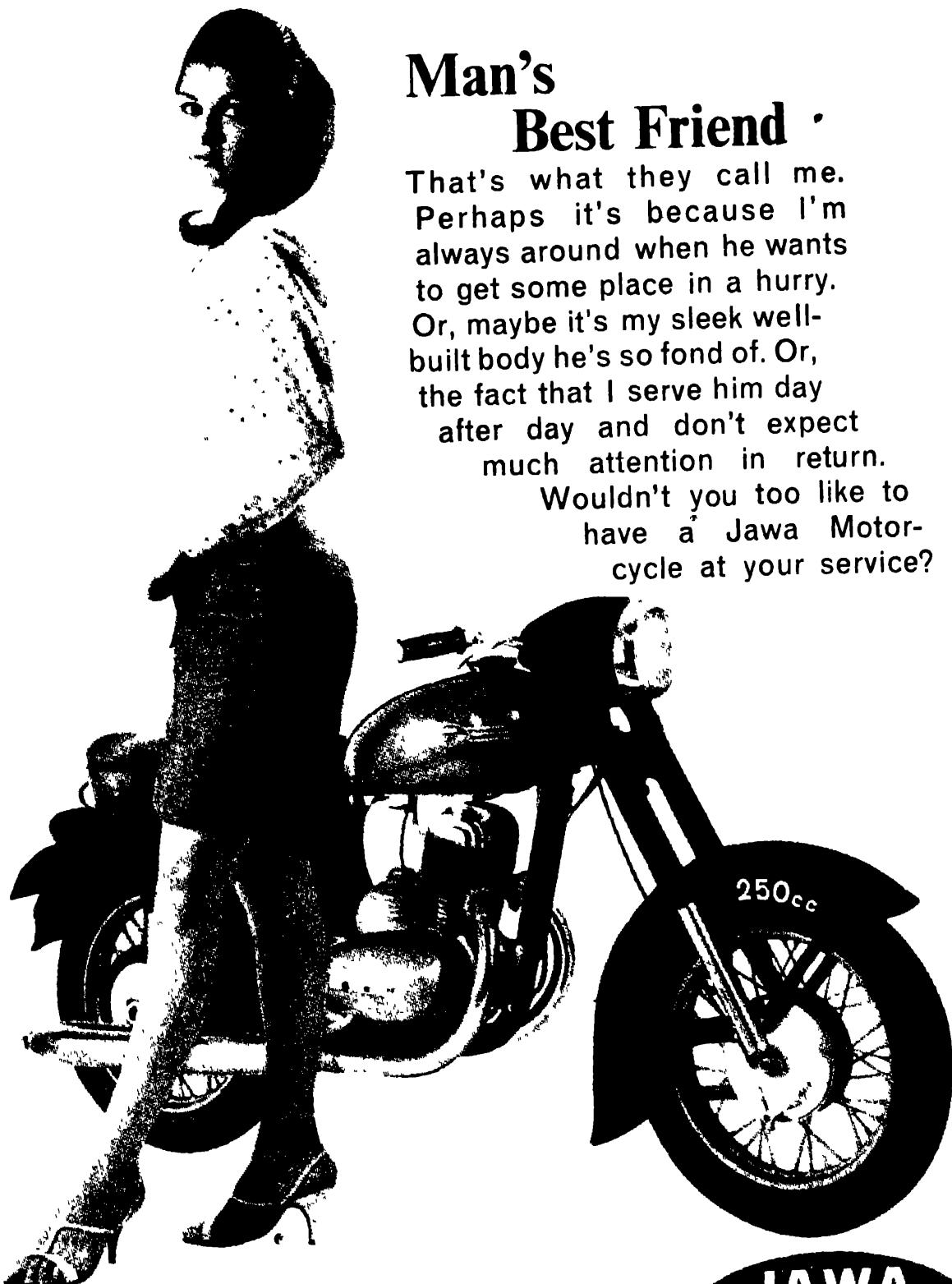
—Thomas McMahon

THEODORE ROOSEVELT's daughter Alice, who is over 80, has long been the most commanding and outspoken figure on the Washington social scene. A cushion in her sitting-room bears the words: "If You Can't Say Something Good About Someone, Sit Right Here By Me."

—Jean vanden Heuvel

MAX BEERBOHM was the epitome of smallness. In his tiny person, living in a tiny house on the Italian coast, busied with tiny things, turning out a paragraph rather than a page, a phrase rather than a paragraph, he spent nearly 50 years keeping out of the way of the world. In everything, from income to adrenaline output, from appetite to performance, his scale was Lilliputian—everything miniature, but the quality superlative. When I visited him shortly before he died, he told me, "Our harvest this year has been a record one: two bottles of oil and almost a full bottle of wine." —Alan Bryce Jones

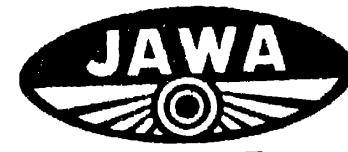




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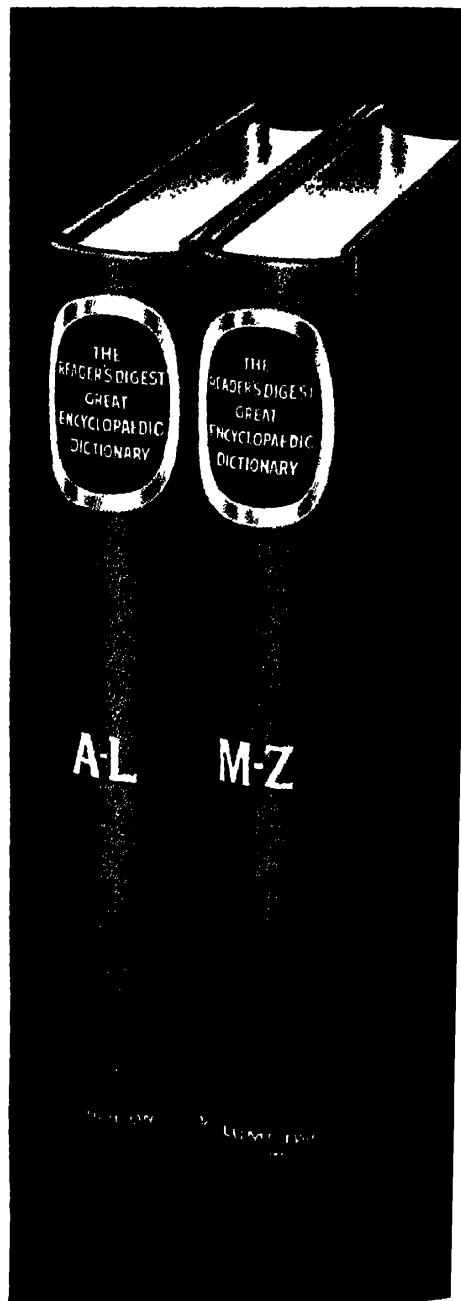
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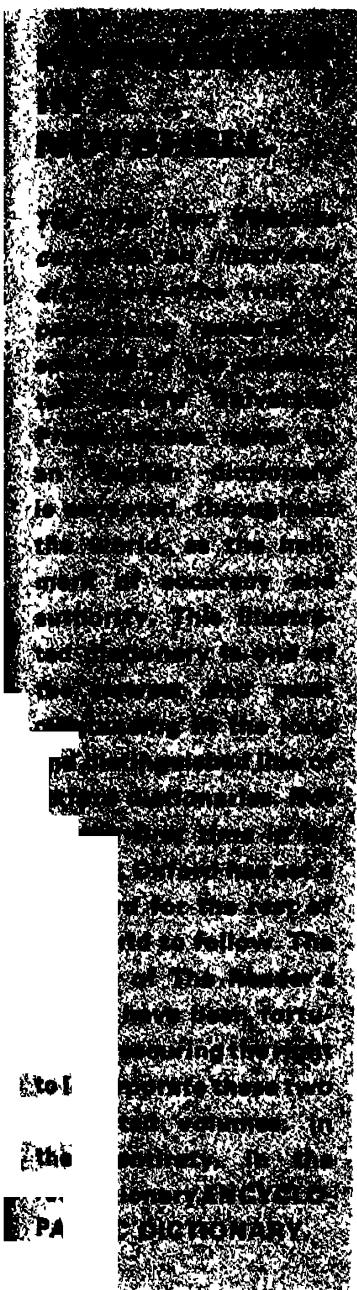
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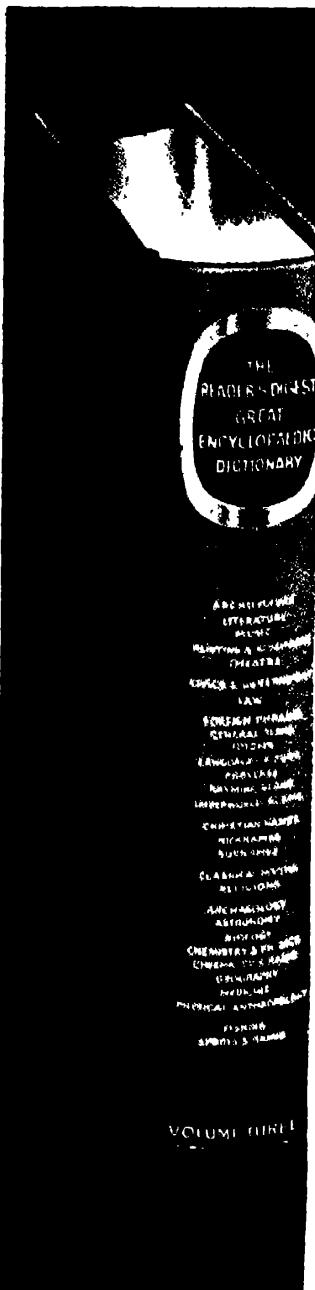
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Family Planning Fights Poverty

*Overpopulation is threatening our civilization.
If unchecked, it will affect everyone—rich and poor*

BY MARYA MANNES

I AM NOT a mathematician, but I offer an equation of today: People minus Space equals Poverty. This is true whether that space is a slum dwelling, a university classroom or a national park. And, in my view, there are two kinds of poverty—each directly caused by the unchecked rise in population.

One kind—the slum kind—may seem only physical: not enough room, not enough food, not enough warmth or clothing. But, in reality, this kind of poverty warps the mind and soul as well as the body. It

creates an army of sick people and public charges. How can love and attention be bestowed on a child in a rat-infested room amid a climate of poverty, frustration, disease and dirt? And how can a child grow and play when his recreation space is a back alley, a littered piece of waste land, a street full of beggars and thugs?

Yet there are other kinds of poverty. Even the most advanced countries find themselves faced with new ills that impoverish the human spirit: monotonous suburbs, choked

highways and littered wildernesses. Conditions like these can in the long run make just as dangerous inroads on the health of a society as the more obvious kind of poverty. They are, in fact, already doing so. In another 25 years, only the very rich can expect to live with the dignity of peace and privacy in even the wealthiest lands.

A great fallacy still entrenched in our thinking is that population control and planned parenthood are desirable only for the poor and the ignorant. The reasonably well-to-do think they can have all the children they want, so long as they can support them. What business is it of anyone whether they have four children or six if both parents want them? I would say it is the business of the children themselves and of the world they will find themselves in, and the world *they* will pass on to their children.

It took all of recorded history up to the mid-nineteenth century for the world's population to reach 1,000 million. It took less than 100 years to add the next 1,000 million—and we'll double today's 3,000 million before this century ends. In less than 40 years we'll be twice as many as we are now!

Where will the schools come from? The teachers? The doctors? The jobs? The land itself?

The lucky people who still have space, privacy, recreation and education can no longer expect that their children and grandchildren

will be as lucky. The crowds are pushing the cities farther and farther into the countryside, invading sanctuaries, devouring forests, widening roads. The great majority is pressing closer and closer together.

AN IMPERATIVE human right is the right of every child to be born to responsible parents in a society that wants him and needs him. For this to happen, all people in all nations must be given easy access not only to information about birth control, but to whatever form of contraceptive is compatible with their religious faith.

The late Pope Pius XII once said, "The regulation of offspring is compatible with the law of God," and called for extensive research to improve the rhythm method. It would therefore now seem indefensible for any social worker, doctor, or government employee involved in public health and welfare to invoke religious scruples as a reason for denying birth-control information and aid when it is requested.

The writing on the wall has been there for many years. Now more and more people are reading it. Famous author John Gunther puts it very bluntly: "There can be no advance at all unless population is checked, for the simple inexorable reason that the great expanding mass of people—human mouths—will eat progress away." In other words, a war on poverty can never

be won without a war on uncontrolled population growth.

Our duties are therefore clear. We must see that in our own community the two battles are carried on conjointly and that all obstacles to the full use of birth-control measures are removed not only from the statutes, but from the minds of all people.

At the same time, we have to educate not only the poor but the rich to the peril of unchecked procreation. All the young people who marry when they have barely finished school want a family; a houseful of children is a natural hope. But

they might ask themselves, after their third child, whether having more would not be self-indulgence --at the expense of their existing children and their future.

They must be made to see clearly the mushrooming cloud on the horizon, which is not the atomic bomb but the threatening crowd. They must be made to realize that poverty and population growth are inexorably linked. They must be made to see that only by their own responsible restraint will they be able to keep the threatening crowd from engulfing us all.

There is no time to wait.

Condensed from Ladies' Home Journal

The Writer's Craft

ERLE STANLEY GARDNER, creator of private detective, Perry Mason, tells about his early days as a writer of Western stories :

"When a writer is writing at three cents a word, he is painfully conscious of the number of words. In fact, when I was typing my own stories, I had an adding-machine device connected to the space bar of my typewriter, so that every time I hit the space bar I registered a figure on my word counter. Without my realizing it, my heroes developed a habit of missing the first five shots, only to connect with the last bullet in the gun. At one time an editor took me to task for this. Why were my characters always so inaccurate with the first five shots?

"I told the editor frankly, 'At three cents a word, every time I say *bang* in the story I get three cents. If you think I'm going to finish the gun battle while my hero has got 15 cents' worth of unexploded ammunition in his gun, you're nuts.'

—*The Atlantic Monthly*

STEPHEN LEACOCK, the Canadian humorist, once taught in a small college for only 700 dollars (Rs. 5,250) a year. Small as the pay was he could do little about it. It is said that he once wrote a letter to the Board of Governors, saying :

"Gentlemen, unless you see your way clear to increasing my stipend immediately I shall reluctantly be forced to"—and here it was necessary to turn over the page to see the end of the letter, which read—"continue working for the same figure."

—G. P. V.

ITHE BIG news from Communist China today is the current leadership struggle, and the new campaign called "The Great Cultural Revolution" in which students are being used to enforce a stricter communist way of life. Friends constantly ask me what I think about it. The truth is, I think mainly how lucky I am to be away from it all.

My own years in China's higher education system (1959-63) were marked by insecurity, turmoil, hunger, fear—and a minimum of real education. But what is happening there today is much worse and is sure to have a drastic effect on the country's near future.

The general impression outside China is that the rigidly doctrinaire "leftists" within the Chinese Communist Party are ruthlessly purging all "rightist-revisionist" elements. But this is an over-simplification. Many of those who have suffered in the current series of purges were outspoken, die-hard "leftists" themselves.

What we are witnessing is, in fact, a naked struggle for power, a free-for-all scramble, apparently going on at all levels of the Party leadership. The country is close to chaos. The fact that this danger

TUNG CHI-PING, born in Shanghai in 1940, is a member of the first generation of Chinese educated entirely under the communist regime. Assigned to a diplomatic post in Africa in late 1964, he defected almost immediately and now lives in the United States.

I Was a Student in Red China

A rare, firsthand glimpse
into the nightmare of
education behind the
Bamboo Curtain

By TUNG CHI-PING,
as told to HUMPHREY EVANS



I WAS A STUDENT IN RED CHINA

exists and apparently cannot be prevented is one of the basic flaws in communist ideology.

The leaders are acutely aware of how weakened the regime is during the struggle. At such times, their fear of the intellectuals becomes almost pathological—these are the ones likely to see through the propaganda smoke-screen and be capable of quick united action. And of all the intellectuals, university students are the most volatile, the most apt to rise in opposition. Thus, any period of insecurity or weakness within the regime invariably brings an especially harsh suppression of students and teachers.

The suppression in Chinese universities has never been worse. All lectures have been suspended for months. The students spend every waking hour at political meetings, rallies, demonstrations and parades, participating in the Great Cultural Revolution. They are harangued almost constantly and driven to slogan shouting until they are hoarse.

But the most ominous development in secondary schools and universities was the suspension last summer of all enrolment for the new term in order to work out "new enrolment procedures," thus eliminating competitive examinations as an entrance requirement. Newspapers have been full of condemnation of the examination system. It now seems that enrolment will be made by appointment only, on the basis of political standing.

Even when I was enrolled at the Shanghai Institute of Foreign Languages, academic qualifications were a poor third in the list of requirements. Physical fitness—the ability to work long hours at manual labour—was far more important. Most important of all was "political level."

To ordinary students this meant coming from an "acceptable class background" (worker or peasant) and being familiar with the current Party line. Children of important officials were automatically assumed to have the highest "political level."

Political Pupils. A school friend was the son of a People's Liberation Army general. This made the boy our star pupil, and even the highest authorities at the school were deferential to him. He was a big, slow-witted, sullen type, a hopeless scholar.

Once, during a Russian test, he merely wrote an obscene remark on his paper. The teacher not only gave him the top mark, but thanked him for giving us all "the benefit of his superior wisdom and experience."

The boy had no hope of passing the entrance examinations to any college, but applied for admission to a small school that taught textile designing. Instead, he was sent to Peking to join those studying nuclear physics, the *élite* students of the country! We heard that he was immediately put in charge of the

group's "political enlightenment."

With the elimination of competitive examinations, many more like the general's son will be given high position, while really competent people will get ahead mainly by accident. This seems insane, but it is the logical outcome of a Chinese Communist dogma: the belief that anyone from a peasant or worker background is naturally superior in creativity and intelligence.

With this goes the belief that an intellectual—i.e. a person who acquires knowledge for its own sake, rather than for the advancement of the class struggle—is associated with the enemy *bourgeoisie*. In China today, anyone with an education equivalent to a couple of years at secondary school is regarded as an intellectual, and viewed with deep suspicion.

Lost Lessons. Eventually, the realization spreads that an entire generation of Chinese are being inadequately trained for the technology of modern civilization. Thereupon, for a few months, schools engage in a frenzied attempt to make up for lost time. Temporarily, the emphasis is again on "expert" rather than "communist." This alternate encouragement and suppression of learning has been going on since the communists came to power in 1949.

The belief that working-class students are intellectually superior is, of course, absurd. If anything, they are slower. My family, for example,

were the poorest of the poor, and did not have the tradition of education. Thus I was not given the mental discipline and drive that some of my fellow students had.

But students such as myself received good marks so long as we did a certain minimum of schoolwork. For us the entrance examinations were made much easier, and the curriculum was relieved of the more difficult subjects. Meanwhile, our class-mates from the *bourgeoisie* strained to the utmost merely to be permitted to remain at school. The most brilliant of my school friends—a genius at chemistry—was denied higher education and forced to become a bath-house attendant. His father had been a prosperous shop-owner.

Another obstacle to education was the attitude towards teachers, who traditionally have been given great respect in China. According to Mao's communist dogma, however, teachers are by vocation *bourgeois*, thus a "reactionary element," and therefore inferior.

We students, conversely, were a "progressive element," encouraged to defy, revile and denounce our teachers. I was one of those who became adept at classroom indiscipline. Some teachers committed suicide. Some went insane. Others were replaced by semi-literate Party workers.

A still more depressing effect on educational standards came from the Chinese Communist innovation

of combining study with "productive labour." In theory, I think this is a good idea. But to be successful these "work-study" programmes must be planned with great care. Chinese schoolchildren are hustled off to factories and fields without adequate preparation or training. They damage tools and machinery and get in everyone's way; their health suffers from overwork and undernourishment and, of course, the time away from studies slows down their academic training.

On one occasion my entire school was sent to a co-operative outside Shanghai to pick cotton. The only way we could come close to filling the large quotas assigned us was to go through the fields quickly, grabbing only the largest bolls. (Theoretically we were paid for our labour—but not in money; a meaningless book-keeping adjustment acknowledged our effort.)

The regular cotton-pickers then had to go through the fields and glean them properly. Since their income depended on the quantity they picked, they had to work twice as hard to earn a normal wage. They hated us so much that I think we might have been attacked by them if we had not been so small and miserable.

In late 1961, after the collapse of the Great Leap Forward and the subsequent period of food shortages, open criticism of our lowered educational standards was permitted. Teaching was given new emphasis.

We were told officially that we could "serve socialism" by studying hard. Best of all, the informer system in the schools was dropped.

But this period of leniency lasted only to mid-1962. Since then the situation has become steadily worse.

Education is needed to train modern technologists. Yet that's what Party officials fear most: educated individuals who can think for themselves. Thus the problem is to induce the habit of conformity. Those who step out of line—who demonstrate initiative or originality—are "struggled against" by their associates in small political discussion groups.

They are called "freaks and monsters." Students are made to denounce and revile them and demand their liquidation—or else be made outcasts themselves.

Self-Criticism. If I were in Peking today I would still be attending long, emotional daily meetings with about 20 colleagues from the staff of the Commission for Cultural Relations With Foreign Countries. We would be shouting ourselves hoarse against the revisionist tendencies of the "monsters and freaks" who were trying to "prevent the Thought of Mao Tse-tung from taking root in our minds."

These purge campaigns all end in an orgy of self-criticism—in which your fellow group members may turn against you. You *look* for their faults, because your own survival may depend upon your

THE READER'S DIGEST

being able to denounce someone else.

Once, for example, when I was a student at the Shanghai Institute of Foreign Languages, the country was going through a frantic pig-breeding campaign. A friend and I were assigned to get a large quota of fodder for the Institute's pigs; but almost everything edible for miles around had already been collected. In desperation we stole the official form and entered the false information that we had filled our quota. Thereafter, until the day I defected, I lived in fear that my friend, if ever he was "struggled against," would try to get off lightly by confessing our crime and

denouncing me. I know he was equally terrified that I would confess and denounce him.

Can the communists train a group of educated non-thinkers, human robots, who can design and operate the infinitely complex technology of modern industrialism but still avoid having original ideas of their own? That is what the Chinese are attempting—with a harsher insistence than ever before.

I do not know if they can do it. But I do know how most university students feel in Communist China today. They are terrified, and numb with despair. Education is taking another big step backwards.



Cartoon Quips

FATHER, doing accounts : "It's happened : there's a monthly instalment due every day !"

PYJAMA-CLAD tot calling out to parents : "I'm going to say my prayers. Anyone want anything?"

VOICE heard from surgical team at start of operation : "Who opens?"

MAN TO MAN, outside phone box : "It seems as if it's going to be quite a long conversation. She's just changed ears."

* * *

Geared-Up

SEVERAL years ago when Norman Young could no longer bear the noise of cars parking in front of his house, he bought an old car, paid the insurance and parked it permanently outside.

Three years later the local council decided that the car was no longer safe to drive, and even though Mr. Young never drove it, threatened to fine him. So he bought another car to replace the original one.

—*Glasgow Herald*

What is the magic "plus" factor that will take you to the top?

Foolproof Formula for Success

BY ARTHUR GORDON

WHEN I was asked to give the address at a graduation-day ceremony a friend said to me, "It's easy. All you have to do is to give them a foolproof formula for success!"

It was said jokingly, but the remark stuck in my mind. And the more I thought about it, the more convinced I became that there *is* a foolproof formula for success, available to anyone wise enough to recognize it and put it to work.

When businessmen study academic records, screen applicants for jobs and offer special inducements to proven people, what are they actually looking for? Brains? Energy? Know-how? These things are certainly desirable, but they will carry a man only so far. If he is to move to the top and be entrusted with important decisions, there must be a "plus" factor, something that takes mere ability and doubles or trebles its effectiveness. To describe this magic characteristic

there's only one word: *integrity*.

Basically, the word means *wholeness*. In mathematics, an integer is a number that isn't divided into fractions. In the same way, a man of integrity isn't divided against himself.

He doesn't think one thing and say another—so it's virtually impossible for him to lie. He doesn't believe in one thing and do another—so he's not in conflict with his own principles. It's the absence of inner warfare, I'm convinced, that gives a man the extra energy and clarity of thought that make achievement inevitable.

Integrity really means having a certain built-in set of attitudes. Let me give you examples.

- *Integrity means living up to the best in yourself.* Years ago, a writer who had lost a fortune in bad investments went bankrupt. His intention was to pay off every penny he owed, and three years later he was still working at it. To help him,

a newspaper organized a fund. Important people contributed generously to it. It was a temptation—accepting would have meant the end of a tiresome burden. But Mark Twain refused, and returned the money to the contributors. Seven months later, with his new book a success, he paid off the last of his debts.

• *Integrity means having a highly developed sense of honour.* Not just honesty, mind you, honour. The world-famous architect Frank Lloyd Wright once spoke of this. "What," he asked, "might this sense of honour be? Well, what is the honour of a brick; what would be an honourable brick? A brick brick, wouldn't it? What would be the honour of a board? It would be a good board, wouldn't it? What is the honour of man? To be a true individual."

• *Integrity means having a conscience and listening to it.* "It is neither safe nor prudent," said Martin Luther, facing his enemies in the city where his death had been decreed, "to do aught against conscience. Here I stand; God help me, I cannot do otherwise."

• *Integrity means having the courage of your convictions.* This includes the capacity to cling to what you think is right, to go it alone when necessary, and to speak out against what you know is wrong. In the operating theatre of a famous hospital a young nurse had her first day of full responsibility.

"You've removed eleven sponges, sir," she said to the surgeon. "We used twelve."

"I've removed them all," the surgeon declared. "We'll close the incision now."

"No," the nurse objected. "We used twelve."

"I'll take the responsibility," the surgeon said grimly. "Suture!"

"You can't do that!" blazed the nurse. "Think of the patient!"

The doctor smiled, lifted his foot and showed the nurse the twelfth sponge. "You'll do," he said. He had been testing her for integrity—and she had it.

• *Integrity means obedience to the unenforceable.* In a way, this is the heart of it. No one can *force* you to live up to the best in yourself. No one can *compel* you to get involved. No one can *make* you obey your conscience. A person of integrity does these things anyway.

During the war when Allied armies were slashing across France, a colonel and his jeep driver took a wrong turn and ran into an on-coming German armoured column.

Both men jumped out and took cover, the sergeant in some roadside bushes, the colonel in a culvert under the road. The Germans spotted the sergeant and advanced on him, firing. The colonel could easily have remained undetected. He chose, instead, to come out fighting—one pistol against tanks and machine-guns. He was killed. The sergeant, taken prisoner, told the

story later. Why did the colonel do it? Because his concept of duty, though unenforceable, was stronger than his regard for his own safety.

Difficult? Yes. That is why true integrity is rare, and admired. But in terms of ultimate reward it's worth all the effort. Just consider a few of the dividends that integrity pays.

Boldness. Integrity gives a person the strength to take chances, welcome challenge, reject the unsatisfactory-but-safe for the unknown-with-chance-for-improvement. A person of integrity has confidence and can believe in himself—because he has no reason to distrust himself.

Persistence. Integrity often shows up as an unshakeable single-mindedness of purpose, a tenacity that refuses to give up. "Never give in!" said Winston Churchill. "Never, never, never, never. In nothing great or small, large or petty—never give in except to convictions of honour and good sense." And he never did.

Serenity. People of integrity, I've noticed, are shock-resistant. They seem to have a kind of built-in equanimity that enables them to accept setbacks, or even injustices. Abraham Lincoln was once warned by his friends not to make a certain speech while campaigning for the U.S. Senate in 1858. He replied,

"If it is decreed that I should go down because of this speech, then let me go down linked to the truth." Lincoln did go down, but two years later he became President.

There are many other benefits that integrity brings a person: friendship, trust, admiration, respect. One of the hopeful things about the human race is that people seem to recognize integrity almost instinctively—and are irresistibly attracted to it.

How does one acquire it? I'm sure there's no pat answer. I think perhaps the first step is schooling yourself to practise total honesty in little things: not telling that small lie when it's inconvenient to tell the truth; not repeating that juicy bit of gossip that is quite possibly untrue; not charging that personal phone call to the office.

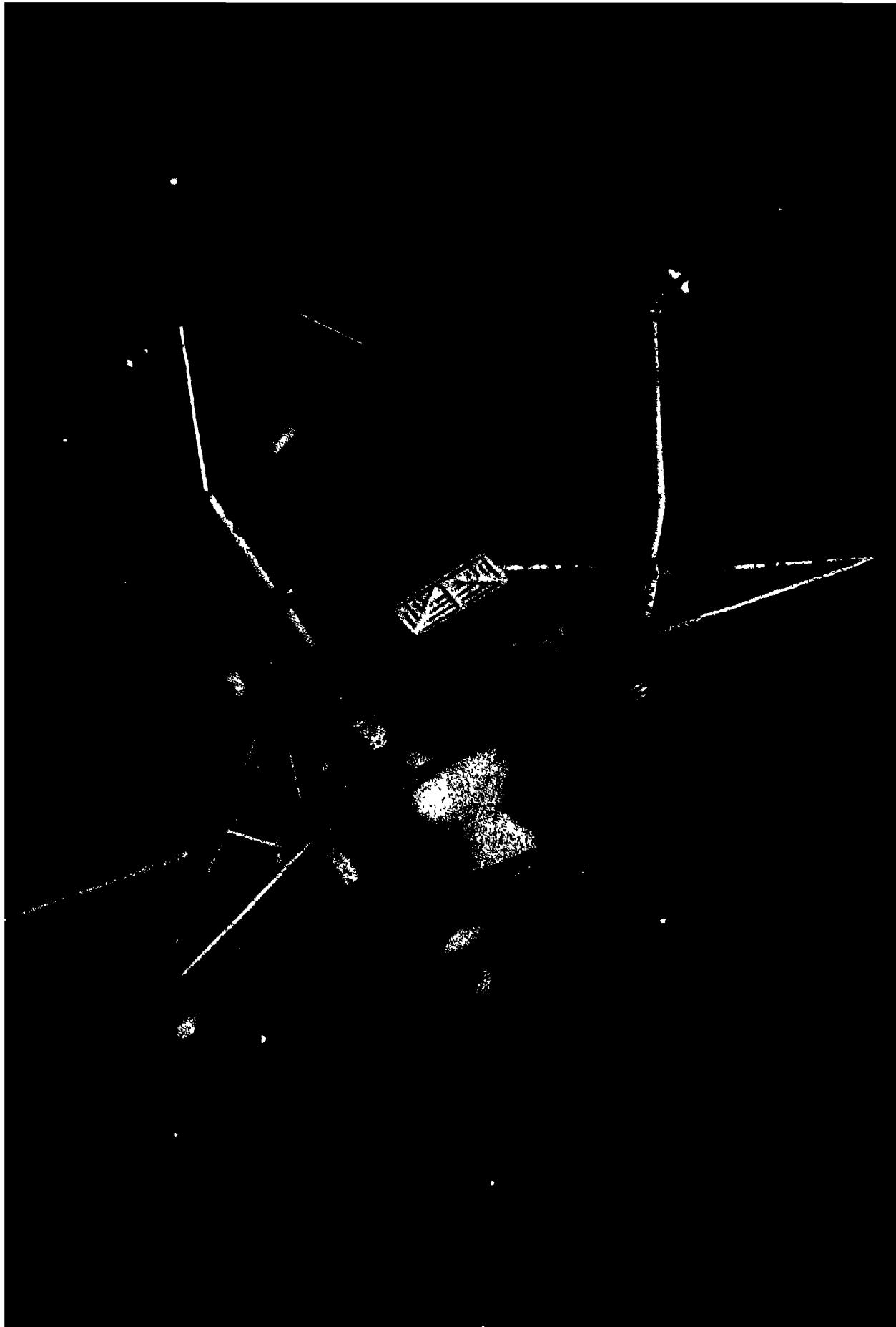
Such disciplines may sound small, but when you really seek integrity and begin to find it, it develops its own power that sweeps you along. Eventually you begin to see that almost anything worth having has an integrity of its own that must not be violated.

A foolproof formula for success? Yes. It's foolproof because—regardless of fame, money, power or any of the conventional yardsticks—if you have integrity, you *are* a success.

Excess Baggage

UNCLAIMED in the lost-property office at Orly Airport, Paris: four mink coats, three brassières, a set of dentures and one sub-machine-gun.

—*Daily Mirror, London*



Touchdown-On the Moon!

How Surveyor I achieved an exciting "first" for the space scientists

BY LEE DUBRIDGE

AT 17 MINUTES and 36 seconds past 6 a.m. Greenwich Mean Time, on June 2, 1966, an ungainly-looking man-made object, over ten feet tall, landed gently on the surface of the moon and proceeded to write a brilliant new chapter in space-age history. The object was Surveyor I, built and launched under the auspices of the U.S. National Aeronautics and Space Administration with Caltech Jet Propulsion Laboratory (JPL) as project manager.

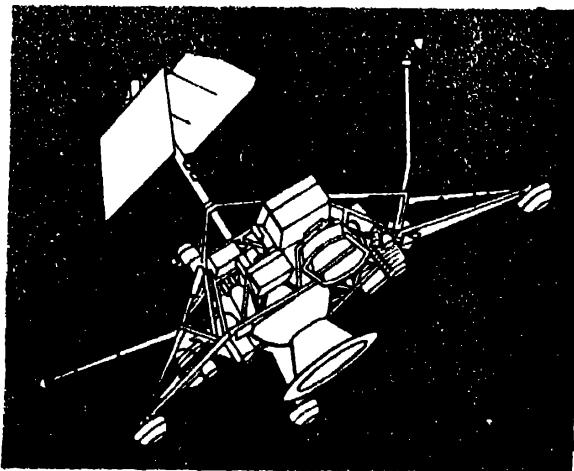
Within moments of its perfect landing, Surveyor I reported that it was undamaged, that the landing was a soft one, and that the solar cells, batteries, radio, camera and television transmitter were ready to go to work. A radio command beamed to the moon by a huge aerial at Goldstone Lake in southern California's Mojave Desert started the first picture-taking sequence. During the next 12 days, a total of 10,338 pictures of breathtaking clarity were received.

Then darkness descended on the landing site and Surveyor I settled down to endure the freezing temperatures of the long moon night. The lunar surface had been very

hot (250 degrees F.) during the day. But 52 hours after the sun set, the temperature of the space-craft's exposed solar panel had dropped to minus 293 degrees. The shielded battery compartment—in which heat was being generated—dropped to zero. Then the transmitter was shut down, for without solar power the battery voltage was dropping rapidly. There was little hope that the batteries would survive the cold.

Miraculously, two weeks later when the sun rose again, it was found that the batteries, though weak, could still be partially charged by solar power. In the 14-day period before another moon

A. Main retro-rocket engine. B. Survey television camera. C. Solar panel. D. Omnidirectional antenna. E. Movable antenna



night descended, 812 more pictures were transmitted. Finally, its job well done, Surveyor was put to rest. But it was still not quite dead: 86 days later, in October, it responded again to commands and sent signals to earth.

Surveyor's brilliant success was all the sweeter because the project had travelled a rough road since it was initiated in 1960. Its booster vehicle, the hydrogen-fuelled Atlas Centaur, had been delayed by extraordinary technical problems. Surveyor had to be redesigned lighter—and redesigned again. The final weight of the space-craft itself at take-off was 2,194 lb., which included the elaborate stabilizing equipment required for a soft landing. Its cost was about Rs. 7.5 crores, though more than Rs. 187.5 crores was spent in development.

Hazards. No one expected perfection on the first trial. It was to be a long journey; there were hundreds of electronic components that could fail; if the space-craft landed too hard, or if it did not come in quite vertically, it could be damaged or destroyed; the hot, airless surface of the moon was a hostile environment; no similar space venture had ever been tried.

Several Ranger vehicles had already crash-landed on the moon, as had Lunik IX, which was so constructed that the camera survived and took a few pictures. But Surveyor, designed to receive and execute 197 types of radio commands

(as compared to Ranger's 12), was of a new order of complexity and sophistication.

However, the launching from Cape Kennedy on May 30 was flawless. The Centaur performed perfectly, hurling Surveyor I on to an excellent course that would have brought it to within 250 miles of the target point on the moon's Sea of Storms. But that was not good enough. Sixteen hours after launching, a mid-course correction manoeuvre brought the actual landing point to within seven miles of the target. This—after a journey of some 240,000 miles in $63\frac{1}{2}$ hours—can be compared to hitting the eye of a flying duck with a rifle, from a moving and rotating platform, at a range of 150 yards!

The guidance manoeuvre involved swinging the space-craft round to bring the retro-rockets into position, firing them for a predetermined number of seconds, and then reorientating the craft into its "cruise mode."* During the flight it was kept orientated towards the sun to receive maximum power for the solar cells. The bright star Canopus in the southern sky had been chosen as a second guide point to prevent Surveyor from spinning or rolling. A photo-cell had to find this star, identify it and then "freeze" on it—firing tiny

* On September 21, while Surveyor II was making a similar manoeuvre, one of its three vernier rockets malfunctioned. The craft began to tumble and went out of control. It crashed on to the surface of the moon on September 22.

gas jets automatically to control the roll position. This went as planned.

The most complex and critical part of the flight was the soft-landing sequence—the first in history. As Surveyor I approached the moon, 30 minutes before touchdown, it was rotated into position to point its radars and its retro-rockets along the line of flight. At about 60 miles from the lunar surface, an altitude-marking radar, mounted in the rocket nozzle, triggered the main solid-fuel retro-rocket.

At this point the crew at the JPL control centre in Pasadena could only sit back and listen tensely as a programmed sequence took place and was reported back. No longer, during the operation, could new commands be sent; time was too short for intervention by human beings 240,000 miles away.

But at exactly the right distance from the moon (46½ miles), the retro-rocket ignited and the space-craft, travelling at nearly 6,000 m.p.h., began to slow down. The voice of Surveyor Control announced calmly, "Speed now 4,900 miles per hour . . . 3,000 miles per hour . . . 1,000 miles per hour . . ." Then, on schedule, 39 seconds after ignition, the retro-rocket burned out and was automatically jettisoned.

Surveyor was now travelling at 267 m.p.h. A second "Doppler" radar system took control, with four beams measuring speed, distance and orientation of the craft relative to the moon's surface. The designers

had to take a chance it was the *top* surface of the moon that would be the radar reflector—not a hard layer buried beneath a few feet of non-reflecting dust. The gamble paid off, and another new piece of information was added to the essential technology for lunar flights.

The Doppler radar fired Surveyor's vernier rockets at an altitude of 25,000 feet above the moon, then delicately throttled them as necessary to slow down the craft further and keep it on a vertical path. The speed began to drop again—"200 miles an hour, 100 miles an hour . . ." And then it quickly came down to about 3 m.p.h. at 12 feet above the moon's surface.

Touchdown. The vernier rockets were turned off to prevent raising dust which might coat the camera lens and other sensitive components. After this last 12 feet of free fall, Surveyor landed on the moon—a perfect three-point vertical landing, more gentle than most parachutists hitting the earth.

"Touchdown!" An enthusiastic cheer went up from hundreds of on-lookers at JPL. Visiting NASA officials and U.S. Congressmen rushed up to congratulate the laboratory director. •

Now the engineers were again in charge. They made preliminary tests, then pointed the camera at Surveyor's own feet. When the first picture came on the screen, there was another loud cheer. The picture revealed that the craft's landing

pads were intact, resting firmly on top of the lunar soil.

More superb-quality pictures followed, showing other parts of the space-craft and portions of the moon's surface. As fast as prints could be run off, scientists pored over these first close-up pictures of the lunar surface. "It looks just like ordinary soil," they exclaimed.

Moonscape. You could find the same sort of stuff in any stony back garden—fine earth, coarse gravel, stones of all sizes. Scores of small craters pock-marked the otherwise flat surface. And over the northern horizon a range of low hills could be seen.

And how hard was the surface?

As each of Surveyor's foot-pads hit the ground, they splashed out a little dirt—as though you had kicked your toe in the soil in your garden. But the landing pads did not sink in; they were fully visible. The weight resting on each pad was about 33 lb., 100 lb. in all. (Surveyor weighed 600 lb. earth-weight as it rested on the moon without the main retro-rocket.) So a man *could* walk on the moon! He would not sink in dust up to his knees—or to his neck. One of the great unknowns was at last answered.

What kind of camera was it that sent back these extraordinary pictures? Some of them show tiny grains of dirt, only one-fiftieth of an inch in diameter. Others show

fine details of the structure of near-by rocks. Assembled into a mosaic they reveal a striking panorama of the lunar scene.

At first sight the camera was nothing spectacular. It had a zoom lens which could focus on either near-by or distant objects. It could take narrow- or wide-angle photos. Exposure time could be varied from about one-sixth of a second to infinity. All these could be adjusted at will by commands from Pasadena. The image was focused on a vidicon tube, and pictures were transmitted back to earth at the rate of one picture every 3.6 seconds.

The camera axis was nearly vertical, shooting up into a mirror which could be tilted up and down or rotated through 360 degrees. Three colour filters enabled the camera to take colour-separation negatives that were combined in the laboratory to make colour prints. The entire visible lunar surface, it appears, is a neutral grey colour.

The camera was the only "scientific instrument" which Surveyor could carry (within its weight limit) and many scientists bemoaned this fact. Future Surveyors will carry other instruments. But this first test flight was a brilliant achievement. Many questions were successfully answered, and the road to even more complex missions—including a manned landing in the next few years—is now open.

FAMILY's name for their prolific cat : "Madame Ovary."—Helen Bevington

ME AND MY TERRIBLE TALENT

A confused collector bemoans his knack of creating sudden wealth—for everybody but himself

BY JEROME BEATTY

FOR SEVERAL years we had some old-fashioned wicker furniture that had been handed down through my wife's family. I never liked it very much and finally prevailed on her to give it to a friend. That was a few months ago. The other day a catalogue arrived from an exclusive department store. The first page of the catalogue, entitled "Wicker Revival," pictures a "hand-made wicker settee, with matching chair"—at an enormous expense. They are exact replicas of the ones we gave away.

I wasn't surprised. If there is a revival of anything, it is almost certain to be immediately after I have thrown out all we have of it. I am a bamboozled investor caught up in an economic system I don't understand. In this system the value of anything is in inverse proportion to my desire for it. I can't play the

stock market, of course. I cause securities to nose-dive merely by reading the quotations and making a mental investment in them. I suppose if I had the time I could conjure up a whole recession like this.

Every time I exercise my horrible magic touch, I alter the basic principles of supply and demand. Remember when long-playing records became popular? I tossed out about a hundred old 78's, convinced that nobody would want them. Now these disks are "in"—collectors' items.

It does something to your ego to be so extremely wrong about what to save and what to throw away. Some of my ineptitude has even rubbed off on my wife and made her jittery. Not long ago she went through the family's wardrobes and found clothes that the children had outgrown. She separated them into

Condensed from Philadelphia Sunday Bulletin Magazine

two piles, a good one and a bad one. She gave the good pile to Lily, our cleaning woman. Lily went through the good pile, ending up with a good pile of her own, which she took home with her, and a bad pile.

Thus my wife was left with a good bad pile and a bad bad pile. She was so upset that she went through them again and found a few items which she thought should not be in any pile. They are now hanging up in the wardrobes again.

Then she nervously decided to consign the remaining clothes to a charitable organization. At the same time I found a few objects around the house that I thought we could dispense with. I rang the charity people but before their lorry arrived I received a letter from them listing items they did not want: heavy cast-iron stoves, old washing machines, hot-water heaters, dilapidated furniture, screens, sinks, jars, cans and bottles.

When the lorry came, all we got rid of were the piles of clothes which, afterwards, my wife listed from memory, naming things she wished she had kept and blaming me for throwing them out. But, for me, the worst shock was to read that list of taboo items and realize that here was a good description of the possessions I was hanging on to

because I imagined they were worth something.

Thus I exist surrounded by white elephants that won't stay white. Spring-cleaning time is a deflating affair for me. Getting the junk out to the bins is bad enough in itself, what with someone or other in the family for ever running out and retrieving a picture frame or a doll's head. But even worse are the dustmen. They see discarded objects through rose-coloured spectacles. I peer out of the window. A man leaps from the cart, takes something from my heap of debris, brushes it off carefully and says to himself, "Look what the fool threw away this time!"

My feelings of insecurity, junk-wise, were tragically heightened during our latest clear-out. I had accumulated a lot of stuff like broken steam irons, rusty hinges and pram wheels. I put them in a wooden barrel I had. The big dustcart appeared. I watched as the men dumped the junk in the back. Then, to my horror, they tied that good barrel on to the top of the cart and drove away with it, too. It turns out that barrels are worth their weight in—well, I was going to say gold, but perhaps that's worthless now. Don't ask me; I can't decide if I should save mine or throw it out.

THE CHIEF TRAGEDY of the human race is that the war approaching always seems necessary and "inevitable"; it is only 20 years later that it is seen as avoidable and futile. Is the mind perpetually condemned to live two steps behind the passions?

—Sydney Harris

MELBA: GODDESS OF OPERA

RUTH PARK AND D'ARCY NILAND

THE LITTLE Italian with the matchless voice was up to his tricks again. Coming on-stage and bursting into the Puccini aria, "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen!", he took Melba's hand and pressed a hot sausage into it. She flung the sausage high like a juggler and the wondering audience craned their necks to see what it was.

Melba was furious. "I'll get you," she hissed. Caruso beamed happily.

A practical joker herself, Melba never knew what the fun-loving Caruso would come up with next. But though she complained of his pranks, she said he was a simple, lovable creature with a big heart, a love of ordinary people which she shared, and the most wonderful tenor voice she had ever heard.

That was a rare tribute coming from someone with a voice like Melba's. Shaw Desmond, gossip of the Edwardian era, said of the incomparable flute of her voice that it was a nightingale singing. "Even with the formidable Caruso, whose voice could engulf orchestra and audience, Melba's flute always held



its way serenely—a songbird singing within a tempest."

This voice, ranging easily and evenly over three octaves, made Helen Porter Mitchell the legend that became Melba. It gathered round her a world peopled with kings, queens and millionaires—all paying homage and bearing gifts. It made her—the first Australian-born singer to win international fame—the idol of great composers and the goddess of opera for nearly 40 years.

Ambition. It was bound to happen, for with the phenomenal voice went a superhuman vitality, a zest for life and a ruthless determination to reach the top. "Great obstacles were placed in my path," she said, "but I do not think anything in this world could have hindered me from becoming a singer."

Nellie was born on May 19, 1861, at Richmond, Victoria, and became the tomboy of the family, with a raucous laugh, muddy knees, and a swear word or two when she liked. Her father, David Mitchell, a canny Melbourne businessman, found her a handful.

Once, seeing an unattended horse-omnibus, the delighted child sprang aboard and drove it through the streets of Melbourne, scattering pedestrians pell-mell. But she was her father's devoted companion, and they often rode, fished and went for walks in the bush together.

The whole family was musical.

David Mitchell himself played the violin and his wife played the piano, harp and organ. Two of Nellie's aunts also sang unusually well; she received her earliest singing lessons from Aunt Lizzie. At six, standing on a chair at the Richmond Public Hall, Nellie gave her first public performance: she sang "Shells of the Ocean" and "Comin' Thro' the Rye," a song she was later to make world-famous.

Her father was proud of her, yet impatient too as she wanted more and more to give concerts at home—because she "loved the applause." He sent her to the Presbyterian Ladies College, in East Melbourne. But instead of its refining influences taming the shrew, the impact of this hoydenish tomboy lowered the dignity and considerably endangered the standards of that establishment. Shocked teachers took her to task for her high-powered whistling; they remonstrated with her when she delighted her classmates by making that "funny noise in her throat"—the brilliant trill of later years.

But it was principally as a pianist that she first achieved popularity in Melbourne. Occasionally she sang, and periodically she took singing lessons from Pietro Cecchi, a retired Italian singer.

She was nearly 20 when her mother and infant sister Vere died within four months of each other. To help her get over the shock and depression, her father took her on a

business trip to North Queensland.

There she met Charles Nesbitt Armstrong, a sugar plantation manager. It was easy for him to fall in love with her dark beauty, her vital, reddish-brown eyes with their long curling lashes, her fine figure and graceful bearing. It was just as easy, too, for her to fall in love with him.

He was Irish, the son of a baronet, charming and different. They were married in Brisbane in December 1882. And David Mitchell rubbed his hands with satisfaction, convinced that his daughter's urge for a professional career would at last die a natural death in the glory of wifely duties and motherhood.

But the marriage was a mistake. The vivacious young city girl found herself a prisoner in the hopeless green damp of Queensland. Her son George was born in 1883; when he was two months old, she left home and husband and returned to her father's house in Melbourne. She was going to become a professional, she told him. But as pianist or singer?

Her mind was made up for her after she played and sang at a *soirée musicale* at Government House in Melbourne. When thanking her, the Governor's wife said, "Child, you play brilliantly, but you sing better. Some day you will give up the piano for singing and then you will become famous."

Pietro Cecchi persuaded her to

resume lessons with him and encouraged her in her ambition to seek success in Europe. Against her father's wishes, she toured Victoria and New South Wales to earn money for travel and study. The concerts were financial failures: critics acclaimed her voice, but the paying public ignored it.

Turning Point. Towards the end of 1885 Nellie was made principal soprano in the choir of St. Francis Church in Melbourne. This may have been the stroke that ended her father's resistance. For early the following year, when David Mitchell was appointed Victorian Commissioner to the Indian and Colonial Exhibition in London, he told her she could come too; and agreed to pay for a year's lessons under whatever teacher she selected.

Nellie was thrilled. With her son she sailed away in March 1886, nursing letters of introduction to the great of a remote world as though they were the keys of heaven.

But London hearts were as hard as London streets. Disappointment followed disappointment. Sir Hubert Parry was too busy to see her. Sir Arthur Sullivan told her that after another year's study there might be a chance of a small part in *The Mikado*. Alberto Randegger was sorry but he did not feel justified in accepting her as a pupil. Later he was to conduct at her Covent Garden triumphs, and with Sullivan became one of her warmest

friends and admirers. It always gave her satisfaction to tease them both about their misjudgement.

The letters were running out, the disillusionment increasing. Then Wilhelm Ganz, delighted with her singing of his "Sing, Sweet Bird," arranged a small concert for her. She was ecstatic, with visions of fame. Nothing came of it. Ganz arranged for her to see Carl Rosa, manager of the English Opera Company. But Rosa forgot the appointment.

She had one letter left, from Elise Weidermann-Pinschoff, wife of the Austro-Hungarian consul in Melbourne, to Madame Mathilde Marchesi in Paris. Nellie persuaded her father to give her enough money to take her and young George to Paris. She promised that if Madame Marchesi—"the greatest teacher of them all"—turned her down she would go back to Australia with him and forget all about singing.

Mathilde Marchesi, a severe grey-haired figure in black, sat down at the piano for the routine of auditioning. Nellie sang an aria from *La Traviata*. All seemed to be going well when suddenly Marchesi stopped and cried: "Why do you screech your top notes? Can't you sing them *piano*?"

Nellie swallowed, fighting down the sense of failure. She sang top B as softly as she could, then C.

"Higher," ordered Marchesi.

Still *pianissimo*, Nellie went to top E. Then abruptly, without a

50

word, Marchesi hurried from the room. She rushed upstairs to her teacher-composer husband, exclaiming: "Salvatore! Salvatore! At last I have found a star!"

But Nellie Armstrong did not know this. She stood sick at heart thinking it was all over. Returning, Marchesi told the shaking girl, "If you are serious and will study with me for one year, I will make something extraordinary of you."

New Life. Marchesi found her pupil earnest, exceptionally intelligent and an indefatigable worker. Nellie had to unlearn everything she had been taught. She studied music for eight hours a day, its technique, theory and tradition; Marchesi did not allow her to use her voice much.

The autocratic old woman made her give up riding because it was harmful to her vocal cords. She told her not to wash her hair—it was too easy to catch cold. She must clean it with tonic and a fine-tooth comb. In every way Nellie let this woman mould her. But life was hard for her and George. With little money, she had to make sacrifices; and though a perfectionist herself, she suffered under her tutor's passion for perfection.

One day, during the mad scene from *Lucia*, Marchesi was particularly severe. Nellie burst into tears and fled from the room, declaring the relationship finished. Marchesi followed and put her arms round the sobbing young woman. "Nellie,

Nellie," she said. "You know I love you. If I am strict with you, it is because I know you will be great. Come back and sing as I wish."

By December 1886, Marchesi considered her protégée ready for a début at her house in the rue Jouffroy. The *élite* of Paris attended Nellie Armstrong's first appearance as Madame Melba. Marchesi had insisted on a change of name and Nellie suggested this derivation from Melbourne, her native city.

Nellie Melba's brilliant reception was only a foretaste of the success of her operatic début at the Théâtre de la Monnaie in Brussels. On Thursday, October 13, 1887, in Verdi's *Rigoletto*, knowing nothing of acting, she went out in a daze of fear

before the most critical audience she had so far faced.

"I only know," she wrote, "that from the first note I sang there was a hush that hardly seemed human, a hush in which I heard my voice floating out into the distance as though it were the voice of someone other than myself."

Next morning she awoke to find herself "famous all over Europe." Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Delibes became her friends. She was to work with them, as with Verdi, Massenet, Leoncavallo, the shy young giant Puccini, and the eccentric Saint-Saëns. Composers wrote for her and asked her to interpret their works. When the Brussels theatre directors were worrying

"Peach Melba"

THE FAMOUS French chef Escoffier was one of Melba's devoted admirers. Incredibly shy, he did not dare send her flowers or jewels, but did better. He composed a succulent dessert which he dedicated to her: a peach, poached in vanilla syrup, placed in a cup over vanilla ice-cream and covered with crushed raspberries.

Melba herself describes the event in her *Mémoires*:

"I was lunching alone in a little room at the Savoy Hotel in London, on one glorious morning in spring. I was served a most excellent luncheon. Towards the end of it there arrived a little silver dish, which was uncovered before me with a message that M. Escoffier had prepared it specially for me. And much as Eve tasted the first apple, I tasted the first Peach Melba in the world.

"'It's delicious,' I said. 'Ask M. Escoffier what it is called.'

"Word came back that it had no name, but that M. Escoffier would be honoured if he might call it Peach Melba. I said he might with the greatest pleasure, and thought no more of it. But very soon afterwards, Peach Melba became the rage of London."

And since, it has become the rage of the world.

about letting her sing *Lakmé* in her woeful French, Delibes pounded the table and shouted: "She may sing in Chinese if she likes so long as she sings my opera."

Typical of her industry, Melba found the best teacher and studied French for six hours a day.

She captured blasé Paris in the spring of 1889, and Covent Garden a month later. At the Garden she sang with the great Polish tenor Jean de Reszke. He told her nature had given her a voice of gold, "positively the most beautiful of our time."

She went on in triumph, gathering fame, wealth and jewels. She appeared by Royal command at Windsor Castle to sing to Queen Victoria. In the last decade of the century, Melba conquered New York and Milan. At La Scala she faced a bitterly hostile audience and won them over. After the mad scene from *Lucia* they applauded her for ten minutes. The Tsar summoned her to St. Petersburg where the Imperial family heaped her with jewels to add to her collection.

The same wild excitement met her when she returned to Australia in 1902—as *prima donna assoluta* of the world. Bands played, flags waved, crowds filled the streets.

Even those who resented her 16-year absence found themselves joining in the jubilant acclamation that greeted her every appearance. She sang them arias. She sang them old songs—"Home,

Sweet Home." Melbourne was home, and they cried. "They were her people.

Nellie Melba took wealth, power and success in her stride, and never lost her head. She had her detractors, as all individual and famous persons do. They accused her of an all-consuming vanity. But Melba was honest: knowing she was supreme, she put a price on her voice and she expected her due—no more, no less. At the same time, without jealousy and in the interest of art, she set a precedent for great *prima donnas* by singing, on occasion, minor characters to lead sopranos.

A brilliant businesswoman, Melba made a fortune from her singing and her investments. She earned an estimated Rs. 13 lakhs a year between 1893 and 1914, but she spent lavishly, entertained expensively and gave liberally to people and institutions. During the First World War she worked tirelessly, raising some Rs. 13 lakhs for the Australian Red Cross alone. For her services she was made a Dame of the Order of the British Empire in 1918.

Melba found it impossible to say good-bye to the life that was her love. No one retired and returned more often than she did. In 1924 she took an opera company to Australia and was its principal soprano. Though 64, her remarkable voice was pure and fresh. Two years later in London, in the presence of King George V and Queen Mary, she said her last farewell to

Covent Garden. It was a night of tears and flowers: the audience came fearing a pitiable débâcle and witnessed a magnificent triumph. Melba broke down and wept after the ovation.

Her last significant appearance was at the official opening of Parliament House, Canberra, in 1927, when she sang the national anthem.

Afflicted with diabetes and a type of blood poisoning, she died at St. Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, on February 23, 1931. She left Rs. 42 lakhs, with legacies for relatives, friends and "little people" everywhere. To her beloved granddaughter, Pamela, she gave her fabulous jewels. The rest of the estate went to her son George and his wife.

She was buried near her childhood home at Lilydale, and near Coombe Cottage, the old country house where she spent many of her last days. "It is my wish that my son, George Armstrong, will keep up Coombe Cottage as though I were there and I hope he will never sell it; because I have put my heart's blood in this beloved little spot." That was her wish, wherever she died.

For those who wondered why she had not chosen a last resting place in some part of the Old World where she first found recognition and then immortality, Melba has written for all time: "You must understand that first and foremost I am an Australian."



Floating Voter

AT THE time of Great Britain's last General Election, Quintin Hogg was making a speech when a group of youths began heckling and throwing stink bombs. "Sit down, sir," shouted Mr. Hogg to a long-haired youth in plum-coloured sweater and dark glasses, "that is, if you are a little boy and not a little girl . . . Behave yourself, sir, or madam, as the case may be."

—New York *Herald Tribune*

* * * *

Time and Tide

ON IRELAND's Dingle Peninsula, where there is a sweeping view of the Atlantic, stands a notice that might well sum up the impact of the times on traditional Erin. It reads: "Where you can Rest, Watch and Dream, whilst the Waters of the Deep, sad and strange as the Waters of Eternity, break with weary murmurs at your feet."

—James Morris

From America comes a plan to prevent children who do not want an academic career from wasting their senior-school years

New Cure for Boredom in the Classroom

By JAMES NATHAN MILLER

AT FIRST you notice nothing unusual about the classroom. The teacher is lecturing on sound waves, and it could be a high-school physics class anywhere: 30 students face a blackboard covered with wavy lines and a table loaded with electronic equipment that fills the room with growls and shrieks.

But this is no conventional class. It is part of what is called the "interdisciplinary" approach to education. Its significance is this: the class is specifically designed to meet the needs of the students who will probably not go on to complete a university course.

Today's typical students can

follow two main routes through senior school: the "high road" of academic courses, or the "low road" of vocational education. Regardless of which they take, most run into the same trap: boredom with courses which they consider to be—and which too often are—useless.

Many students who have no plan to go on to university just can't see the applicability of Chaucer, medieval history, etc. to their own lives, and leave before matriculating.

But what about vocational education? Isn't it giving realistic preparation for the world of work? The answer is: no. Too often vocational courses do not teach the skills that

Condensed from *The PTA Magazine*

NEW CURE FOR BOREDOM IN THE CLASSROOM

modern industry wants, and too often the facilities and the teaching techniques are second-rate.

The inter-disciplinary classroom takes its students neither on the high road to an academic career nor on the low road of commitment to a specific skill. Instead, it gives them a *middle* road: preparation for further training in the vast and expanding field of technology—and perhaps, later on, transfer to a university.

It is part of a plan of inter-disciplinary education which began in 1961 as an experiment in two Richmond, California, schools and has since been adopted by others in the San Francisco area.

The plan motivates the unmotivated student in two ways. First, it gives the student a reason for studying that he can understand, and then arranges his curriculum so that this reason runs through all his lessons. There are no ivory-tower goals involved; students can see what they are aiming at merely by reading the Situations Vacant columns of local newspapers, containing appeals for precisely the skills they are developing in the classroom.

Second, this plan introduces a basic change in teaching technique. Return to the classroom where the teacher is lecturing on sound waves and listen closely. After a few minutes you will discover that despite all the electronic paraphernalia and the scientific jottings on the

blackboard, this is not a physics class. It is English.

The discussion of sound waves started with questions about pronunciation and phonetics that grew out of the reading aloud of a student's essay. Now, with equipment borrowed from the physics laboratory, the lessons in grammar, spelling and creative writing are all linked to reports that the students are doing on sound waves.

But the sound-wave discussion doesn't stop in the English class. When the students go to the physics class, they continue the enquiry on a more technical level. In maths, their teacher will build his lessons round formulas that explain the workings of the sound waves. In the workshop, they experiment with making the electronic circuits that produce the beeps and groans. And, back in English, a future assignment will be to read Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and relate its futuristic vision to what the students have learned about our present technology.

Could such an approach work elsewhere? Only if it is adopted with the full realization that this is no mere surface rearranging of classes.

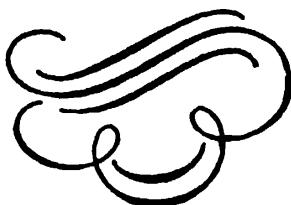
The inter-disciplinary programmes involve a complete revision of educational thinking. For one thing, they require exceptional teachers. "Only teachers who can *bend* can handle this scheme," says James Kelly, a participating science

teacher. For many, such bending violates most of what they learned at teachers' college and have been practising for years in the classroom.

In addition, such a programme costs more than the standard curriculum, because it demands more of teachers. Not only must teachers meet several times each week to co-ordinate the pacing and subject matter of their classes; they must also attend courses during their

holidays to prepare for the new approach, and many must follow up with long hours of "going back to school" to brush up on each other's subjects.

But the challenges that the interdisciplinary programmes present seem small compared with the hope that they hold out to the forgotten students: the hope that this middle road will free them from the biggest trap in an educational system—boredom in the classroom.



Law and Order

CAPTAIN Joseph Dussia, former head of the Pennsylvania State Police Crime Laboratory, is an accomplished safe-blower and lock-picker. His skill came in handy when he and a fellow officer were stranded on a road one night, their car and police radio disabled. A phone box was near by, but they didn't have any change. Captain Dussia entered the booth, picked the locks, dropped a dollar bill into the box, took out some change, re-assembled everything and called a break-down truck.

A few days later, he got this message from a man at the telephone company: "We've got something you should investigate. We found a dollar bill in one of our coin boxes." —WE

* * *

Food for Thought

AN OLD FARMER who spent night after night sitting in silence was asked what he did as he sat. The man replied, "I just think."

"But how can you possibly think that much?"

"Well," said the old man, "thinking is like sin. Them as don't do it is scared of it, but them as do it enough get to like it." —NYT

Progress Report on the American Negro

An assessment of recent gains—and future problems

THE ATTITUDE of many white Americans to their black compatriots is influenced by the belief that the Negro has made great gains in a relatively short time, and that he now would do better to stop agitating and consolidate what he has won. At the same time, much of the new black militancy is a result of frustration over what many Negroes consider their snail's-pace progress. Beneath the passion and the rhetoric, these views pose a root question: just what advances have—and have not—been made by America's 21 million Negroes?

Considering that the drive for full equality did not really gain momentum until after the Second World War, and did not achieve the sanction of law until the U.S. Supreme Court struck down the old "separate but equal" doctrine for schools in 1954, the gains have been nothing less than remarkable.

Though whites still earn far more than Negroes, in a number of areas

Negro income has risen by 24 per cent since 1960, compared with 14 per cent for whites; and approximately one in five Negro families now earns more than 7,000 dollars (Rs. 52,500) a year. Nine out of ten Negro families today own a television set, two-thirds have washing-machines, and more than half own cars. Negroes own 50,000 businesses, and there are about 40 Negro millionaires, plus many thousands who are more than comfortably affluent.

But practically all the gains have been made by the growing Negro middle class, which still constitutes a minority of the Negro population. That is the heart of the problem, for it leaves behind the lower-income, semi-literate Negroes, notably the families with total annual incomes of 3,000 dollars (Rs. 22,500) or less—considered poverty-stricken by the government's relief agencies.

This class contains 60 per cent of all Negro youths, the very people

Condensed from Time

who are in the vanguard of desire and disorder. While the income of the middle-class Negro rises, that of Negroes in some areas is actually declining.

Bitterness. This disparity has created deep hostility between the low-income Negro and his more affluent, well-educated, middle-class brother. The slum Negro is bitterly jealous of those he scornfully calls "white niggers." The middle-class Negro, on the other hand, is troubled by the riots and the chants of "black power," which he knows hurt his cause.

The gulf between the two is widened by the fact that the better-off Negro tends to demonstrate too little concern for those he has left behind. Almost alone among all U.S. ethnic groups, Negroes have no significant charity supported by their own people for their own people. The number of Negroes on the public-welfare rolls is increasing, and one-third of America's spending for public aid, education and housing goes to Negroes, who constitute only 11 per cent of the U.S. population.

Most of the government's new anti-poverty programmes in urban slum areas are directed towards the 2.8 million poor Negro households (which in many ways get more attention than the 9.1 million poor white households). By the latest official figures, poverty has been declining with equal speed among both whites and Negroes, but the

Negro seems to have made more dramatic gains because he had greater ground to make up. The government believes that if all Negroes could be brought up to the average white American's level of affluence, employment and education, the U.S. economy's output would climb by 27,000 million dollars (Rs. 20,250 crores) a year, equal to four per cent of the gross national product.

Progress. The employment situation has become better for the middle-class Negro and worse for the lower-class Negro in recent years. The jobless rate in many black slums is 25 per cent, and automation has eliminated a lot of menial and manual jobs traditionally held by lower-income Negroes. On the other hand, countless job opportunities have opened up for the skilled and semi-skilled. Negro employment in the professional and technical fields has soared by 130 per cent in the past decade; the number of Negro lawyers has increased by 50 per cent since 1950.

In the South, well-educated Negroes are being employed for the first time as clerks, policemen, nurses in white hospitals and teachers in white schools. In northern cities, corporations have joined together to seek ways of finding more Negro workers and executive trainees. Almost every Negro graduate with a good college record can count on several job offers.

Of course, discrimination is still

far from eliminated (some employment agencies use codes to alert prospective employers that the applicant is a Negro). The most unyielding barriers are put up by the craft unions, which are so biased that it is easier for a Negro to become a doctor or junior manager than an electrician or plumber.

Negroes have made impressive gains in the field of education, particularly at college level. Outnumbered by white students twenty to one, they have raised their numbers in colleges and universities to 234,000—far greater than the total enrolments of the universities of Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland and Switzerland combined. Nearly all the Southern universities now have some Negroes. So many scholarships are being offered that almost any talented, energetic Negro youngster can get into college.

For the Negro who never gets to this level, things are considerably bleaker. In a recent study of 650,000 children, the U.S. Office of Education reported that, compared with whites, the average Negro child actually attends newer schools and has newer textbooks but is less likely to have modern scientific equipment or competent teachers. The Negro needs good teachers even more than whites because of greater deprivation in his family background.

Getting good housing is perhaps the most difficult hurdle. One tragedy is that urban development often

means Negro removal—replacing shacks with blocks of flats for middle-income Negroes, and forcing lower-income Negroes to move to even meaner slums. And because the Negro urban population has almost doubled since 1950, the ghettos are spreading. In Washington, for example, Negroes now constitute 63 per cent of the population.

When given the choice, most Negroes are not eager to live next door to the white man. Even in the 17 states and 40 cities which have enacted fair housing codes, thousands of moderately-priced blocks of flats remain white. The Negro's desire to enjoy the superior schooling and housing of a white neighbourhood is very much tempered by his fear of striking out alone. He has a long way to go before he will live side by side with the white man, even in moderate numbers.

Politics. Advances in this field have been enormous, and the potential is great. The number of Negroes running for elective office has risen by 34 per cent in the Democratic Party over the past two years alone. The number of Negroes in the U.S. Congress has risen from two in 1954 to seven now. .

But Negroes will not live up to their full potential in politics until they become more diligent at the polls. While the number of registered Negro voters in the South has risen from 1.24 million to 2.7 million in the past ten years, less than

50 per cent of the eligible Negroes bother to vote in local elections up North.

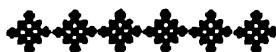
The most obvious and humiliating forms of discrimination have become illegal or unfashionable (at least in the North); but there are subtler problems. Negroes want to be welcomed in private clubs, on golf courses and at week-end parties with their co-workers and customers. As it is, the Michigan Civil Rights Commission estimates that 90 per cent of its state's whites have no contact with non-whites, and the situation is much the same elsewhere.

The Negro thus has to look inward and, in so doing, is slowly discovering a long-submerged sense

of pride. That sense is essential to remedying the lower-class Negro's other social and economic ills, since only pride can overcome the defeatist attitude that has contributed so much to his high rates of unemployment, illegitimacy, delinquency and crime.

Perhaps the greatest advance of recent years is the realization by white Americans that the Negro is a permanent part of their country and that his problems cannot be ignored.

The Negro's recent progress, far from making him content, has greatly intensified his aspirations. The job of helping him to meet his legitimate needs may well continue to be America's most urgent domestic business for decades to come.



Odd Job

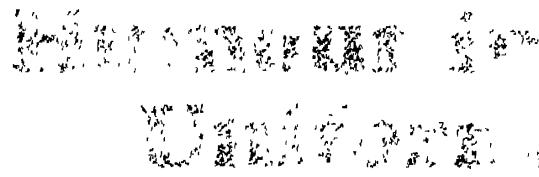
ADVERTISEMENT in *The Bookseller*: "Six vacancies exist in the Bookseller's Association Central Office for intelligent and industrious enthusiasts to work on ideas for improving bookselling. The snag is that there is no room for them all. But there is enough space and a salary of sorts for one, and he (or she) will have to do the work of the other five as well. Even if you can't do more than the work of three, you might still do. Enquiries will be welcome from librarians, bus drivers and publishing executives, but successful booksellers ought not to be encouraged to leave the trade that so earnestly needs them—and if it's money you're after, forget it."

* * *

Package Deal

My WIFE wrapped up three sets of lacy underwear for our daughter. As always when sending a parcel by post she printed on one end: "May be opened for inspection if necessary." But this time she modestly added: "Really, it's nothing you'd be interested in."

—L. W. H.



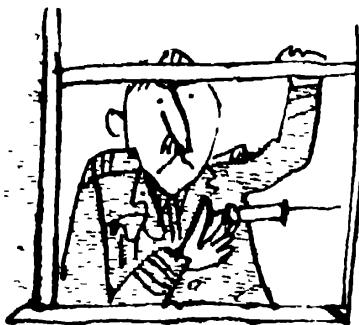
A CHAP giving information on his military background on an insurance form came to the question: "What did you do while in the services?"

"AS TOLD!" he wrote in large letters.

--CAROL HENRY

THE Medical Officer of our RAF unit at Celle, Germany, was a keen gardener who took special pride in the strip of lawn that fronted the sick quarters. Beautifully trim, it needed no reminder to "Keep Off the Grass." Then one day an airman thoughtlessly walked across it.

M.O.



Next morning the M.O. put up a notice: "TRESPASSERS WILL BE VACCINATED."

--JOHN McLFISH

DURING the campaign against the communist guerrillas in Malaya in 1958, a platoon of Gurkhas was ordered to bury the bodies of a communist patrol that they had wiped out.

As the corpses were being dragged from the undergrowth one of them, who had merely been knocked unconscious, stumbled to his feet and stood with his hands up in surrender. Instantly a dozen *kukris* flashed from their scabbards as the Gurkhas rushed at him; they were stopped in the nick of time by a shout from their officer: "You can't kill that man--he's surrendered!"

"But Sahib," remonstrated the Gurkha sergeant, "you ordered us to bury these communists, and it would not be decent to put one into the hole while he is still alive."

--D. S.

THE WISE old navigator was flying with a raw but cocksure pilot for the first time. "Change direction one degree to port," advised the navigator. "Impossible," said the pilot. "No one can fly this old crate that accurately. Give me a decent amount of correction."

The navigator sighed. "Turn starboard four degrees."

"Much better," said the pilot, very pleased with himself.

"Fine," replied the navigator drily. "Now turn five degrees to port."

--FLYING-OFFICER J. P. LAMONT, R.A.F.

A CAR pulled up in front of the naval hospital and parked in a space marked: For Admirals Only.

A guard came up and sarcastically asked the occupants of the car—all junior officers—which of them was an admiral.

"None of us," replied one young lieutenant. Then he went on quickly, "But if you added us all up, I'm sure we'd equal one."

--C. P.

THE READER'S DIGEST

ON OUR aircraft carrier, there is a suggestion box in the mess at eye level. A cook was seen putting in the following note: "Suggest you remove this box. I've knocked myself out on it twice today already." —L. E. B.

IN THE Far East in 1956, one of our Air Traffic Control Officers picked up an appeal for help from an American jet pilot who reported a leaking fuel tank.

Our A.T.C.O. gave the pilot his position and asked him the routine question, "How much fuel have you?"

After a slight pause, the American's slow drawl came over the radio: "How much fuel have I? Sonny, you are now talking to a glider pilot."

—B. PARKINSON

A MARINE on leave took three of us girls—his sister, a girl friend and me—to the theatre. As he walked through the theatre car-park with us clustered enthusiastically about him, he heard a voice from a near-by car: "Commandos here. Need any assistance?"

—K. S.

OUR Senior Chaplain disapproved of army padres carrying weapons of any kind. Accordingly, when he was asked by Divisional HQ to test a new type of webbing equipment, we awaited his reaction with interest. His report to HQ stated: "The 1958 Pattern Web Equipment is ideal for padres. Each ammunition pouch accommodates 25 army prayer books."

—G. W. GRIFFITHS

THE EUROPEAN officer in charge of African soldiers in Abyssinia was perplexed by a card game which they played for hours on end. The men sat

in a circle while three cards were dealt, face upwards, to each player who then put his stake in the middle. They all gazed intently at their cards for anything up to 15 minutes when, for no apparent reason, one man would reach out and take the stake money. The whole performance was then repeated.

Finally the officer asked what the rules were. "Oh, it's not a difficult game, *Bwana*," was the reply. "The winner is the first man to have a fly settling on his cards."

—MRS. D. J. BARFORD

As a newly-married husband, I was thrilled by the snapshot my wife sent me taken on board her father's sailing dinghy. Proudly I showed it to a friend in the mess. "There," I said. "What do you think of her?"

He sat looking at the photo for what became an almost embarrassing length of time. At last he sighed, "She's lovely! Quite perfect." His praise delighted me until he added, "What is she? A 15-footer?"

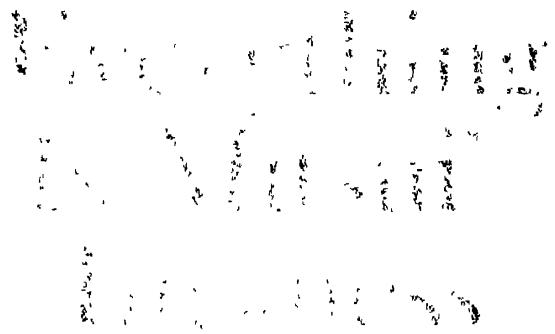
—K. L. MINNS

FOLLOWING a brief skirmish with a small group of Vietcong, four American soldiers were driving down an extremely narrow South Vietnam road when they ran into another ambush. They dived in four different directions, seeking refuge in a ditch. Then, realizing they couldn't stay there much longer, all four jumped out. Each grabbing a corner of the jeep, they *turned it round*, scrambled in and raced off.

Back at camp they related their experience and were told, "You're crazy! It can't be done."

"We'll prove it," was their reply. Each grabbed a corner of the jeep—and *couldn't budge it!*

—R. S.



This vast Japanese organization provides invaluable, and highly profitable, links in the chain of world trade

By J. D. RATCLIFF

*Condensed from the Financial
Times of Canada*

IF ANYONE, anywhere in the world wants to buy anything or sell anything, we are at his service." For Tokyo's Mitsui Company, this is no idle boast. Their order books cover 8,000 items—anything from a shrimp cocktail to an atomic reactor, from a cement factory to 1,000 tons of iron ore. In 1965, their volume of business reached over Rs. 3,000 crores, placing them higher than all but a handful of world giants.

Mitsui is the oldest and largest of Japan's 6,400 trading companies— institutions unique in the world. Begun three centuries ago, when small manufacturers had no means of selling their goods in distant districts, trading companies now handle the bulk of Japan's internal trade and 80 per cent of her import-export business.

In Japan most manufacturers concentrate strictly on manufacturing, leaving sales and procurement of raw materials to a trading company. Thus, on behalf of a fertilizer maker, a trading company will buy phosphate in Florida and potash in Israel, then handle distribution of the finished product to India, Burma and Canada.

In one way or another Japanese trading companies touch the lives of virtually every person on earth. At some point they probably handled the tin of tuna on your pantry shelf, the transistor radio on your bedside table. Smaller trading companies may export a single item such as

toys or artificial flowers. Mitsui is interested in everything.

Mitsui agents, prowling remote corners of the earth, buy and sell products ranging from bales of human hair to shiploads of bauxite. Says Mitsui's executive managing director, tall, grey-haired Eiichi Hashimoto: "It is our job to open new vistas of trade everywhere in the world. Does a Frenchman wonder about selling his plastics in Brazil, a Bangkok tapioca dealer about marketing in West Germany? We offer such people an 11,000-man sales force prepared to handle all details of shipping, warehousing, customs and selling."

Mitsui operates in 53 countries. Its 87 overseas offices are linked in an extraordinary communications system—in effect, a switchboard for the world of trade. Around the clock, and around the calendar, a deluge of information pours into Tokyo headquarters from three leased Pacific cables (two proceed on across the Atlantic to London) and a wireless network that reaches everywhere from Rangoon to Santiago to Nairobi. The system's Rs. 2-crores-a-year cost is justified. In a twinkling, huge commitments can be made with jute in Bombay, rubber in Singapore or cotton in Memphis.

A large share of Mitsui's business is straightforward import-export deals of the type handled by trading companies the world over. Far more interesting are its special

assignments. Not long ago U.S. interests were building a Rs. 90-crore oil refinery in Kuwait and needed two mammoth atomic reactors—steel giants weighing 550 tons each.

Problem-solving. Could Mitsui find a steel company that could handle the Rs. 4-crore job? Telex machines clanked in the Mitsui communications centre. Only three steel companies in the world had facilities for the job. A Japanese firm promised earliest delivery and got the contract. Next problem: there were no ships anywhere capable of loading and unloading the huge reactors. Solution: build two ships with drop ramps in the bow—like wartime landing craft.

Sometimes the economic health of an entire nation may be involved in a Mitsui deal. A few years ago sharp-eyed Mitsui men saw a serious problem ahead in Thailand, one of Japan's best customers and a major supplier of rice. The Japanese diet was changing rapidly, shifting from fish and rice to meat, milk, wheat. Thailand was in danger of losing the rich Japanese rice market, which in turn would mean loss of Japanese industrial sales in Thailand.

Mitsui's solution: persuade Thai farmers to switch from rice to maize, demand for which was skyrocketing in Japan. And Mitsui saw to it that it kept skyrocketing. From Sweden it imported prize maize-eating pigs. Next, chickens were given attention. Always a luxury

food in Japan, chickens could be produced cheaply with maize plentifully available. To hurry this along, Mitsui set up a 600,000-a-year chick hatchery at the foot of Mount Fuji. The Thai-Japanese trade was reconstituted on the basis of maize.

Everyone Wins. Highly complex deals are often handled with ease by a few Telex messages. Brazil may want a shipment of U.S. machinery but lacks dollar reserves. Mitsui arranges for a shipment of Brazilian pepper or coffee to Sweden, a shipment of Swedish glass to the United States, and, finally, U.S. machinery to Brazil. The wheels of world trade are greased with a minimal exchange of cash, and everyone wins. And when cash is needed but unavailable, Mitsui, which has top credit rating with a worldwide network of banks, arranges it.

One of the firm's highly active divisions is the Technical Office, with headquarters in Tokyo and branches in London, Düsseldorf and New York. Its job is to obtain licences to patent rights for new processes, then pass them along to Japanese manufacturers. The office also arranges worldwide exchanges of technical know-how: Japanese manufacturers are acquainted with the mysteries of whisky distilling; British consultant engineers are provided for Peru, Malaysia and Singapore.

Overseas joint-venture companies are another Mitsui speciality. A recent case involved well over Rs. 750

crores—one of the biggest deals in business history. It will help Japanese steel mills to stay among the big competitors despite Japan's lack of iron and coal.

Finding enough iron and coal for a giant steel industry is the type of problem at which Mitsui shines. One of history's greatest mineral discoveries had been made in bleak Western Australia—whole mountains of iron ore. Mitsui men started calling on Japanese steelmakers. It was a mammoth selling operation; when it was finished, seven steel companies had signed up for an incredible Rs. 638 crores worth of ore to be delivered over a 21-year period!

Studies are now under way for a gigantic mining venture which would cost between Rs. 98 crores and Rs. 150 crores. The project involves new towns near the mine site on Robe river and new harbour facilities at Cape Preston, the shipping point on the Indian Ocean. A 70-mile stretch of railway, a pelletizing plant, and new ships to transport iron ore 3,700 miles to Japan will be needed.

Meanwhile, on the other side of Australia, Mitsui prospectors found high-grade coking coal, 110 miles inland from Port Gladstone. Mitsui set up another joint company to supply Japanese steelmakers with 30 million tons of coal over a 13-year period. As a result of this activity, millions of pounds will be pumped into the Australian economy, and

THE READER'S DIGEST

Japan's steel industry will get a steady supply of attractively priced raw materials.

Scores of other joint ventures are scattered around the world. Many are helping the emerging nations. The Republic of Cameroon, for example, got a cocoa-processing plant, Kenya got a textile-dyeing plant, Trinidad a plastic-pipe company, the Philippines a Rs. 2-crore plant to extract chemicals from coconuts.

If a country wants an entirely new industry, Mitsui is ready to handle all details—from market surveys to plant construction, to procurement of raw materials. Thus, rapidly industrializing Peru needed a truck-assembly plant. Mitsui handled all arrangements with Japan's Toyota Motors. Ceylon wanted a bicycle-tyre factory, Australia a fertilizer plant, Malaya a

sugar refinery, Singapore a cement factory. Few organizations in the world could have handled such a variety of tasks. For Mitsui it was routine.

Before the war, many Japanese exports were such products as shoddy textiles and toys, light bulbs that lasted only a few hours. Today emphasis is on top quality—from electronics to alloy steels to fine chemicals. The trading companies get most credit for this upgrading and diversification.

They also get major credit for pushing exports up to seven times the 1950 levels, and for hoisting the Japanese standard of living to an all-time high—making the country a solid economic anchor in Asia for the Free World.

Furthermore, they are providing a blueprint for other nations to follow to achieve the same goals.



Many a Slip

FROM a report on a street-lighting project: "As an extra bonus, many of the wives will be placed underground to add to the beautification of the community."

—Altoona, Pennsylvania *Mirror*

"AT GLENBURNIE, the Mount Gambier Racing Club provided a sex-event programme for enthusiasts. Those with sufficient energy left attended the opening of the trotting season at the show-grounds."

—Adelaide *Sunday Mail*

SMALL advertisement: "Services Offered—Literary. Send your MRS. to us for candid criticism and advice."

—New York *Times*

UNTIL SHORTLY after noon on December 14, 1965, ten-week-old Tina Wiegels was no better known than hundreds of other babies in Denmark. Snug under her blankets, she slept peacefully in her pram outside a Copenhagen store, while her mother shopped inside.

Then, about 12:30, an unfamiliar figure hovered over her. Moving quietly, quickly, the stranger wheeled the pram away into the crowd.

Thus was Tina launched into an adventure that would make her the most famous baby in Denmark's history, and the object of its biggest manhunt.

When Tina's mother, pretty 23-year-old Hanne Wiegels, emerged from the store about 12:45, she was stunned to find her baby missing. She became frantic when, a few minutes later, the pram was discovered—empty—in a courtyard about 30 yards from the spot where she had left it.

Tina had not been found by nightfall, despite the efforts of some 150 policemen combing the city with bloodhounds. Hanne and her husband Peter, a 27-year-old architecture student, were reassured by Detective Commissioner Knud Hornslet of the homicide squad: no one could remember a serious kidnapping case in Denmark. Yet by the following evening Tina was still missing.

Now, through press and radio,



A BABY WITH A MISSING POC

*A real-life fable
from Denmark*

BY ALLEN RANKIN

detectives began asking the public's help. They described the child as tiny, fair, blue-eyed and weighing just over 13 pounds, dressed in a hooded blue snowsuit with a white rabbit embroidered on the chest. "Keep a look-out in the streets!" the police urged. "Listen for babies crying where previously there were no babies!"

A means of identification was published: "Tina has a brown birthmark half an inch wide on her left knee."

Hanne and Peter, no longer able to bear the sight of the empty cot, went to stay with friends. There they took up a day-and-night vigil at the telephone. On television, radio and in newspapers, the mother implored the kidnapper: "We don't want anything to happen to you, but we miss Tina dreadfully. Give her back to us! Our telephone number is 390216."

A lost child, only ten days before Christmas! An entirely helpless kidnap victim whose name tinkled like a sleighbell. The public response was phenomenal. Hundreds of Danes dropped everything to join the hunt personally. Many offered to lend their cars—or even their homes, if the abductor wished to return the child anonymously.

Copenhagen's 2,000 taxi drivers agreed to keep a sharp look-out for Tina. Milkmen promised to notice customers who suddenly increased their daily orders. Postmen were alert for anything suspicious on

their rounds. All shops selling baby clothes and playthings, all chemists, hospitals and doctors' surgeries became self-appointed detective agencies.

The following week the police received about 1,500 communications from all over Denmark. Eleven people reported seeing a "suspicious-looking woman," either near the shop or at the near-by Nørreport railway station, shortly after the crime.

This suspect was variously described: "From 20 to 30 years old." "A little larger than average height and build, and wearing a dark-blue duffel coat." "Reddish-haired, large-eyed and heavy-lipped."

If this woman really was the kidnapper, where did she go? One witness stated that at about 1 p.m. on the day of the crime he boarded a train with a woman who had a restless baby; he thought that they got off at Ballerup, about 11 miles west of Copenhagen. Another believed that he saw the suspect and child get off a train at Elsinore, 27 miles north. Hundreds of people were just as sure that they had seen the pair in other places—miles apart.

Checking every lead, the police even stopped trams to question women with babies reported as "acting suspiciously." In every church, prayers were offered for the baby's safe return. Indeed, the whole population of 4.7 million people was now united in a single purpose: to find

Tina by Christmas. The 130 detectives on the case gave up their weekends in the hope of meeting that deadline.

But Christmas came and went with no trace of Tina. A shadow fell over the holiday festivities. Peter Wiegels declared, "We will *never* give up—never—until we find her!"

By the last day of the year, an unprecedented 10,000 people had been questioned by the police. Said Commissioner Hornslet, "Never before have we met with so much sympathy, or received so much help from the general public—with so little success."

People had already contributed Rs. 34,800 towards a ransom or reward for the return of the baby. On January 4, a Copenhagen businessman offered an additional Rs. 1 lakh. But the Minister of Justice could not condone these inducements, and announced that no one could guarantee a safe-conduct for the kidnapper. Many people feared that this uncompromising stand might frighten the kidnapper into killing the child.

By January 11, all but 200 of some 4,000 letters and leads had been investigated. Did the all-important clue lie in the few letters still awaiting scrutiny? Some experts had begun to doubt it.

In Elsinore police station, two weary detectives opened Tina Report No. 3552 from Copenhagen headquarters. Drowsily—for they had worked all night and it was now

early afternoon—Holger Larsen and Leif Carlsson read the letter. It was depressingly like so many others they had already investigated. Its writer explained that he worked at the Elsinore shipyard with a 21-year-old man named Leif Andersen, whose wife had a baby said to have been born on December 14. But it looked "too big" to have arrived so recently.

The Andersens' address was only a five-minute walk away. "We can get this one over in half an hour," said Carlsson. "Then let's go home and get some sleep."

They found the flat on the second-floor of a dilapidated block of houses and shops. Mrs. Birgit Andersen, aged 23, was obviously proud of baby Marianne lying on the bed, and both detectives had the familiar feeling that they were wasting their time. But they asked the routine questions.

Why was Marianne so big for her age? Because she had been born six weeks late, explained Mrs. Andersen. No, she did not have the birth certificate with her—but the mid-wife had reported the birth to the Register Office and the sexton's office.

Larsen left to check these statements. Carlsson stayed to complete the interview.

"Do you mind if I have a look at your baby's knees?" he asked.

Mrs. Andersen replied, "It's quite a coincidence, but my daughter has a birthmark in the same place as

Tina." Carlsson suddenly became wide awake.

He measured the brown birth-mark on the baby's knee. It was exactly half an inch wide. When he asked Mrs. Andersen if she had a dark coat, she replied in an odd voice, "Well, strangely enough, I have a dark-blue duffel coat." Now Carlsson's heart began to beat faster.

"Please put the coat on," he said, trying to keep his voice calm. The woman did so. Seeing her in it—and noting the reddish hair, large eyes and heavy features—Carlsson no longer had any doubts. Gently, he suggested to Mrs. Andersen that she was the kidnapper.

"Yes," Birgit Andersen admitted in an almost inaudible whisper. "The baby is Tina." And she broke into sobs.

In Copenhagen, Commissioner Hornslet telephoned the child's mother. "Mrs. Wiegels," he told her happily. "I think we've got good news for you."

Shortly after Carlsson arrived with the baby at the Elsinore police station, a crowd began to assemble outside. A police car raced up, and Hanne Wiegels stepped out. Seeing her child, she cried, "It's Tina! It's Tina!" Weeping for joy as the baby was placed in her arms, she whispered, "Oh, how big you are!" The crowd wept, too, and cheered—and so did some of the policemen.

Not since Liberation Day had Denmark seen anything like the celebration that followed. In one

newspaper, the story was spread over 28 pages. Normal activity ceased. On streets and in cafés, strangers shook hands and even kissed one another. In some parts of Copenhagen the telephone system broke down: everybody wanted to tell everybody else the news. King Frederik himself sent his congratulations to the Wiegels.

In all the land, it seemed, there was only one unhappy person: Birgit Andersen. In court she tearfully confessed to a tragic story of make-believe. When Leif Andersen married her about four months before, he believed that she was pregnant—though in fact she had already had a miscarriage. After the marriage she was afraid he would leave her when the expected baby did not arrive.

But, until she walked out of the department store on that fateful day, she had no intention of stealing a child. Then she saw all the prams left outside, looked down into one of them, and was seized with an irresistible compulsion. She took the baby. At Nørreport station she boarded a train to suburban Klampenborg, changed there, and arrived home at 2.30. She was expecting her husband in less than an hour. "I dressed the baby in some of the clothes I had bought for Marianne—that was what I had planned to call the child I lost—and took her to bed with me." Leif Andersen thought the birth was "pretty sudden." But his wife looked radiantly

happy, and he never once doubted that the baby was hers.

Tina's parents quickly forgave Birgit Andersen. "We think she has had punishment enough," they said. "She grew to love Tina as her own, and now she has lost her." People noted that she had taken excellent care of the baby, and had never been tempted by the large reward for her return. Eventually, Mrs. Andersen was sentenced to a prison term that most Danes hope will be short.

About two weeks later, when

King Frederik was granting audience to the public, the Wiegels went to thank him and the queen for their sympathy. They took Tina with them. The Guardsman stood stiff as a tin soldier at the stately entrance to Amalienborg Palace. Yet, for once, his face under the tall bear-skin broke into a broad smile as he admitted the little family of three.

And so the story of Tina, like many a fable from this fairyland country of Denmark, ended in the palace of the king.



Moments of Truth

SOME years ago I heard a marvellously rare and honest comment made by an M.P. He ended a political speech with : "On this subject, as on so many others, I am amply provided with profound prejudices and superficial information." Like a dash of sea spray on a muggy day, his admission made one realize how wonderful the world would be if only for a week all of us could dispense with cant and speak with candour.

The cigarette manufacturer would say : "My brand's about the same as all the others, with a slightly different flavour, and it won't do a thing for you except reinforce the smoking habit."

The film producer would say : "*Passionate Haystack* is the best picture we could make with the material to hand; it has a few exciting moments, which we hope will compensate for the inferior acting and the absurd story."

The airline would say : "There's heavy fog in the west; the plane may leave in an hour and again it may not. Perhaps you ought to catch a train before it's too late."

The car manufacturer would say : "This year's models are just face-lifted a little from last year's. We made a few minor improvements, but so did our competitors, and there's not much difference between them except inessential matters of styling."

The politician would say : "I'll give the public as much service as I can, but the organization comes first, debts must be repaid, and loyalties rewarded. All I can promise you is that the Opposition won't be any better."

This is too much to expect, of course. But wouldn't it give new zest, and new hope, to the world—if only for one Truth Week?

—S. J. H.

Pouring Oil on Troubled Sands

BY RUTH SHELDON KNOWLES



Spraying oil on sand dunes in Libya to prevent wind erosion

Ingenious new uses of asphalt and petroleum may revolutionize agriculture and even enable man to harness the elements

AN ACCIDENTAL crop of weeds may already be affecting man's future on earth. Almost unbelievably, these weeds have led to new uses of petroleum which are increasing world food production, making deserts bloom, even pointing a way for man to create rain.

This unlikely chain of events began in 1958, when Dr. Henry Hibshman, a research scientist for Esso Research and Engineering Company, had an idea. He reckoned that if part of a watershed area

Condensed from The Rotarian

POURING OIL ON TROUBLED SANDS

was covered with petroleum resins, more rain would run off into storage basins for irrigating semi-arid regions near by.

Robert Louis, another Esso Research scientist, following up the idea, established four small test sections of resin in dry areas of Arizona, Colorado, North Dakota and Texas.

The experiment was a disappointment. A year later the material in three of the test areas had disintegrated. However, Louis noted with surprise that in each of these spots a flourishing crop of weeds was growing where nothing had ever grown before. The petroleum product had acted as a mulch, keeping the soil underneath moist and warm, giving the young weeds a head start.

The possibilities were exciting. When laboratory tests with grass and maize proved successful, they were followed by three years of field testing. Using numerous crops and many combinations of petroleum mulches, company scientists worked with the U.S. Department of Agriculture and a dozen universities and agricultural experiment stations. Equipment was developed which, attached to a farm tractor, plants, smooths the soil and sprays the film of petroleum mulch in a band three to ten inches wide.

Though the process did not prove economically useful for all crops, for many the results were spectacular. In Arizona, petroleum mulch

increased winter carrot yields 59 per cent. In California, it increased cucumber yields 90 per cent.

Besides reducing evaporation, the black mulch raises soil temperature 5 to 10 degrees—sometimes 20 degrees—because it absorbs and retains the sun's heat. This can mean earlier planting, faster germination, protection against unseasonable cold. It also prevents erosion. Seedlings easily break through the film, and when the mulch has served its purpose it is simply ploughed into the soil.

Esso Research has now conducted mulch experiments in many parts of Europe and North Africa, as well as India and Pakistan. They were successful with melons in Tunisia, cotton in Spain, and beans in Morocco.

The mulch is already commercially in demand in Europe, particularly in countries like Norway, where short summers prevent the maximum growth of some crops; experiments with carrots, onions and beans produced excellent results. Farmers in England are using it, mainly for sugar beet crops.

When the first successful results of the American experiments were reported in 1960, a young Polish chemist at the Esso Research Centre in Abingdon, England, had another idea. Tad Les had fallen in love with the North African desert during the war when he fought with the Polish Brigade in Libya. But the desert, he knew, was

Libya's inexorable enemy. Only limited forest areas stand between the vast Sahara and the remaining thin strip of fertile land bordering the Mediterranean. Sand dunes, whipped by fierce winds, were encroaching on arable land.

Les learned that in areas of light rainfall, dunes, properly protected, are capable of supporting permanent vegetation; the sand a short distance below the surface remains moist from one wet season to the next. However, if winds whip away the dry surface sand, the moist layers are exposed and dry out. Could petroleum mulch stabilize the surface of the dunes so that tree seedlings might grow? Since 1.5 million barrels of oil a day now pour out from beneath Libya's desert sands, here was a chance to complete a beautiful cycle.

After initial field work, the idea was further developed in the laboratory. Miniature sand dunes were created, sprayed with various oil products and then tested in a wind tunnel.

In 1961 Les began "planting oil" on the desert's ridge, helped by the Libyan Forestry Department. In 1965 I visited him at this first pioneering site.

We were standing in the midst of several acres of forest. Eucalyptus trees towered 60 feet tall. Bushy, yellow-flowering acacia trees were so thick we could scarcely push our way through. Grass grew profusely. It was unbelievable that, only five

years before, this had been stark, rolling sand dunes.

We visited a more recent sand-dune oil-stabilization project. Several hundred acres had been covered with a selected oil product of the right consistency to glue the sand particles together and keep them from blowing away for at least a year. The oil had been sprayed over the dunes by specially designed trucks fitted with large sand tyres. About every 12 feet eucalyptus or acacia seedlings, a little over two feet tall, had been planted. We were gazing out over 150,000 of them.

In the space of a year, eucalyptus seedlings can become trees 12 to 14 feet high with trunks six inches in diameter. Acacias are shorter, but return nitrogen to the soil in excess of their own requirements, making it available for other plants and grasses. In 15 to 25 years the dunes will be covered with commercial forests providing fuel, charcoal, rough timber and wood pulp. As the forests are extended, increased amounts of permanently enriched land will become available for agriculture. The desert's march will be not only halted, but reversed. The success of the Libyan experiments offers new hope for millions who live on the edges of deserts.

Though absorbed in these developments, the scientists had not forgotten the watershed-capping idea from which they evolved. In 1963 it was pointed out that one of the four original test caps—the one in

Arizona—had lasted five years and was still shedding water.

At that time U.S. Army officials and Geological Survey hydrologists were concerned about long-range water supply for the White Sands Missile Range in New Mexico. So in 1964 a joint experiment was launched there. Two adjacent nine-acre plots were selected. One was cleared of vegetation and sprayed with a special asphaltic material, the other was left in its natural state.

In a year the untreated plot lost almost all its rainfall through evaporation or absorption and exhalation by the sparse desert vegetation: only three per cent ran off and was collected. On the asphalt-coated plot more than 60 per cent of the rainfall drained into a pit, helping to replenish the groundwater supply which could then be tapped as needed by wells. Treating an area six by nine miles, where

*Six years ago
these sand dunes were
sprayed with oil.
Now they support a
fine grove of
eucalyptus trees*

annual rainfall is 15 inches, would yield more than 8,000 million gallons of water per year—enough for a city of 100,000 people.

The discovery of how to "harvest" water from "water farms" is of incalculable importance. In certain areas of the world, the rainfall is totally inadequate. Only a quarter of Africa—and less than one-tenth of Australia—gets the 20 inches a year required for good agriculture. Half the United States is semi-arid. And in the less developed parts of the world there are 5,000 million acres having only three to fifteen inches of rain annually. In some of these arid areas, petroleum water farming could produce spectacular results at low cost.

The chain reaction of ideas started by the accidental weed patches is not finished yet. The most dramatic proposal is that of Dr. James Black, Esso Research chemist, who began



to dream: Why stop with ideas of how to utilize existing rainfall? Why not *create* rain-yielding clouds by tapping the immense reserves of solar energy?

Earth coated with asphalt absorbs the heat of the sun's rays—as proved by the mulch and sand-dune tests. Any heated surface, in turn, heats the air above it, which rises. And when enough rising hot air encounters cold air, it causes condensation into clouds and rain. Islands are a natural example: heated by the sun, they characteristically produce cloud masses overhead. So do mountains—and the higher the altitude of their "heated soil," the greater the rainfall.

Dr. Black also noted that man sometimes creates his own invisible "mountains" of heat. More rain falls on cities than on the surrounding countryside, for example, partly because of the heat and turbulence resulting from a concentration of buildings. Large forest fires are sometimes extinguished by the heavy rains they produce.

Can man, then, hold up a mirror to nature and manufacture "mountains" of heat at will, to create rain? A tremendous amount of physical,

mathematical and economic computation and research has now been done—in Barbados, in North Africa, on computers in New Jersey. Early calculations by Dr. Black and by Dr. Barry Tarmy, another Esso Research scientist, have confirmed hopes for the project. By laying down large asphalt coatings in places where there is air moisture but no rainfall—desert areas near large oceans, lakes or seas—man should be able to create invisible heat "mountains" of a size that would produce rain. The idea is now ready for practical testing.

"If the concept works as well as we hope," Dr. Black told me, "we may be able to make rain for less than the present cost of desalting sea water or piping fresh water from rivers."

The technique could drastically change the agricultural productivity of such countries as Egypt, Australia, Spain, Israel, Mexico, Saudi Arabia, Libya and Pakistan.

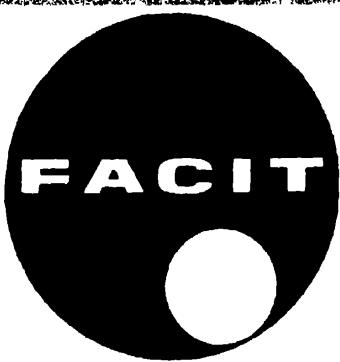
Invisible heat mountains are a far cry from the three accidental patches of weed that sprouted nine years ago in the American West. Even greater ideas may lie ahead, ideas to help us shape the future.



Brotherly Love

*I*N A SUNDAY-SCHOOL discussion about love in the home, the teacher illustrated a point with the commandment, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and then asked if there was a commandment that taught how to treat brothers and sisters. One youngster from a family of seven promptly answered, "Thou shalt not kill."

—Judy Irwin



WORLD LEADER IN BUSINESS EQUIPMENT

FACTIT **JUNIOR**

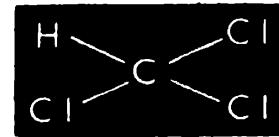
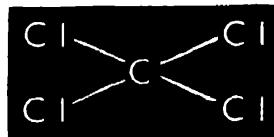
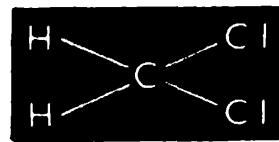
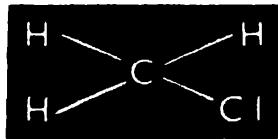
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FACTIT **DATA**



On to organics



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HOW TO LOSE FOUR OUNCES IN THREE WEEKS

By JAMES LINCOLN COLLIER

I 'M NOT fat, mind you, but over the years I've put on a little, and what with the slim trousers that are the fashion these days, I'd like to lose about 10 pounds. I've tried diets, but none has really worked. So when a neighbour told me that he had lost 20 pounds just by running every day, I decided to run, too.

First, I had to find a place to run. The local school track was out; I know of easier ways to get jeered at by a lot of teenage nitwits. I chose Peekskill Road, which goes past the end of our street.

This settled, I fitted myself out with a pair of white running shorts, tennis shoes and a T-shirt. I was going to look silly, all right; but I'd look a lot sillier charging up Peekskill Road in my brown suit, with tie and shoelaces flapping.

Togged out in my new garb, I presented myself to my wife in the

kitchen and told her I was going for a run. "Good," she said briskly. "Run and get me a loaf of bread." I did not deign to answer.

At the outset I had only the haziest notion of how far a man who has spent 17 years sitting down could run. So, for a start, I decided to run up Peekskill Road as far as Falmouth Potable's place, a distance I knew to be about a mile.

Heart high, and eager for the adventure, I set off at a brisk pace, with visions of my slim figure leaning against a discothèque bandstand while several dancing girls pressed towards me.

But by the time I had reached the end of our street and turned into Peekskill Road a few changes had taken place in my outlook. For one thing, some gnomes had lit a campfire in my lungs and seemed to be roasting each lobe in turn; for another, my legs had turned to stone;

Condensed from *Contemporary*

for a third, the delusion that I could run anywhere near a mile had gone.

I slowed my pace to a bare trot, and jogged on limply for another hundred yards. My knees were beginning to lock, and somebody seemed to have filled my shoes with pebbles. The thing to do, I concluded, was to stop running as soon as I came to a good place for a rest, and, saying to myself, "This looks like a good place for a rest," I fell to the ground and lay there gasping and heaving.

After some time I sat up, announced to the pebbles that after 17 years a man is a fool not to work up to things gradually, and walked home.

I was not daunted, however. Thereafter, Monday to Friday, I plunged out of my house and ran an ever-advancing course towards the Potables'. At week-ends I rested up. Eventually, after three weeks, I concluded that with the help of judicious rest periods I was now ready to make it all the way to Falmouth Potable's, where I would be given a hero's welcome.

I elected to make my try on Saturday—forgetting that on Saturday the local children would not be at school. Before I had run half-way up the road, I was aware of them standing on their front lawns staring at me. Acknowledging their attention with an offhand wave, as if accepting the applause of the multitudes, I churned past at what I

felt to be an impressive pace. That I was suffering from a delusion on this point became clear as I turned into Peekskill Road. Here half a dozen eight-year-olds drew up and settled into a steady gait beside me.

"Hey, mister," said one, "my little brother can run faster than this, and he's only six."

"Oh, yeah?" I snarled. "When he's as old . . ." But there my air ran out, and I stopped talking in order to concentrate on breathing.

We paced onward. We were approaching my first resting point, a little patch of soft grass beneath a shady tree, but as long as the eight-year-olds were beside me, pride would not permit me to rest. With a pang I trundled on past the soft, shady spot, my lungs beginning to acquire that old burning sensation, my legs growing numb. Ahead I could see the trunk of a fallen elm where I had sat so often recently, my head hanging down between my knees. Sweat burst from my forehead and dripped into my eyes.

I pushed on towards the elm, and then, just as my goal seemed within reach, a small voice said, "Hey, mister, we'll race you!"

The eight-year-olds tore in front of me and were soon out of sight. My pride stung, I staggered off the road, plunged into a hedge and dropped like a sack of cement.

I was still lying there ten minutes later, my breath coming in great gulps, when I heard childish voices somewhere near my hideout. "They

HAPPY UNION

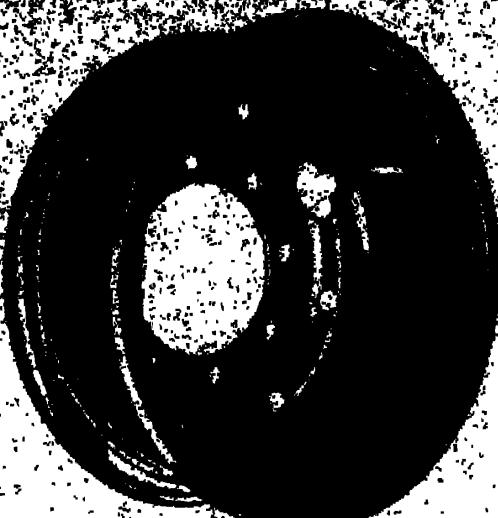
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must have caught him," one voice said.

"Yeah," another responded. "He did quite well for an old man, though. It's almost two miles from the mental hospital."

When they left, I crept home through the woods, a beaten man.

Somehow, though, I couldn't give up. And by the next afternoon I had decided that the way to eliminate the audience was to run after dark.

"Well, it's better than having you dozing on the sofa all evening," my wife said when I explained my new plan. "Anyway, I've got to drive Andy to his bassoon lesson."

Encouraged by her enthusiasm, I set out into the dark, determined that tonight I would finally reach the Potables'. I had started to turn the corner when suddenly a missile shot out of the Gatsbys' shrubbery and began yapping. It was the Gatsbys' Pekinese. With a fierce gesture I sent him back into the hedge, but a foreboding remained.

Two minutes later a cocker spaniel circled round me, barking, and refused to leave. Next it was a Kerry Blue, and then a Dalmatian. My nerves were on edge, but I led the parade on, occasionally saying, "Nice dog!" to nobody in particular.

What did it, finally, was the Potables' Great Dane. That night, for the first time, I made it to their

driveway and jogged triumphantly across the lawn. I actually had my foot on the front step when Slippers, who is the size of a pony and has jaws like an alligator, bared his six-inch fangs and burst from his kennel like a Ferrari.

The next minute, the whole parade was tearing back down Peekskill Road, with me bringing up the rear. Half-way home, I realized that Slippers was probably chained to his kennel, and I slowed my pace; none the less, I was exhausted when I arrived home and flung myself down on the steps to recover.

Andy was standing by the garage with his bassoon, having just got back. His eyes were startled.

"Gosh, Dad," he said, "we saw the craziest thing on the way home! Some old fool in a white bathing suit was chasing a pack of dogs down Peekskill . . ." Then his eyes fell on my costume, and a look of fear and bewilderment crossed his face. "I think I'd better go and practise my bassoon, eh, Dad." He did not stay for an answer.

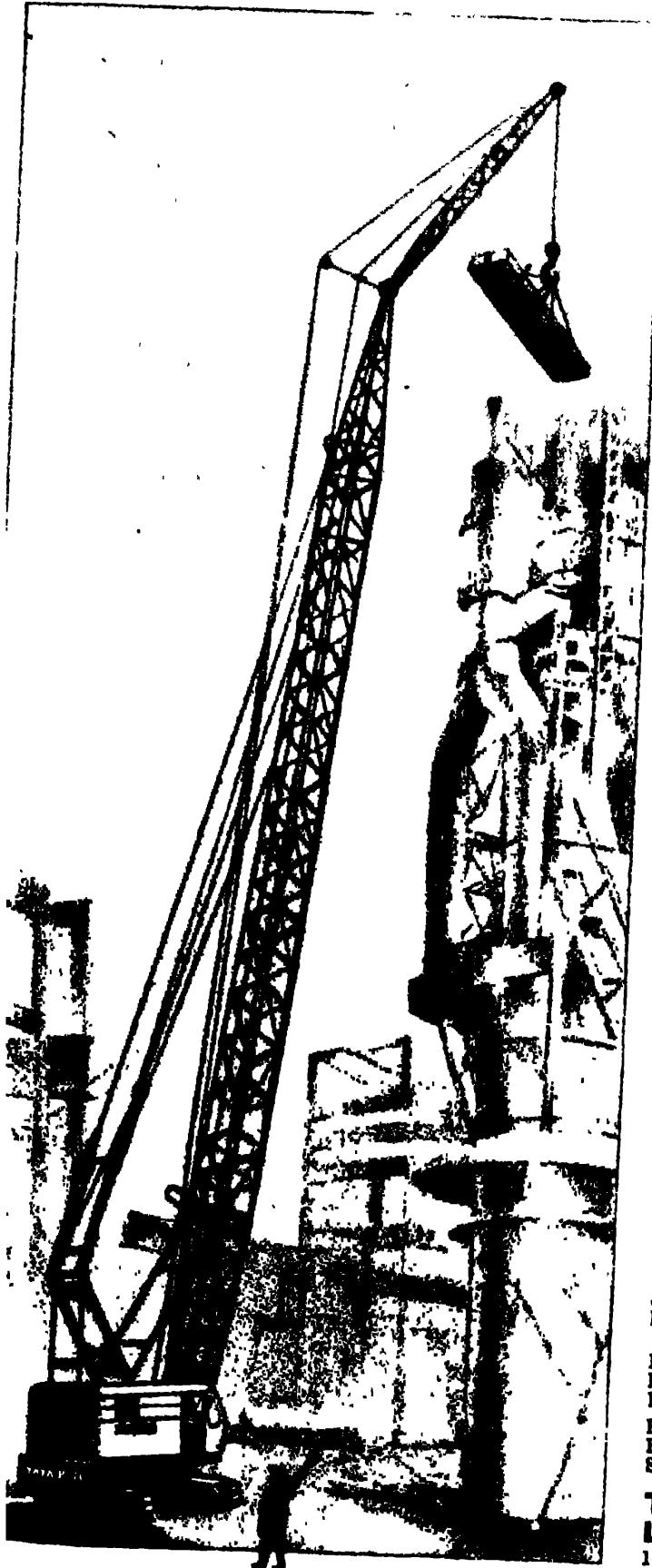
Despite it all, I might have gone doggedly on, but that evening I climbed on to the scales to measure the effect of my three weeks' work. I had lost four ounces. I could have lost more by letting Slippers gnaw at me for a few seconds.

Would anyone like a free pair of white running shorts?

THE trouble with some people is that if they do an honest day's work, they want a week's pay.

—P.F.

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Who Owns This Land?

By BILL FRITTS

ROBERT FROST once said, looking out over a small lake, "God has let me borrow it for a little while."

The enormous body of legal abracadabra that surrounds property rights is one of man's major effronteries. Man has arrogated unto himself all the lands upon the earth as if they existed for him alone. The mountains, the valleys, the rivers, the oceans—all his, because he says so. I own, I own, I own, he insists, and he's got mountains of paper and armies of lawyers to prove it.

Man kills the birds, the deer, the fishes because, in a sense, he thinks he owns them, too. They're on his land. His land. His lake. His pond. Whoever heard of a woodchuck or a blue-winged teal having title to lands or lakes? What rights do the fish have to their spawning grounds, or the birds to their feeding grounds, or the grizzly bear to his den if they run counter to man's wishes?

Man says, "But we are trying to preserve these things. Look at our conservation laws, our national parks . . ."

Somehow out of all this I get a picture of wildlife neatly corked up in a glass bottle and put on display in a kind of imitation of life. If I want to see a blue-winged teal, or a crocodile, or a porcupine, I have to sign in in one of these glass-bottle conservatories and stand around and look at these "living" specimens. And meanwhile, outside these special places, nature is being completely dispossessed.

I think "ownership" is inherent in everything that lives upon the earth, is nurtured by it, and depends upon it for life. Man does not have the right to destroy this life-giving bounty for other species.

Man may or may not have the wisdom to reach high enough to understand what his real rights and responsibilities are in regard to "dominion over the earth." If he doesn't, then he should not possess such dominion.

I suspect that Something holds all this real estate we call earth in trust for all the creatures that live upon it. I do not think that He will let them be dispossessed by the greediness, arrogance and cruelties of man. If man pushes too far, he will be stamped on by the celestial foot.

What happens then to all the ponderous language that proclaimed "I own, I own, I own . . .?"

Condensed from Sarasota Herald-Tribune

FAISAL: Modern Monarch of Saudi Arabia

By GORDON GASKILL

Crowned when his primitive but oil-rich country was on the verge of bankruptcy, he is now leading it out of the Dark Ages into the twentieth century

A FAMOUS desert warrior in his youth, Saudi Arabia's King Faisal was mortified by an order he had to give after he became prime minister. "Imagine," he said in disgust, "having to send armed men to open a girls' school!"



Yet that order led to a victory which has meant far more to the desert kingdom than most of Faisal's battles in the past. It symbolized a giant step forward in his campaign to lead his very rich, very proud but very primitive country out of the Dark Ages into the modern world.

The "battle of the girls' school" took place late in 1963 in Buraida, a town noted, even in a wildly conservative country, for its conservatism. Many of its leading citizens believe firmly that the earth is flat. Education? Enough for a boy to learn the Koran. Girls? It might even be a black mark against a girl if she learned to write.

Thus, when the people of Buraida heard that Faisal planned a girls' school for their town, they exploded with indignation and sent a delegation 200 miles across the desert to protest. Faisal reasoned with them:

Could they cite one word from the Koran which forbade schooling for girls? They could not. And surely it was better not to send girls to the same school as boys? (Murmurs of horror.) Of course, if a father didn't *want* his daughter to go to the school, he did not *have* to send her. Finally, the Buraida delegation left, apparently convinced.

When the school was about to open, however, the townspeople threatened to tear it down. Faisal sent guards to protect the school, but tactfully avoided a head-on clash with the villagers. Instead, he got in touch with several leading families who were indebted to him. Unwilling to offend him, they reluctantly sent their daughters to the school.

Weeks passed and, strangely enough, the schoolgirls weren't ruined; they remained as modest and demure as ever. Wives began nagging: "If Ayesha, our neighbour's girl, goes to the school and it doesn't hurt her, why can't our girl go?"

Not long ago, a second Buraida delegation laid another complaint before Faisal. The girls' school was too small; they wanted it enlarged.

Right Leader. No other man in the kingdom could fill Faisal's role today—leading his country with gentle insistence from medievalism into the Jet Age.

"There are really two Faisals," a friend says. The first is the observant, intelligent man of the world,

at ease in a London drawing-room or a Washington conference. The second is pure Bedouin, able to ride bareback, squat by a desert fire, eat roast meat and rice with his fingers, and talk to the desert people in their own dialect.

Although he looks back wistfully to the desert life that is disappearing for ever, he says, "Like it or not, we must join the modern world and find an honourable place in it." A Western diplomat told me, "He is exactly the right man on the throne at exactly the right moment."

Yet for years it seemed highly unlikely that Faisal would ever sit there. Most of his life he deliberately took a back seat to his half-brother, Saud. They are amazingly different, both by inclination and training.

The divergences go back to 1919, when Faisal's whole life was changed. At the Paris Peace Conference following the First World War, when the victors were redrawing maps of the Middle East, King Abdul-Aziz ibn-Saud, founder of the kingdom of Saudi Arabia, decided to send his first mission abroad.

Normally, the king would have kept at his side his eldest son, Turki, and sent Saud, the second son, to head the mission. But Turki died suddenly, Saud became heir, and Faisal, the third-born, was sent abroad instead. To a teenage boy who had never seen a train, a telephone or a typewriter, those three months in Britain and Western

Europe were an overwhelming eye-opener.

Automatically, he became the country's expert on foreign affairs and, when the king created a ministry of foreign affairs, he appointed Faisal its head. Faisal has held the post ever since, probably the longest tenure of any foreign minister in the world.

In the mid-1920's, King Abdul-Aziz decided to conquer a neighbouring region, the Hejaz, with its holy cities of Mecca and Medina and important Red Sea port of Jiddah. Faisal, not yet 20, commanded part of the army. Abdul-Aziz soon won the Hejaz, and Faisal was made viceroy over the coastal area.

Ruling the region almost by himself, he learned to make his own decisions. He also mixed freely with pilgrims and diplomats from countries far more culturally advanced than Saudi Arabia. While Faisal's

horizons steadily widened, Saud was kept in the shadow of his dominant father in Riyadh, deep in the desert, with no real work or authority.

When a throne falls vacant, Arab tradition holds that the next ruler need not necessarily be the eldest son, but rather the best man in the royal family. The best man often turns out to be the one who cuts his way to the throne with the sharpest sword. To avoid this, King Abdul-Aziz in the early 1930's called together his three dozen sons and made them promise solemnly that Saud would succeed him. When Abdul-Aziz died in November 1953, Saud mounted the throne without argument.

Free to squander the nation's huge oil revenues, Saud and his coterie went on a fantastic spending spree. The king often stunned page boys with Rs. 750 tips; he once gave Rs. 4,500 to a servant who brought him a cup of tea. Above all, he loved palaces. Of the two dozen or so that he owned, the most lavish was the gaudy pink Nasiriyah palace, which covered two square miles and had traffic lights on its interior roads. Nasiriyah included a sort of drive-in mosque, and swimming pools laced with Chanel No. 5 perfume. To run it required 2,500 servants—at what cost, nobody knows.

Such mad spending angered the poverty-stricken masses of the Middle East, and provided a vulnerable target for the intrigues of



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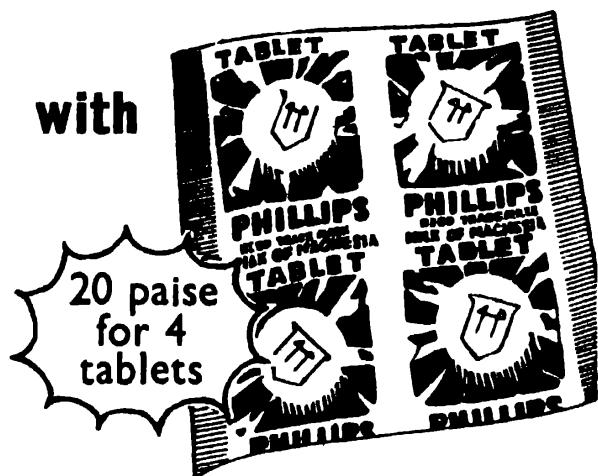
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PXUW-E1

February

Egypt's Colonel Nasser. Radio Cairo described King Saud as "bloodsucking" and bluntly advised the Saudis, "Kill him." Prodded by Egyptian agents, the Saudis began stirring, and by late 1957 the monarchy seemed doomed, a solid-gold Cadillac rushing madly downhill with all brakes gone.

Members of the royal family, fearing for their position and their great fortunes, turned to Faisal for help. Even Saud, who was in poor health at the time, was glad to sign a decree in March 1958 permitting Faisal a free hand.

Debts Paid. There was only about Rs. 11,250 in a treasury which the preceding year had taken in over Rs. 375 crores. Within hours, Faisal removed the two ministers most blamed for the waste. He sought advice from the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. The country's vast oil revenues were used to refund and repay all outstanding debts. In an astonishingly short time, Faisal had the financial house in order.

But when the king returned to health, he was encouraged by his sons and cronies to dismiss Faisal. Almost at once the country was in trouble again, and Faisal was called back—then dismissed and recalled again. Early in 1964, the royal family, even some of Saud's own sons, decided to end this ridiculous farce.

This time King Saud did not retire gracefully. He ordered the royal

1967

guard to train its guns on Faisal's palace. When the guard refused to fire, Saud surrendered to the inevitable and named Faisal regent with full power.

Some months later, the *ulema*, the nation's highest religious body, ruled formally that it was better to violate a pledge given long ago in far different circumstances than to let the kingdom be destroyed. Faisal and his brothers were absolved of their promise to Abdul-Aziz, and in November 1964 Saud with dignity took off the gold-threaded *agal* (the headband which serves as a crown) and Faisal became Saudi Arabia's third king. One Arab sighed: "Because he kept his promise, we have lost 11 years and a mountain of gold."

Under Faisal's prudent management, Saudi Arabia today has no debts, her people pay almost no taxes, and the currency is stable. Whereas 20 years ago the privy purse—the royal family with its 5,000 princes—took *all* the country's income, today it gets less than five per cent. And in spite of huge spending to develop the country, there is a fat annual surplus—over Rs. 150 crores.

Faisal then tackled education. After defence, it now gets the largest share of the national budget. For a long period, a new school was opened every third day. Illiteracy, estimated at 97 per cent a few years ago, is now down to about 75 per cent and dropping fast. Women



do some foods disagree with you ?

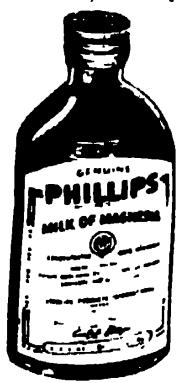
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have particularly benefited; in one year male students increased by 15 per cent—but girls by nearly 62 per cent! In addition to standard courses, girls are taught dietetics, child care and hygiene—all previously unknown to Saudi Arabian women.

Love Match. Some of this trend towards enlightenment can be attributed to the woman Faisal married. Arabs love to tell the romantic story of their match. About 30 years ago, King Abdul-Aziz heard of a lovely, intelligent girl named 'Effat living in Istanbul, daughter of a Saudi father and Turkish mother. The king thought that 'Effat might make another fine wife for him, and sent Faisal to look her over. Dazzled, Faisal married her himself—and returned in some trepidation. His father, delighted with such spirit, clapped him on the back and said, "Well done."

Emancipated, widely read and travelled, 'Effat is both companion and counsellor to Faisal. Except for an early marriage (his first wife died) and two short-lived political marriages that his father asked him to make, Faisal has lived for the past 30 years with 'Effat alone—an example increasingly followed by the younger generation of princes.

The list of Faisal's reforms is wide-ranging. Against the opposition of the nation's highest religious leader, he succeeded in abolishing slavery, long the shame of Saudi Arabia. He has almost, but not

quite, eliminated his country's ancient punishments for convicted criminals. A thief's hand, for instance, may still be cut off—but not, as before, for his first offence; rather, for his sixth or seventh. Saudis find such punishments entirely reasonable. Only foreign visitors are horrified, and even they have to admit that the methods have made Saudi Arabia one of the world's most law-abiding countries.

Medical services have been expanded, with new hospitals and even mobile clinics to travel the desert. All medical care is free. If the country's doctors are unable to effect a cure, a patient may be flown anywhere in the world for treatment, at government expense. Air transport is increasing. Camels have largely given way to cars, jeeps, lorries, buses. Agriculture is booming. The king has set up model farms, imported experts to teach new methods. Farmers get machinery, seed and long-term loans at no interest.

Because the Saudi Arabian middle class is small and new, the state must still do many things which Faisal hopes it can later turn over to private enterprise. Recently, however, Faisal decided that a chemical-fertilizer project requiring over Rs. 17 crores in capital was ideal for bringing in small private investors. He ordered that 49 per cent of its shares be made available to the public at prices so low that even a poor man could buy them. Results exceeded even the

most optimistic hopes: the offer was oversubscribed, and a full 95 per cent of the buyers were exactly the "little people" that Faisal wanted.

The government beneficence is a matter of sharing *present* wealth. But Faisal looks ahead to the day when the oil may run out. Geologists have already found several minerals in commercial quantities: gold, silver, lead, copper, chromite, titanium, zinc, mica, asbestos, among others. There are rumours of a great iron deposit, an estimated 1,500 million tons, about 40 per cent pure, lying on the surface. Faisal wants not merely to export these raw materials but to process them inside the country, with Saudis themselves running the plants.

The ancient tradition of *majlis*, public meetings where any man may talk to the king, has been revived. Schedule permitting, Faisal usually holds two hour-long sessions a day. He says publicly: "If anyone feels wrongly treated, he has only himself to blame for not telling me. What higher democracy can there be?"

In foreign affairs, the country's chief problem is still Nasser. Faisal split violently with Nasser in 1962, when Egyptian troops went into the Yemen. But Faisal kept his head.

For one thing, his country is no match for Egypt, a nation of almost 28 million people. (Saudi Arabia probably has something like five

million; no real census has ever been made.) And while Saudis pride themselves on being great warriors, they actually know nothing of modern warfare.

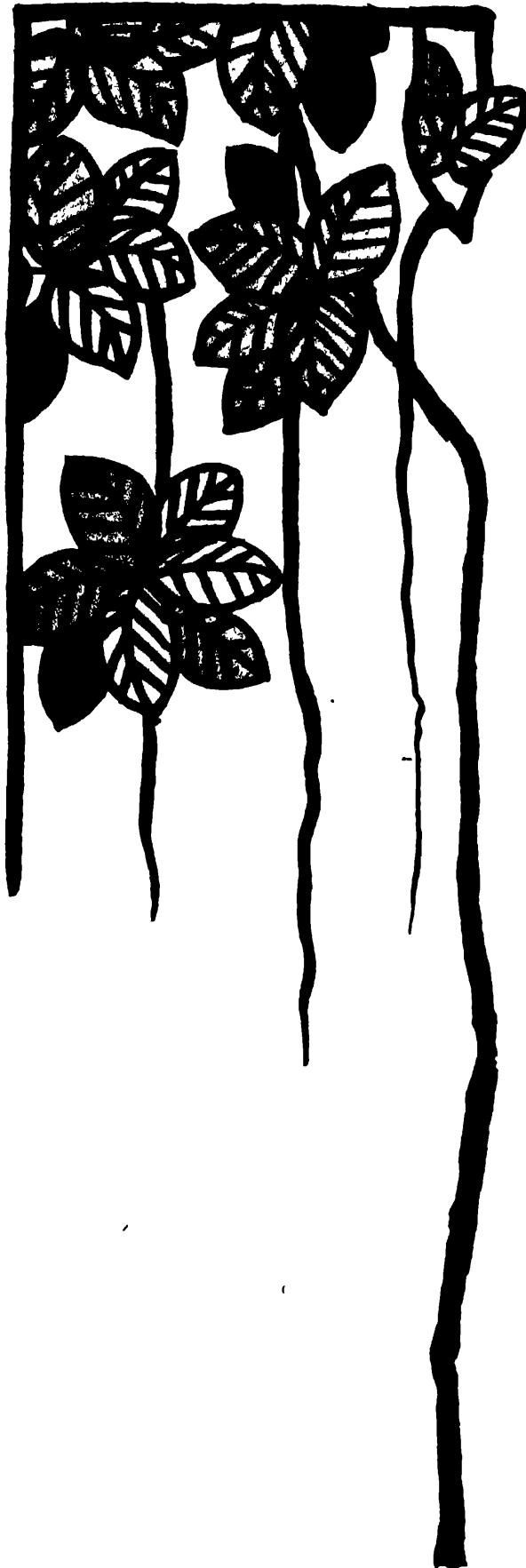
Faisal follows the advice his father gave him some 30 years ago. "No outsider can dominate the Yemen for very long. Sooner or later, all who try will come to grief." The old king's prophecy has remained sound. Nasser has become increasingly bogged down in the Yemen. Yet with the British withdrawing from Aden and South Arabia, the risk for Saudi Arabia is that Egypt may encircle her.

So far, Faisal has managed to change the face of his country with amazing speed and without serious opposition from the old guard. His weapons have been his own prudence and sensitivity, and endless money. And he has had *hadh*, or luck.

In his youth, Faisal and a small body of troops, surrounded in a waterless mountain area, found refuge in a ruined tower. Both he and the enemy were short of water, and it became obvious that everything depended on which side ran out of water first. Faisal was down to his last drop when, the story goes, a small black cloud appeared and poured down saving rain *on Faisal's tower only!*

A man blessed with *hadh* like that, Arabs say, can never lose.

It is a good answer which knows when to stop.—Italian proverb



Age is not all...nor the mere fact of survival on the frayed ends of tradition. Among the earliest promoters of a concept—that of self-sufficiency for our country through extensive industrialization, we have known no ingenious ways to overcome obstacles apart from flexibility in decision making, and regard for ordinary principles of management wedded to probity. If we are today a rational complement of industrial units, that is because of our reluctance to sit on the fence of the status quo—waiting for an overwhelming consumer demand to develop before being able to set our sights. And if we have a modest reputation of worthiness, we intend to live up to it through an optimum use of talents, available resources and initiative.

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SAN MATEO BUILDS A BRIDGE TO REALITY...

with a community mental-health programme that has restored hundreds to useful life

By PATRICIA AND RON DEUTSCH

NOT LONG ago a quiet man we'll call Fred Ryan suddenly went berserk and began smashing equipment in the photographic darkroom where he worked as a technician. When his boss tried to stop him, he drew a gun and shouted that he would kill himself and anyone who came near.

Two policemen raced to the scene. As they entered the shop, Fred fired through the darkroom door. The officers dived for cover and radioed for help—from a psychiatrist who works closely with the police. In five minutes, the doctor was edging towards the darkroom. In ten, Ryan had handed over his gun and was on his way not to jail but to hospital.

The fact that Ryan is now a productive, taxpaying citizen helps to explain why psychiatrists from all over the world come to San Mateo, a San Francisco suburb with a new idea for helping the mentally ill: For although the last ten years have seen

many breakthroughs in ways to treat and prevent mental illness, putting them all to work has been impossibly costly for most cities. Too much of the money spent on mental health each year still goes to outmoded hospitals, to shut the sick away.

Since 1958, when San Mateo's local government started its Mental Health Services, the number of citizens the area sends to mental hospitals run by the State of California has been slashed by one-third. Detention wards for the psychotic have been unlocked, the "hopeless" have been restored to useful life. The cost? "So far," says County Manager Robert Stallings, "every dollar we've spent on mental health has saved us more than a dollar in the cost of welfare payments, law-enforcement or other public expense."

In 1954, Dr. H. D. Chope, director of the county Public Health and Welfare Department, was planning

Condensed from Today's Health

a mental ward for the county hospital, mainly to hold serious cases en route to the state hospital. He read of an experiment in England in which patients were calmed with drugs, then freed to roam about an unlocked ward that had the feeling of a big family home. In this atmosphere, said the report, recoveries were many.

Chope sought and won permission to build such a ward. But so great was scepticism about it that it was equipped with heavy locks and six isolation cells. Though 15,000 patients have been admitted, the locks have never been turned. The cells are used as psychiatrists' offices.

Simple Reality. By the night of his breakdown, Fred Ryan was in this ward, helping to serve the family-style meal. He was given round-the-clock care—including such odd features as bowling at a near-by alley, archery on a public range, even a drive-in cinema. "Mental illness," explains Dr. Chope, "is inability to adjust to the world. Shutting away the mentally ill makes this worse. Our prescription is simple everyday reality."

The open ward is costly. It provides three psychiatrists for 28 patients. Each patient costs Rs. 427 a day, compared to Rs. 195 at the state hospital. But the state-hospital stay averages 100 days; the typical open-ward patient goes home in seven days.

The "luxury" of the open ward, with its high recovery rate, actually

98

saved about Rs. 16,500 for each person treated. Impressed, county officials gave Dr. Chope a green light to set up Mental Health Services (MHS). He appointed a young psychiatrist, Dr. Joseph Downing, head of the service.

Downing started day-care and evening-care centres. Similar to the open ward, these allowed patients to go home at night or to work during the day, thus keeping a bridge to reality. He also set up training centres to smooth the shock of transition from the hospital to the outside world. Fred Ryan benefited from one of these. His breakdown had involved terror of the dark, making his old trade of darkroom technician impossible for him. As soon as he was well enough, Fred left the day-care unit for a vocational training centre, where he learned furniture repair. Meanwhile, he got night care.

A few months later, Fred was discharged—with two precautions. Doctors arranged for interested businessmen to lend Fred money and tools to start a furniture-restoring business at home. Then they arranged a special social life for him. One night a week Fred meets other ex-patients at the hospital. They have parties, go to plays and concerts. A psychiatric social worker is on hand to spot trouble signs and give advice if necessary. The system costs San Mateo little, yet helps to prevent relapses.

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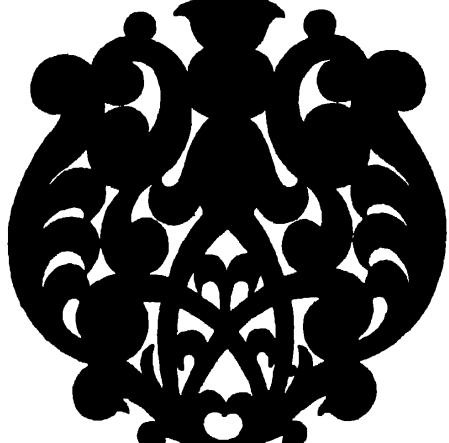
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scores of women volunteers from San Mateo's Mental Health Association. These women teach crafts, lead sing-songs and organize dances. They also administer the hospital canteen, which gives the first work experience to many a recovering patient.

Hope Dawns. Gradually, optimism entered the ward, as patients began to believe they would recover. To the amazement of doctors, many were soon going home, their care to be continued by San Mateo's outpatient facilities. Even Dr. Downing was astonished by one dramatic case.

A friend asked Downing to check on a woman patient committed to a state hospital five years before. He did, and found that she had long ago been classed as a hopeless psychotic. (State-hospital patients in this category are so far from reality that they are often in virtual coma. There is little to do but let them wait for death.) When Downing enquired about her, the state-hospital doctors decided to try an experiment. They moved her into the San Mateo ward. A few months later the patient was allowed to go home.

The story produced a wave of excitement among the staff at both hospitals. In a few months all San Mateo patients in the state-hospital psychotic wards had been moved to the regional wards. The results have been so encouraging that these wards for the hopeless psychotics in

all state mental hospitals in California are going to be discontinued.

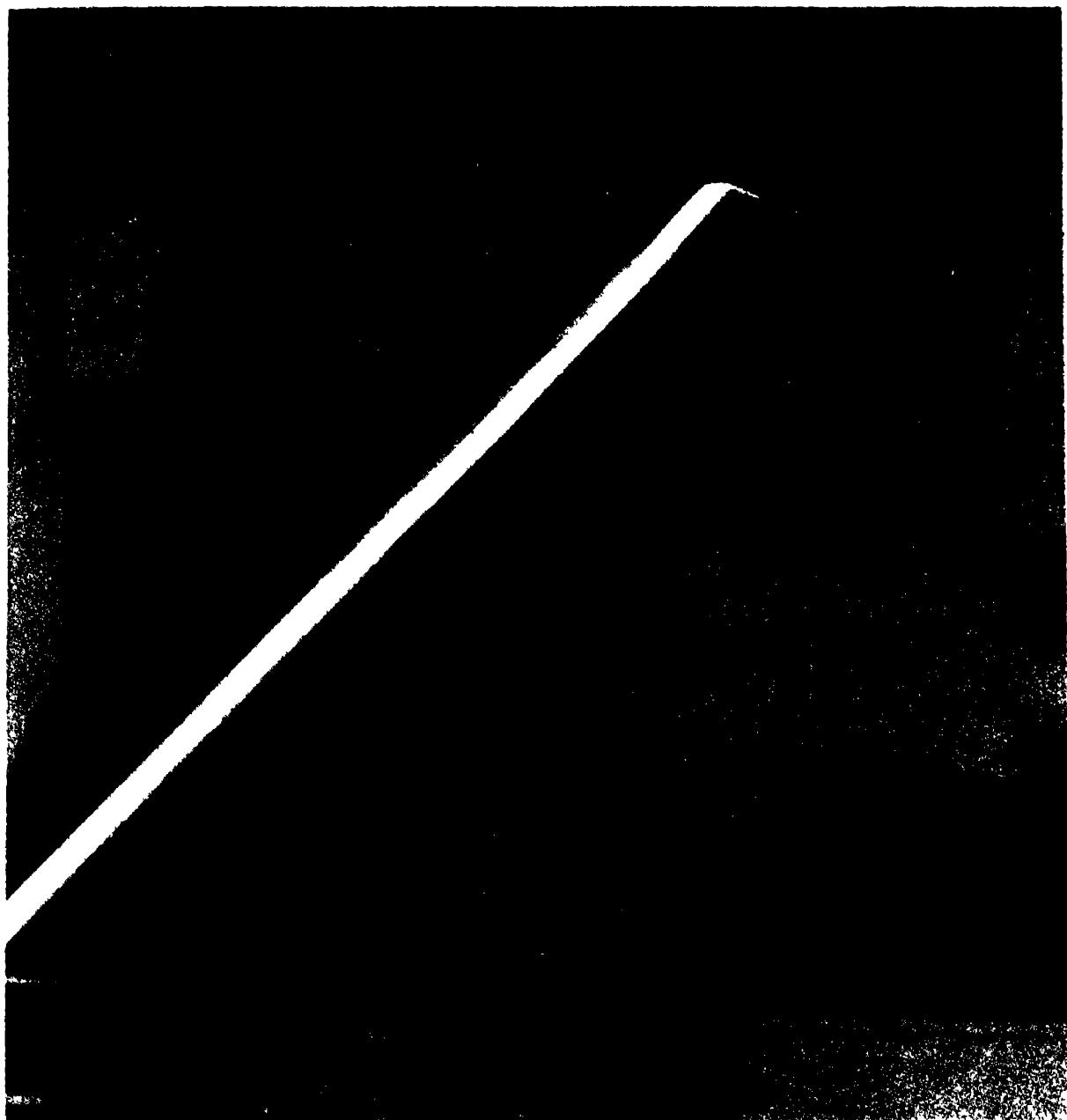
But even as Mental Health Services staff were revolutionizing hospital care, they were hunting for other ideas. Their hope: to provide care for the mentally ill as *early* as possible.

The result was an emergency psychiatrist at the county hospital, on duty 24 hours a day, handling emotional crises before they could become tragedies. One night in 1965, at 2 a.m., a taxi-driver barely avoided hitting a girl who walked right into his headlights. She tried to run away, saying that her husband had been killed in Vietnam and she wanted to die.

The taxi-man bundled her off to the county hospital. He knew—as all San Mateo taxi-men do—that the emergency psychiatrist would pay the fare. The psychiatrist talked to the girl for an hour, made an appointment for outpatient care and let her go home.

To find patients before they become difficult and costly to treat, MHS doctors have a unique system of teamwork with others in the community. They lecture to local doctors and ministers on spotting mental illness; they give a course to the police; and they work regularly with school officials and teachers.

MHS recently opened a neighbourhood mental-health centre. To make it as accessible as possible, an office suite was rented in a new suburban shopping centre, across the



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street from a supermarket. In its first week, a woman came in, shopping bag on one arm, child on the other. "Could I see someone about a problem straight away, please?" she asked. "I have just an hour before I have to start cooking dinner."

Downing was delighted by the incident. "It was just what we hoped for," he says. "The woman was on the verge of alcoholism. Later, it might have split her family and left her in hospital. She came in on impulse, because we were as handy as the hairdresser." Already the suite is crowded, and plans are laid for more neighbourhood centres.

To give disturbed youngsters help without disrupting their lives too much, there is a special day centre at a near-by private hospital, where they are treated while living at home, and a summer day camp to treat them during holidays. A play-therapy nursery provides treatment for the very young.

Home Visits. Another excellent device for cutting down hospital admissions, MHS has discovered, is the home-visit psychiatrist. The MHS staff found that a large percentage of hospital patients were people being held at the county hospital pending court decisions on commitment. Now, when commitment to a mental institution is requested, a psychiatrist visits the patient at home from time to time until the court decides. In 50 per cent of the cases, the psychiatrist

finds, treatment outside the hospital is the answer. Thus, 11,000 patient-days of hospitalization are being saved each year.

Noticing that a big source of patients for the state mental hospital was San Mateo's old-age homes, the home-visit psychiatrist began dropping in on them. He found that many of the old folk were not senile, as believed, but disorientated by lack of attention, a place in life, work to do.

The doctor talked to their families. Many began frequent visits to their elderly relatives, saying that they needed help at home. Soon some of the old people were going back with them—to help with cooking, sewing, baby-sitting. Today, admissions to the state hospital from San Mateo old-age homes are down 67 per cent. And scores of elderly avoid a bleak end to their lives.

How does San Mateo finance its growing programme? The answer lies partly in the reputation born of its success. Since the county hospital is now recognized as a medical teaching centre, it can put to work the psychiatric housemen and registrars it is training for near-by Stanford University Medical School. It can also use graduate students in public-health nursing enrolled at the University of California.

In addition, local doctors donate part of their time, or work for low rates. Staff psychiatrists, working for a third of what they could earn in private practice, are allowed to

treat some private patients to ease their financial sacrifice.

Nevertheless, San Mateo spends more than Rs. 1.5 crores a year on mental health for its half-million people. On the other hand, the programme, having cut San Mateo's state-hospital admissions by one-third, saves over Rs. 90 lakhs a year. The fall in the rate of admissions due to the home-visit psychiatrist alone trims Rs. 15 lakhs annually from county expenses.

San Mateo is already being used as a model for mental-health efforts

in other communities. In fact, so heavy is the load of daily visitors and information requests from all over the world that the U.S. Government has supplied a demonstration officer to MHS to help to explain the workings of the Service. And films of San Mateo's work are being made, to spark kindred ideas in other areas.

"We are a long way from perfection," says Dr. Chope, who started it all. "But we have learnt that much of the toll of emotional disturbance is needless."



Ways of the World

A YUGOSLAV newspaper organized an 80-mile race between Zagreb and Ljubljana. The contestants : telephone, telegram, car and carrier pigeon. The car won.

As the car set out, a routine phone call was booked, a telegram was sent and four carrier pigeons took off. The car made it in an hour and 32 minutes. The phone call took six hours, the telegram two hours and 50 minutes. Two pigeons made the trip in two hours and 49 minutes; the other two never arrived.

—AP

THE U.S. DOLLAR was named after the *thaler*, the German currency in the late eighteenth century. The British pound was named after its weight in silver, and France naturally named its money the *franc*. Last March, Zambia announced that it would soon trade in its pounds, shillings and pence for something more poetic—a decimal currency in which one *kwacha* (dawn) will be worth 100 *ngwee* (brightnesses). —*Time*

AT ANY HOUR of the day a motorist in Stockholm needs only his credit card to get petrol from an experimental self-service pump. He inserts his card in a slot, records his code number on a ring of push buttons, and fills his tank. When finished, he retrieves his card and gets his bill later by punched tape from a computer.

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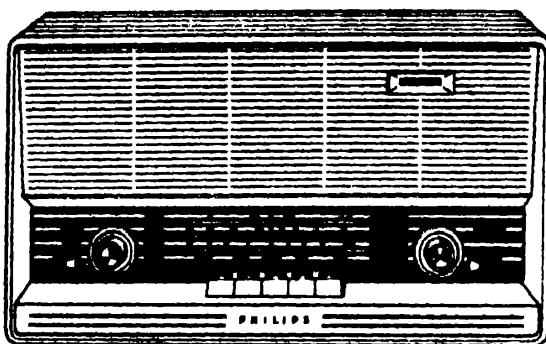
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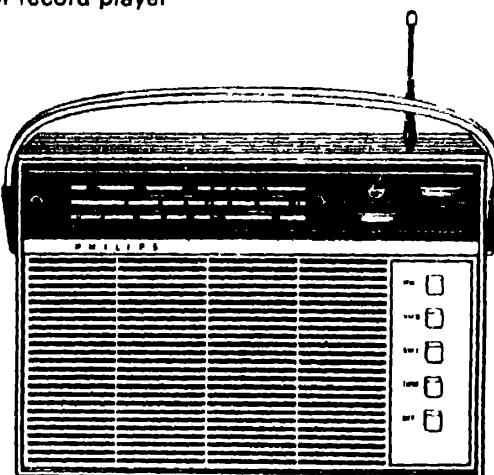
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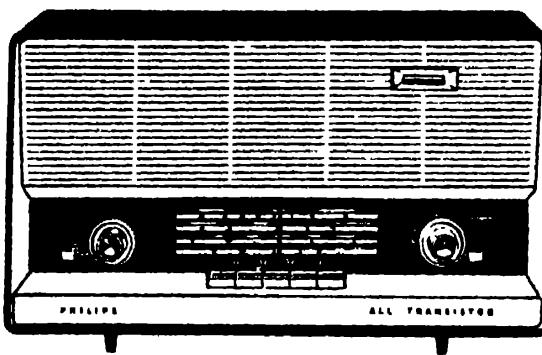
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Letter to a Well-Intentioned Parent

BY NORMAN VINCENT PEALE

DEAR FRED: Certainly the favour you ask in your letter is a small one. Your son Johnny isn't quite satisfied with his present job. You think he might be happier with another. You know that the managing director of a big firm is a friend of mine. Will I give him a ring and put in a good word for your boy?

My first reaction to this was just what you might expect. Why, of course, nothing easier. Glad to oblige! I picked up the telephone. Suddenly an odd thought jumped into my head. I found myself thinking, of all things, about a cat. Bemused, I put the phone down.

Last Friday afternoon we had one of those city street scenes where everyone stops work and peers out of the windows in fascination. Somehow, in the house opposite, a woman's Persian cat had got out on a ledge several storeys up. It walked along until it came to the corner.

There it lost its nerve. It couldn't go forward, and it wouldn't go back. It just sat there, beautiful and helpless, mewing piteously. The owner begged, coaxed, pleaded. Finally she called the fire brigade. Firemen came with ladders and got the cat down.

This is what I found myself thinking about, Fred, after reading your letter. I thought about Johnny, too. I remember him so well as the little boy who lived just down the road, then as a teenager growing up with our own youngsters, finally as a university graduate.

I remember, too, how close to him you always were whenever there was a decision to be made or a plan to be worked out. Remember the time he wanted to build a tree house? You thought it was too dangerous, and talked him out of it. And the time he considered taking a year off from university and working his way round the world? You

felt it would be unwise, so he didn't go. And that girl he almost married? You thought he was too young. And the job he has now—you got it for him, didn't you?

You've asked me to help Johnny. Well, I think I can help him most by saying this to you: stop interfering with your son's life. Let him grow up and be a man, not a six-foot dependant tied to a pair of invisible apron strings. Do you know why that Persian cat was paralysed on that ledge? Because it had been so sheltered and protected all its life that it didn't know what to do in a situation which any scruffy old alley cat could have handled.

The world is full of boys like Johnny: pleasant, well-mannered and well-meaning, but also hesitant, indecisive and soft. I see them in my counselling work. Sometimes they're confused and resentful. Sometimes they're apathetic and lethargic. And what made them like that? Parents. Loving, earnest, conscientious parents. Parents who start out innocently enough guiding and guarding their children and end up by stifling them with over-protection.

I hear people complain that it's getting more and more difficult to find leaders today, men and women with initiative, energy, confidence, daring. Well, perhaps we're not getting them because over-protected children just don't develop these qualities. Why should they, if every challenge is met *for* them?

Heaven knows it's easy for a parent to fall into this trap. I've had to struggle with it myself. I'm a preacher; that's my calling. So I hoped, when my son went into the ministry, that he would concentrate on preaching, too. Know what he's doing? He's teaching philosophy. And that's fine. That's *his* calling. But I had to *make* myself let him go his own way.

This is difficult, because the more you love your children, the more you want to protect them, keep them from making the mistakes that you made. But they *have* to make mistakes. That's the best way they can learn. Depriving your child of the chance to make his own mistakes robs him of the chance to grow up.

Let me add one more thought. My guess is that one deep reason for Johnny's discontent in his present job is the knowledge that he didn't get it on his own. And so something in him, some stubborn spark of manhood, wants no part of it.

Send Johnny to see me if you like. I won't give him any letters of recommendation, but I'll give him some advice. I'll urge him to leave his job, the one his father got for him, and go out into the world, scared and uncertain, but with the challenge of crisis spurring him on.

You've always been proud of your boy. Give him a chance to be proud of himself.

Affectionately,
Norman



THE MAN IN THE WHITE MARBLE TOGA

By MARSHALL FISHWICK

George Washington is revered by his countrymen—but his warmth and humanity are seldom remembered

HIS ALOOF alabaster face stares at his countrymen from monuments, paintings, coins, postage stamps. Towns named after him are everywhere in his land. Beds he slept in are relics, stones he stepped on are sacred, battles he lost are victories. His fellow Americans celebrate the anniversary of his birth this month; but how many really love him? George Washington is the Man in the White Marble Toga.

The Father of His Country did not have the quick smile and neat phrase which we are all urged to cultivate today. He kept his distance, and few men called him George. Visitors to his tomb today

Condensed from Saturday Review

go not so much to pay their respects to a man as to visit a shrine. His body may be at his home, Mount Vernon, but his spirit looks down from Mount Olympus.

This seems all the more incredible when we piece together what is known of the living Washington. He was the soldier who wanted news "on the spur of speed, for I am all impatience"; the man who cursed his troops when they ran "like the wild bears of the mountains." He was the young buck who once danced for three hours without a pause, and the boy whose stories about jackasses were Rabelaisian.

Yet, even during his life people referred to Washington as a "demi-god." In 1800 a German farmer in Pennsylvania wrote *Washingtons Ankunft in Elisium* (Washington's Arrival in Heaven), depicting the General strolling round heaven, chatting with Brutus, Alexander and Columbus. When the Russian diplomat Paul Svinin visited America a few years later, he wrote in his diary, "Every American considers it his sacred duty to have a likeness of Washington in his home, just as we have images of God's saints."

The worship of Washington jumped oceans with ease. Translations of the Farewell Address girdled the world. In France, Napoleon Bonaparte ordered ten days of national mourning when Washington died. The modest squire of Mount Vernon became world-famous, and his legend supported

a structure international in design and craftsmanship.

Many historic factors help to explain this phenomenon. Washington was capable, aristocratic, commanding; he had the look of greatness. His incredible patience and tenacity personified the colonies' noble but difficult task. He refused to usurp military or civilian power. When the times that tried men's souls were past, he returned to the land.

Washington's aloofness preserves his reputation, but it also minimizes his warm-blooded, human side. Think of Washington in 1783 when confronted by an impetuous document from his unpaid and discontented officers. "Gentlemen, you will permit me to put on my spectacles, for I have not only grown grey, but almost blind in the service of my country," he said. Not a man felt, after that simple statement, that he should complain.

Recall the directions Washington's step-grandson gave a visitor at Mount Vernon. "You will meet an old gentleman riding alone, in plain, drab clothes, a broad-brimmed white hat, a hickory switch in his hand, and carrying an umbrella with a long staff, which is attached to his saddle bow. That is General Washington."

By his own efforts, George Washington won his place as father of his country. But it was not he who added the toga. That was the work of many who admired him, but who



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never called him George. History, biography, oratory, journalism, poetry and art played their part.

To no single source, however, can be attributed the notions that Washington was a man apart, with no real friends and too heavy a burden to smile; that he concealed a deep, unrequited passion for a haughty colonial beauty.

More elaborate are stories of Washington's miraculous escapes from danger. One has a Red Indian chief turning to his men during the rout of a British force by the French in 1755 and saying, "Mark yon tall and daring warrior? He is not of the redcoat tribe. He hath an Indian's wisdom, and his warriors fight as we do—himself alone is exposed. Quick, let your aim be certain, and he will die!" But no bullet can find him. "It is in vain," concludes the chief. "The Great Spirit protects and guides that man."

In all the tales about him, Washington epitomizes the traits of which young America was fondest: virtue, idealism and piety. His flaws seem pale when held up against this central proposition: he was willing to stake his life and fortune on his high principles, to take up without question a task others could not perform. "How much more delightful to an undebauched mind," Washington wrote to a friend in

1788, "is the task of making improvements on the earth than all the vain glories which can be acquired from ravaging it."

Thomas Jefferson opposed him, but never stopped respecting him. "Washington was indeed, in every way," he wrote in 1814, "a wise, a good, and a great man."

The blue cloth fades, and the white marble remains. In one of his more puckish moments, Nathaniel Hawthorne asked if anyone had ever seen Washington nude. "It is inconceivable," Hawthorne concluded. "He had no nakedness, but was born with his clothes on, and his hair powdered, and made a stately bow on his first appearance in the world."

Men may learn a lot from the story of the man in the white marble toga. It is not by bending to every whim and request that we achieve real popularity, or by following every popular cause that we become great. There are times to smile, and times to scowl; to confuse the occasions is an act of cowardice.

Washington lacked many of the attributes of leadership. The one thing he never lacked, even when he was in error or defeat, was *integrity*. Washington never looked to see which way opportunism pointed. That is why he became father of his country.

Bon Appétit!

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—*Daily Telegraph, London*

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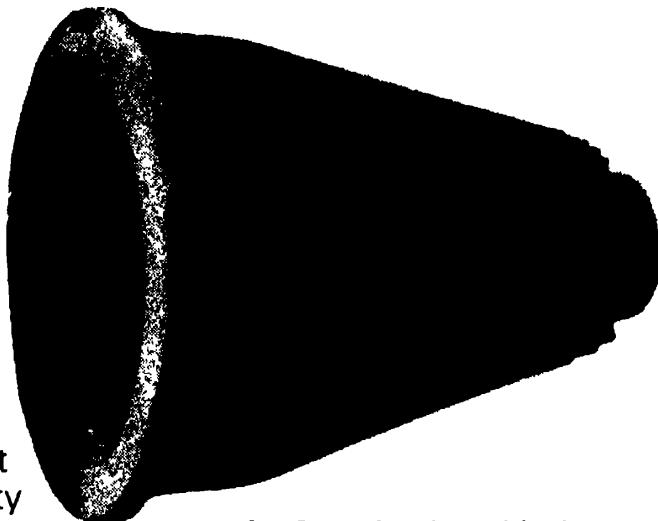


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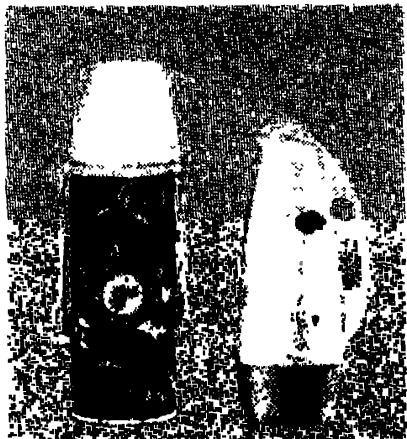
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“Let’s Meet at the Maison de la Culture”

BY ALAN TILLIER

France’s new cultural centres are bringing the best in entertainment and the arts to enthusiastic provincial audiences

WALKING through Amiens on a recent Sunday afternoon, I was caught up in an animated stream of people heading, not for the countryside or the beaches of the English Channel, but towards the heart of the city. At the place Léon-Gontier I discovered their destination--a strikingly modern, attractive white building with vast bay windows and imposing lines.

This was the Maison de la Culture, one of six exciting communal centres financed by the French Government and local authorities. (The five other centres are in Le Havre, Caen, Bourges, Firminy and the eastern suburbs of Paris.) Their purpose is to give hundreds of thousands of people in the provinces and suburbs easy, inexpensive access to the finest plays, films, paintings, sculpture, music and other forms of art. Humming with activity, the centres are adding a new dimension to provincial life by offering regular top-quality entertainment of a kind hitherto available only to well-to-do Parisians.

With the crowd I climbed the wide staircase of the Amiens Maison --and suddenly it was as though we were in the Louvre. A collection of superb paintings was on display, on loan from Paris. An engineer gazed intently at a summer scene immortalized by the seventeenth-century master, Nicolas Poussin. A pastry cook and his wife stood enthralled by the joyful colours of Renoir’s “La Balançoire.” A young farm mechanic and his friend debated whether they really liked Cézanne. All around me people pushed forward eagerly to examine the works of Corot, Fragonard, Delacroix, Manet and Van Gogh.

Thousands saw the paintings that day. For many it was the first opportunity to see great works of art outside the pages of the family encyclopedia, and it opened up for them a new world of enjoyment.

The three-storey Maison was completed in 1965, at a cost of Rs. 1.5 crores. The French Ministry of Cultural Affairs paid half this amount, and shares the yearly

expenses with Amiens. The building has a large underground car park, a spacious reception hall, a 1,070-seat theatre—one of the most modern in Europe—and a smaller theatre for experimental drama, recitals and conferences. There are curving staircases, libraries of books and records, rooms for listening to music, watching television, looking at paintings. There is a roof garden for summer music and open-air poetry readings. Wide, carpeted areas, where people stroll amid sculpture, tapestries and more paintings, converge on a gay cafeteria. Throughout, there are comfortable easy chairs where people can sit and do nothing if they wish.

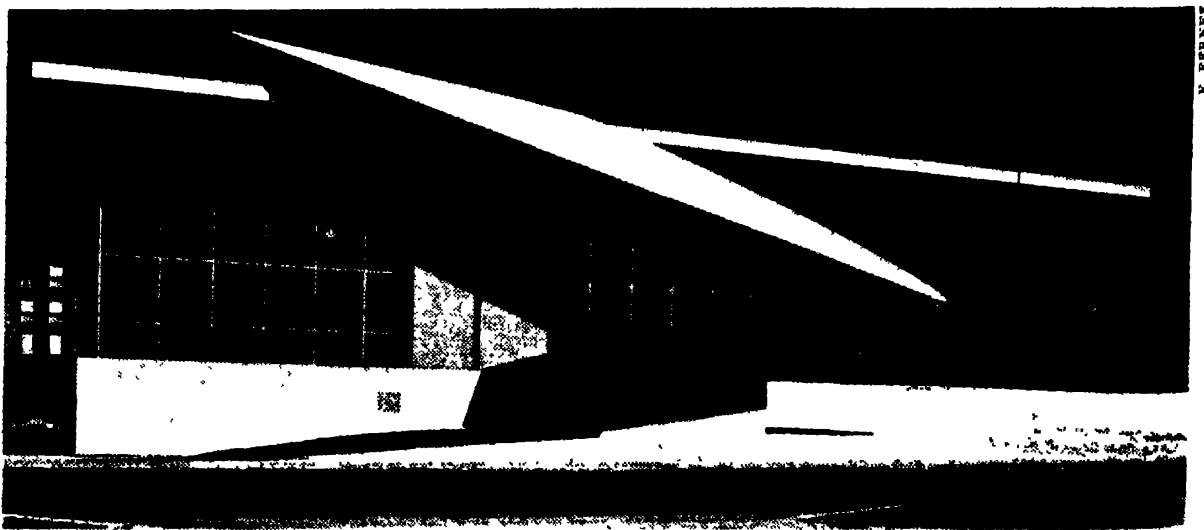
The stimulating and refreshing atmosphere has captivated the people of Amiens. Since the Maison opened in December 1965, some 7,500 people have subscribed six francs (Rs. 9) each for membership cards. With these they pay perhaps two francs to see a Jean Renoir

film, seven francs for a Shakespeare play.

When André Malraux, Minister for Cultural Affairs, launched the scheme in 1959, his aim was "to make accessible to the largest number of French people the greatest works of man—but particularly those of France—as well as to help the creation of works of art and the spirit that enriches it." It is the most ambitious programme of its kind ever undertaken outside the communist countries, where state-controlled culture is the rule.

The Maisons do not exist to make money. All have pared their prices to the lowest possible level in order to attract people who could not previously afford an outing to the theatre. There are lower membership rates for schoolchildren, and factory committees often provide a subsidy for workers. Sometimes tickets are given away free.

The excitement generated there keeps the cultural centres alive at all



hours. When I visited the Maison at Caen one afternoon, people stood intrigued before an Op Art Exhibition. Then a Parisian gallery owner arrived to present prints to local men and women who had written outstanding essays on a previous exhibition. People of all ages were borrowing records or eating snacks. At nine o'clock most of them moved into the theatre. There a capacity audience of 1,000, some in furs, others in slacks, cheered a modern ballet company considered a commercial risk even by some Parisian impresarios.

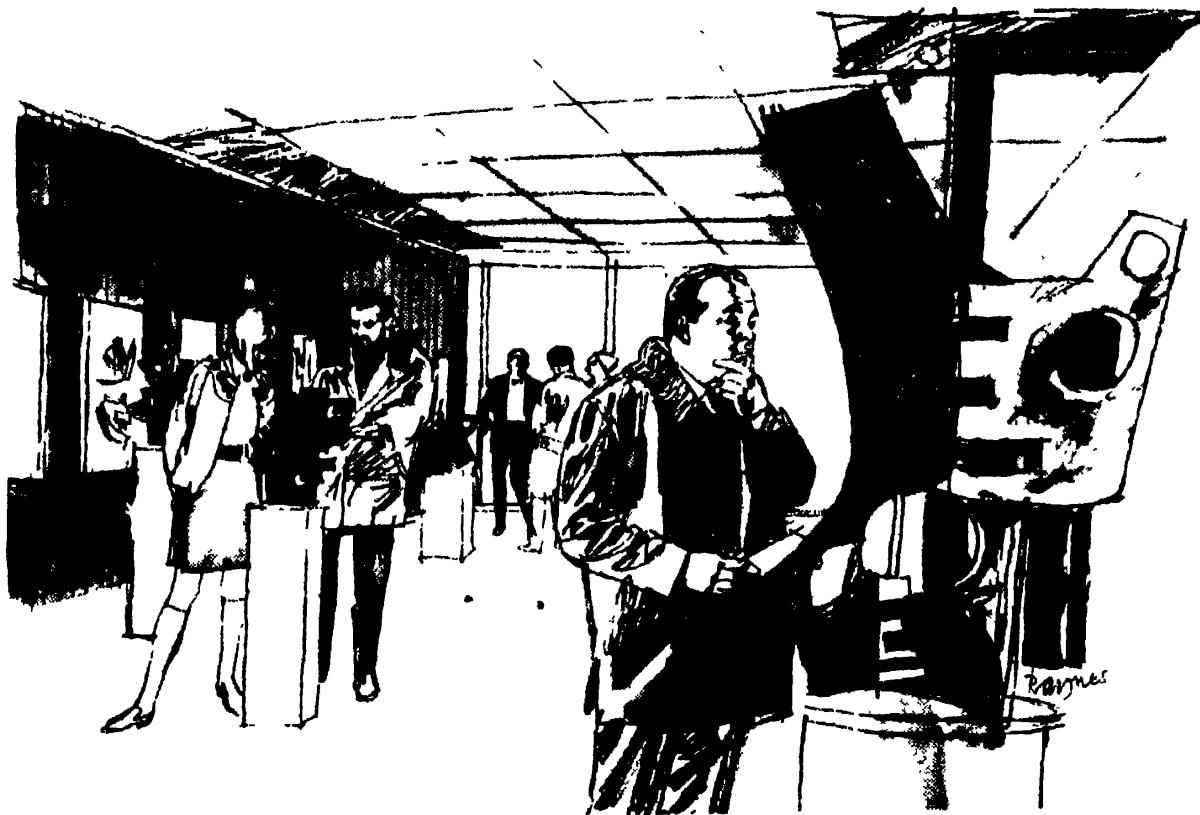
After the show the audience lingered in the lounges discussing the choreography, greeting old friends, being introduced to new ones. Some couples sipped drinks, others browsed through exhibits and displays—as the planners of

these cultural supermarkets had hoped they would.

"Here, there's no problem of what to do after the performance," said one of the staff. "A Parisian theatre empties quickly, but at Caen the lights burn brightly after midnight."

The Bourges Maison, in a city of 65,000, has 9,000 members—an extraordinarily high percentage. In three years, some 500 shows—plays, concerts, films, variety, marionettes, poetry recitals, conferences—have attracted more than 200,000 people.

One evening I was there, it was cold and windy, but busload after busload of people drove up to the Maison from towns 30 miles away. And they had come not to see a popular operetta or a well-loved classic but a play by an unknown



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Australian dramatist. It proved to be the most successful ever staged in the Maison, attracting 10,700 people to 27 performances. Plays by Pirandello, Brecht and Chekhov are also presented. There is no concession in the choice of works offered; this provincial public has responded to the best and most "difficult."

At Le Havre, where the Maison is part of the city's glass-and-steel, harbour-side, museum, director Marc Netter conjures up one idea after another to vitalize the cultural life of a city traditionally concerned with business and trade. He has launched a paintings-for-loan scheme with the co-operation of some 300 well-known artists. Since there is no theatre in the building, he puts on shows in a circus tent and sends small troupes out to country villages. When evening comes, he slides the paintings of Dufy to one side to make room for *avant-garde* films.

He has also installed a bar where dockers and white-collar workers can meet together for a drink and a discussion of the arts as ocean liners glide past into port. He arouses interest in a host of subjects by inviting painters, philosophers, dramatists and musicians.

The directors of the Maisons are all men fired with enthusiasm for the arts. Bourges director Gabriel Monnet, for example, had previously formed his own drama company, the now famous *Comédie de Bourges*.

1967

Bourges. At the Maison, Monnet now has a team of 55 working with him: administrative staff, actors, stage technicians, musical director, and a record-library manager. There are also the volunteers—Bourges has 150—who put up posters, distribute leaflets to shops, hand out membership forms, organize theatre parties and group visits to the Maison.

A typical volunteer is Raymond Geoffrion, 26, a military workshop mechanic for whom the Maison has become a second home. Anxious for his workmates to share his pleasure in the concerts and plays, Raymond arranged for the Maison's technical staff to take them backstage. The mechanics were fascinated by the machinery, the wiring, the lighting; 200 of them are now members.

Young people, bored and restless, are among the most assiduous users of the Maisons. "Apart from the cinema and pin-tables, there wasn't much to do in this provincial town," comments a waiter in an Amiens café where a crowd of young people used to congregate—a group whose dress, talk and behaviour irritated the rest of the town. Now, most days, they can be found at the Maison, keeping up with what is going on. They are flattered that the guides point them out to visitors. "Here we are considered part of the décor!" says one 17-year-old boy.

Cultural opportunities can be lacking for many people in Paris as well as in the provinces. The

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CREAMY LATHER**



Maison in the capital is called the *Théâtre de l'Est Parisien*, and is known to its 20,000 members simply as TEP. Its director is Guy Rétoré. Born in the poor Parisian district of Ménilmontant, he took acting lessons while working for the French railways, and slowly built up his company on a very small budget. Today TEP has created a large, brand-new theatre-going public—and audiences for fine music and the other arts too—among the million people in east Paris, an area where there used to be a widespread "It's-not-for-us" attitude.

Having captured the public's interest, these vital community centres have also begun to fulfil the second part of the hope expressed by Malraux: "to help the creation of works of art." They are unearthing local talent, offering it a local outlet, persuading it to stay and serve the provinces rather than leave automatically for Paris. At Bourges, for example, Monnet encouraged a young playwright, Pierre Halet, three of whose plays have now been professionally performed at the Maison. For one of them, a talented young local pianist was commissioned to write music. He now gives

concerts, introducing music to the young. An aircraft factory worker was given space to exhibit his sculpture in metal; his work has since been sold.

The Maisons continue to face problems, principally the need for more staff. Their very name still frightens some people who see them, wrongly, as a kind of school. But set against these difficulties is the fact of rising membership—more than 50,000 for the six Maisons already functioning, while the number of "outsiders" paying to see shows reaches over 300,000 a year. Countless others wander in during the lunch hour or after work. More and more people are saying: "Let's meet at the Maison de la Culture."

During the next five years, 20 more French cities will have Maisons. Their aim is not to transform everyone into a towering intellectual, but to place the arts at the disposal of the public *for its pleasure*.

Nevertheless, the "cultural escalation" they have set in motion is irreversible. The day will come when, as André Malraux once said, "the hideous word 'province' will cease to exist in France."



Aping His Bettters

*M*Y ECONOMICS professor received a letter from an irate father, demanding to know why his son had failed his exams. The professor's reply: "Your son received 19 out of a possible 100 marks. It may interest you to know that in a recent research experiment a chimpanzee scored 23 in the same test."

—L. S.



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Life's Like That

THE ENGINEERING department of a large oil company is known for its good-looking secretaries. The motto is: "Hire them, we'll teach them to type." One day a handsome young man came into the office seeking a job. During the interview, the manager's secretary interrupted to place a note on his desk. He could barely keep a straight face when he read: "Hire him, we'll teach him engineering." —MRS. J. F. MILLER

BATTLING against heavy traffic, I was caught in the middle of a crossing in a monstrous jam. A policeman waved me over. He stalked up to my car and leaned on the door. "I hope you don't mind what I did," he explained. "But I'm new on this job, and I'm afraid I caused this mess-up. I thought if I left them to it, they'd straighten themselves out. So I'm using you as an excuse." —E. D.

A MATHS teacher was telling his class about the fourth dimension. "We all know what the first three dimensions are," he began. "Length, width and height. The fourth is something which probably doesn't worry you yet—but it may when you get older. Can anyone tell us what it is?"

One girl volunteered brightly, "Weight?" —J. ALLEN

EACH week my mother visits the race track with a jar full of money and slips of paper on which she writes her bets. One of the track officials, having noticed that she never actually placed

bets, asked what her "system" was. "Oh, it's very simple," she replied. "My son worked it out for me. You see, I write my bets on these slips and put them in the jar. If I lose, I have to put Rs. 10 into the jar. If I win, I take out Rs. 5 to spend. And every month I empty the jar and deposit the money in my savings account."

Since the probability of her losing is greater than that of her winning, it's a practical and enjoyable way to save.

—G. Y.

VISITING an all-nations exhibition and food fair in America, I noticed that the stall operated by the women of British descent was not doing a very brisk business. Their fine imported biscuits were being by-passed in favour of more exotic offerings.

When I passed the stall later that afternoon business had greatly increased. The new customers were mainly teenagers. A closer examination showed why. The fare was unchanged, but in the centre of their display the enterprising stall-holders had placed a large photograph of a familiar foursome, with a sign proclaiming: "Genuine Beatle Food Sold Here." —LINDA FLECK

WE NEVER realized how much to heart our son took his Scouting until he came running into the house and announced that a lady had asked him to help her across the street. "Gosh!" he said. "I thought I'd never find one of those." —MRS. VIVIAN KELLER

THE READER'S DIGEST

FINDING transport to work is a major problem for many of the girls at our office. One maiden's prayer took on urgency when she put this notice on the bulletin board: "Lift Wanted—Desperate!"

I watched with interest for some noble knight to come to her rescue. Then one cavalier pencilled at the bottom of the card: "How desperate?"

—FRANCES PERRY

I WAS sitting next to a Catholic nun during a flight. When lunch was served, she offered me the small packet of cigarettes that was on her tray. I said facetiously, "Are you sure you won't have one?"

"Oh, no, thank you," she answered. "One habit is enough." —VITO MASON

WE LIVED near a plastics factory where scrap was piled out of doors and burned, blanketing our neighbourhood with black smoke. One day it happened while Mother's clean washing was on the line, and she phoned the factory to complain, but the man to whom she spoke was abrupt and rude.

Undaunted, Mother dialled another number, and again explained the problem. This time she got results. Thereafter, the scrap was hauled away—not burned. Mother had rung the factory owner's wife.

—MRS. DONALD HOLIHAN

A FRIEND was staying with me whilst my husband was away. Priding herself on her clear thinking during an emergency, she went to some length to stress the importance of having a plan of action firmly implanted in one's mind, should a crisis arise.

During the night we were awakened by an unusual noise, and were sure it was a prowler. We went to my son's bedroom and I picked up a cricket bat. "Grab something and come with me," I whispered.

Secure in the knowledge that I had her unruffled support, I searched the house—and found the noise was caused by the heating system. Then I switched on the lights, and found my calm, clear-headed friend still standing in the middle of my son's bedroom, armed with a wicket-keeper's glove.

—MRS. L. G. YARNALL

OUR YOUNG neighbour was thrilled to pass his trombone audition for the school band. After several rehearsals I asked how he was getting on, and if he was able to keep up with the other, older boys. "Of course," he said. "That's easy. Sometimes I even finish ahead of them." —MARY CLOUGHESY

SEVERAL DAYS after my operation, the surgeon came to check my progress. The room was filled with flowers from friends, and he paused to sniff them. "Well," he said, "it looks as if you are going to recover. People round here don't like to send flowers twice."

—MRS. RICHARD BLOOMER

AT A party attended by my daughter and son-in-law, someone tried to interest the others in doing a particularly energetic modern dance. When asked to give it a try, my very shy son-in-law said, "Oh, I can't do that. I'm too inhibited." My daughter, then seven months pregnant, was invited. She countered with, "I can't, either—I'm too inhabited." —AMELIA HICKS



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Communism v. the Free Individual

By WALTER JUDD

A former medical missionary and politician, Dr. Walter Judd visits schools and colleges all over America to address students. Each lecture is followed by a discussion. Among the questions these young people most frequently ask are the following about communism

How does communism differ from socialism?

Both communism and socialism advocate sharing the national wealth, and both suppose that government is better qualified than the people to determine what should be done with the people's earnings. Socialists believe that the principles of sharing can be set up voluntarily, while communists openly advocate compulsion.

In actual practice, however, the differences between socialism and communism tend to be minimized. The need to achieve results has forced socialists more and more to resort to stern controls which deprive the people of freedom, and communist governments lately have found it necessary to permit some degree of personal incentive.

But an even more fundamental

difference is that economic change is the socialists' sole objective. Communists, on the other hand, want to change mankind. Communists believe that personal ambition, the desire to better one's self, is not an inherent and commendable element of human nature. They believe that by conditioning people, using methods comparable to those with which Pavlov altered the behaviour of his laboratory dogs, they can eliminate personal incentive and ambition and replace them with universal adherence to the rule of the State, which will ensure better living conditions for all.

If communists believe so firmly in a better life for all, why do they want to take over the world by force?

'Communists believe that all evil springs from the greed implanted in

COMMUNISM v. THE FREE INDIVIDUAL

the human character by capitalism. Competition between individuals and wars between nations are alike manifestations of this acquisitiveness.

The only way the world can be made safe for the communist Utopia is, therefore, to eradicate capitalism entirely. And the only way to eliminate capitalism is to conquer and control the world and eliminate the capitalists.

This belief underlies the communists' desire to take over the world and explains most of their techniques. From their viewpoint, any subterfuge, any lie, any crime is not only excusable but positively virtuous if it advances the cause of world communism. In their eyes, breaking treaties and agreements, for example, is not a betrayal of faith but an eloquent, and perfectly consistent, avowal of it. Stalin's extermination of seven million kulaks in the 1930's was not an act of inexcusable genocide like Hitler's extermination of a comparable number of Jews. The kulaks were small landlords, i.e. capitalists, and liquidating them was a humane and charitable step towards communistic togetherness.

Despite the shocking nature of their methods, could the communists perhaps be right about the basic nature of human beings?

The doctrine of communism has always had a considerable appeal, especially for the young and the naïve, who do not look beyond the

theory. But far from showing that Marxian theories about human nature are true, the record of communism to date has convincingly demonstrated exactly the opposite.

One way to measure the comparative performance is simply to compare the well-being of such divided countries as East and West Germany, North and South Korea, North and South Vietnam. In every case, the life of the people in the non-communist half is vastly preferable. The Berlin Wall is not there to keep the West Germans out. It is there to keep the East Germans in. Refugees are not escaping from the Free World into Red China and Tibet.

Another and perhaps even better way is to consider the record of the U.S.S.R., where communism has had almost 50 years to prove itself. Russia has no shortage of land or resources or strong, competent people. But still, grave shortages exist, especially in agriculture. In farming, as in all areas of endeavour, communist experience has shown that the individual believes he and his family are entitled to rewards commensurate with their efforts. He believes this so firmly that he will not do his best work on any other basis. The failure of the attempt to institute farming communes in Red China confirms the results in Russia.

This experience tends to prove that self-reliance, initiative and competitiveness are inborn characteristics of man. All the achievements

of civilization and all of the progress of free societies have their wellspring in these characteristics. To attempt to eradicate them from the human being is to attempt to turn men into slaves.

If communism, then, is incompatible with human nature, must it not sooner or later evolve into something else? Why not just co-exist with it until then?

In the normal course of events, man's inherent nature and love of freedom will doubtless compel communism to evolve into something resembling western democracy. The need for adequate production in industry and agriculture will impose a system of incentives for achievement and of penalties for failure. Similarly, in politics, the need for an orderly succession of rule, if nothing else, may impose some sort of balloting procedures resembling representational government.

There is, in fact, only one compelling reason why we cannot sit back and let nature take its course. The communists have no intention of allowing us to do so. On the contrary, far from recognizing their failures as the result of philosophical and psychological errors, they blame them on the existence of capitalism. The failures do not persuade them to alter their system, but merely make them more insistent upon destroying ours.

When the communists talk of "peaceful coexistence," we must

recognize this as a means for effecting our destruction. When they soften their tactics, it is only to give them time for the next move. The boxer who has been hurt by a punch does not clinch because he has suddenly grown fond of his opponent or given up. He still wants to win, and considers this the best tactic.

What acts would you regard as adequate proof that the communists are really prepared to live up to their talk about "peaceful coexistence"?

There are at least four acts, any one of which would constitute evidence of such intent and which, all together, would provide proof of a real change of heart:

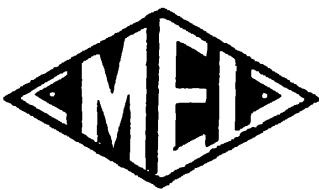
- Tear down the Berlin Wall. The communists talk about tension in Europe causing trouble between Russia and the Free World. In fact, the tension is a result, not a cause. To tear down the wall would change the climate of Europe overnight.

- Let the people of Eastern Europe vote. Most of them have had previous experience in self-government. Now they have also had experience with communism, long enough to provide grounds for a choice. If they consider communism superior to what they had earlier, they will vote to keep it.

- Stop using Cuba as a base for subverting the Western Hemisphere.*

- Accept disarmament, with

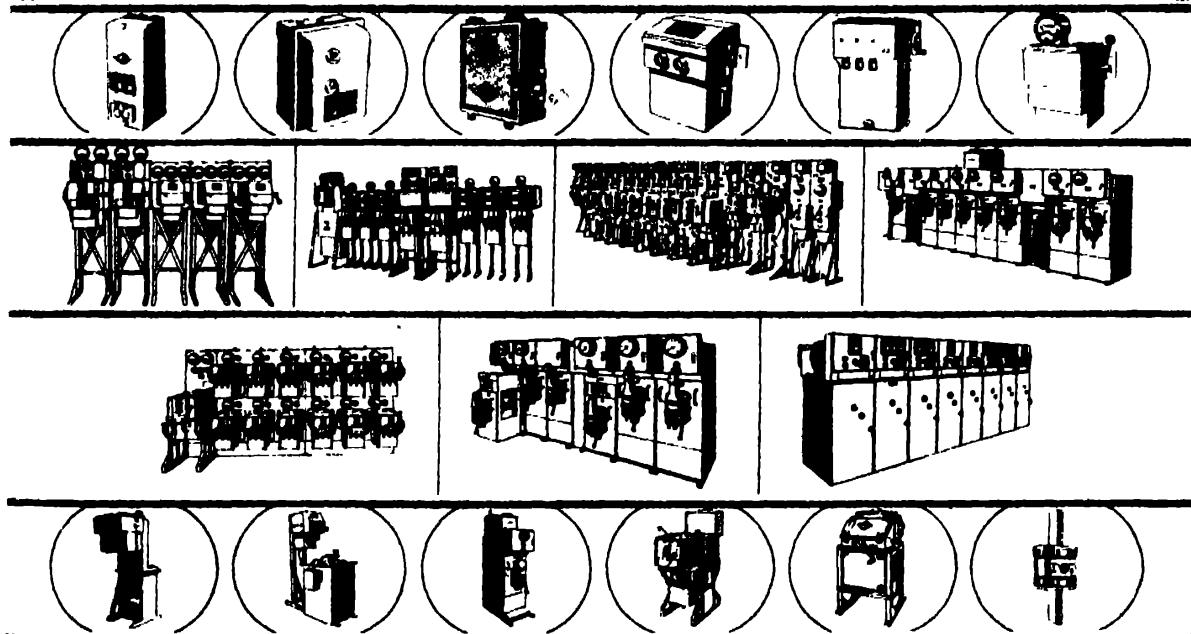
* See "Castro Spreads the Revolution," The Reader's Digest, December 1965.



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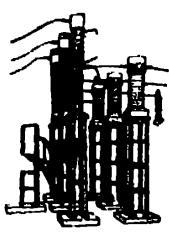
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THE READER'S DIGEST

inspection. If they are in earnest about disarming, why should they not allow inspection? On more than one occasion America has offered to show them—on a continuing basis—every weapon, fortification and defence plan she has if they would show theirs. Then neither side could prepare a surprise attack.

Otherwise, what can the Free World do to prevent present tensions from developing into a Third World War?

There are two ways to avoid a Third World War. If our sole objective is to prevent atomic war, and

if to achieve it we are prepared to give up all our liberties and live as slaves to world communism, we can easily achieve it. We can simply surrender.

But if we are not prepared to surrender, there is only one course available: stop vacillating, stop deluding ourselves about communist objectives, and stand firm against all further encroachments.

The only way to save the world for freedom is to meet all threats, not with counter threats or empty belligerence, but with determined action in support of free peoples.



What's That Again?

From the Keizer, Oregon, *News*: "Mrs. Marge Bowder slipped in her garage and struck an apple box. She incurred injury to her ribs which was very painful and also where she landed."

NOTICE in North Carolina State College *Technician*: "'Collegiate Sex' will not be discussed at the Engineers Council meeting on Thursday. However, all members will be expected to attend anyway."

CHURCH note in Spring Valley, California, *Bulletin*: "Mrs. Beyer has taken an active part in the Potrero Community Church. She will speak at the church on the subject, 'The Devil, Satan and Lucifer.' Mrs. Beyer is full of her subject, and it should be a very interesting speech."

* * *

Work of Art

ONE DAY the painter Vuillard accidentally spilt some paint on Jean Giraudoux's trousers.

"I'm sorry," he said. "I'll go and get some spirit to remove it."

"Please don't!" Giraudoux replied. "Just leave the paint where it is—and sign my trousers."

—Jean Nohain, *La Traversée du XXème Siècle*

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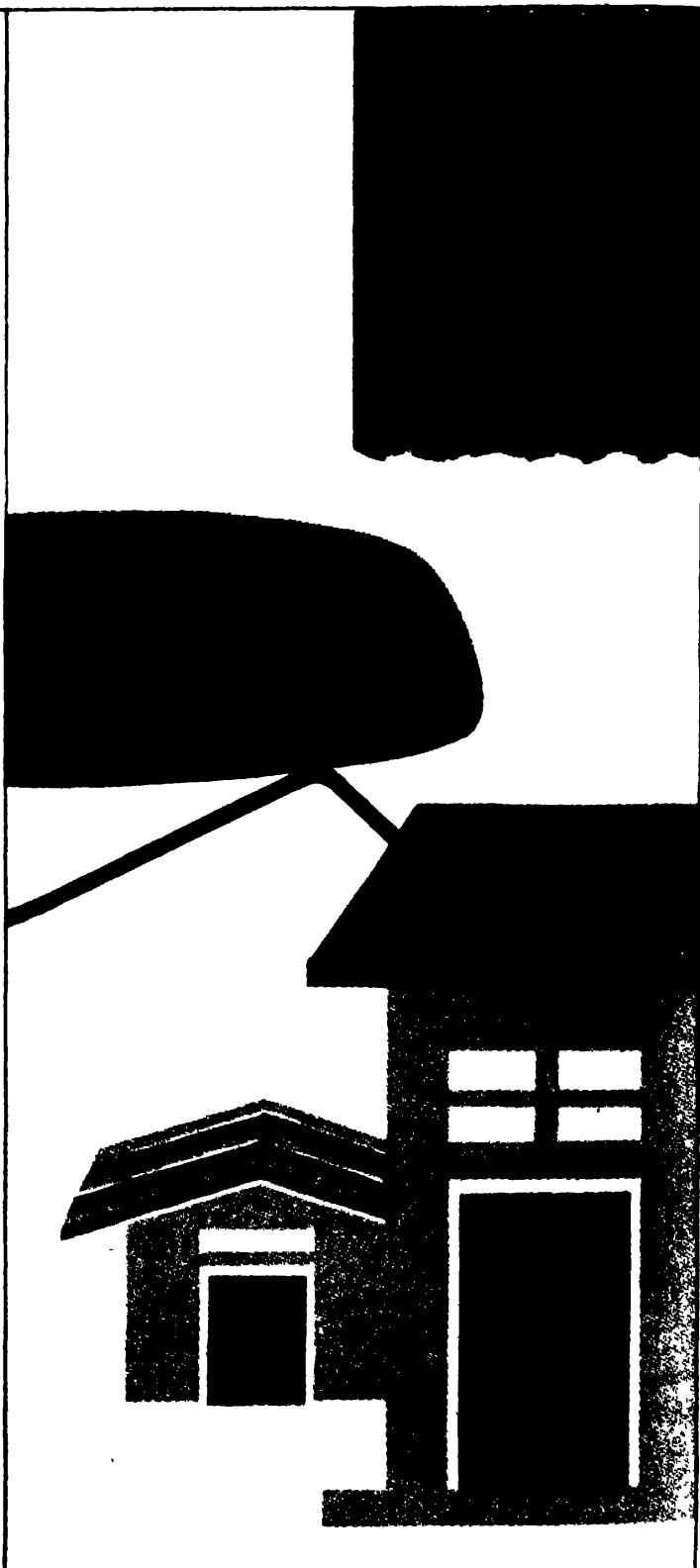
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My Most Unforgettable Character

By JOHN WHEELER

HE WAS remarkably eloquent with the written word—yet in public about as talkative as a tailor's dummy. He was the author of some of the funniest stories ever written—yet he rarely smiled and so hated jokes that if anyone said to him, "Stop me if you've heard this one," he would invariably cry "Stop!" He was Ring Lardner, one of the world's great short-story writers, an American original in the tradition of Edgar Allan Poe and Mark Twain.

A tall, solemn man, Ring was actually not so dour as he appeared.



Behind the poker face, with the high cheekbones and large, mournful eyes, there lay uncommon sensitivity and kindness. As his friend Scott Fitzgerald once said, "A noble dignity flowed from him." But because of his instinctive shyness he did not make friends easily, and was uncomfortable with strangers or in large groups. Often he would sit for hours while others babbled on—and then make a quiet remark that contained more wit than the others had contributed all evening.

With friends, however, he could be the most droll and convivial of

companions. To be accepted by him was to enter a magic circle of camaraderie. He loved to sit up until all hours just talking. In a world growing ever more noisy, I often think nostalgically of such evenings and of the quiet pleasure of his company.

I first met Ringgold Lardner in 1908 when I was a sportswriter for the New York *Herald* and he was covering baseball for the Chicago *Examiner*. I took an immediate liking to the quiet, olive-skinned, six-foot-two youngster who was once described as "Rameses II with his wrappings off."

Ring was one of nine children of a well-to-do businessman. He had studied mechanical engineering briefly and unsuccessfully and moved through a motley assortment of jobs, including one as "a combination office boy and telephone girl" and another collecting bad debts. "I never heard of a good one," he later remarked. But despite his lack of formal education and his erratic job background, he was an excellent sportswriter.

Far from being confined to sports, his interests took in everything from bridge and the stage to books, people and music. (He taught himself to play the accordion, cornet, violin, clarinet, saxophone, French horn and piano!) I never knew anyone so observant. Travelling with the Chicago teams he missed nothing as he stored up the sights and sounds which he later recorded with such fidelity in his writing.

Ring was popular with the players, who respected his shrewd knowledge of baseball and his inherent kindness. At one point Chicago's White Sox team had a new player who could neither read nor write. At mealtimes he studied the menu carefully, then invariably ordered ham and eggs for breakfast and steak and baked potato for dinner. Ring was not fooled. He began sitting with the new recruit at meals, reading the menu aloud as if that were his habit, so that the young man could enjoy a more varied diet. They became fast friends.

One day the recruit asked Ring if he would write a letter to his wife for him. Obliging as always, Ring soon found himself involved in a flourishing correspondence which ended only when he left baseball reporting to do a column of humour and verse for the Chicago *Tribune*.

Later, while casting about for a magazine-story idea, Ring remembered the recruit and the letters he had written for him. He sat down and wrote a story in the form of a letter from a fictitious baseball player to a friend back in his small home town.

Written in the plain talk and baseball slang that Ring knew so well, the story had a flavour and humour that were unique. The *Saturday Evening Post* published it and asked for more. Soon people all over the country were laughing at the brash observations of Ring's yokel. Almost overnight, the shy,

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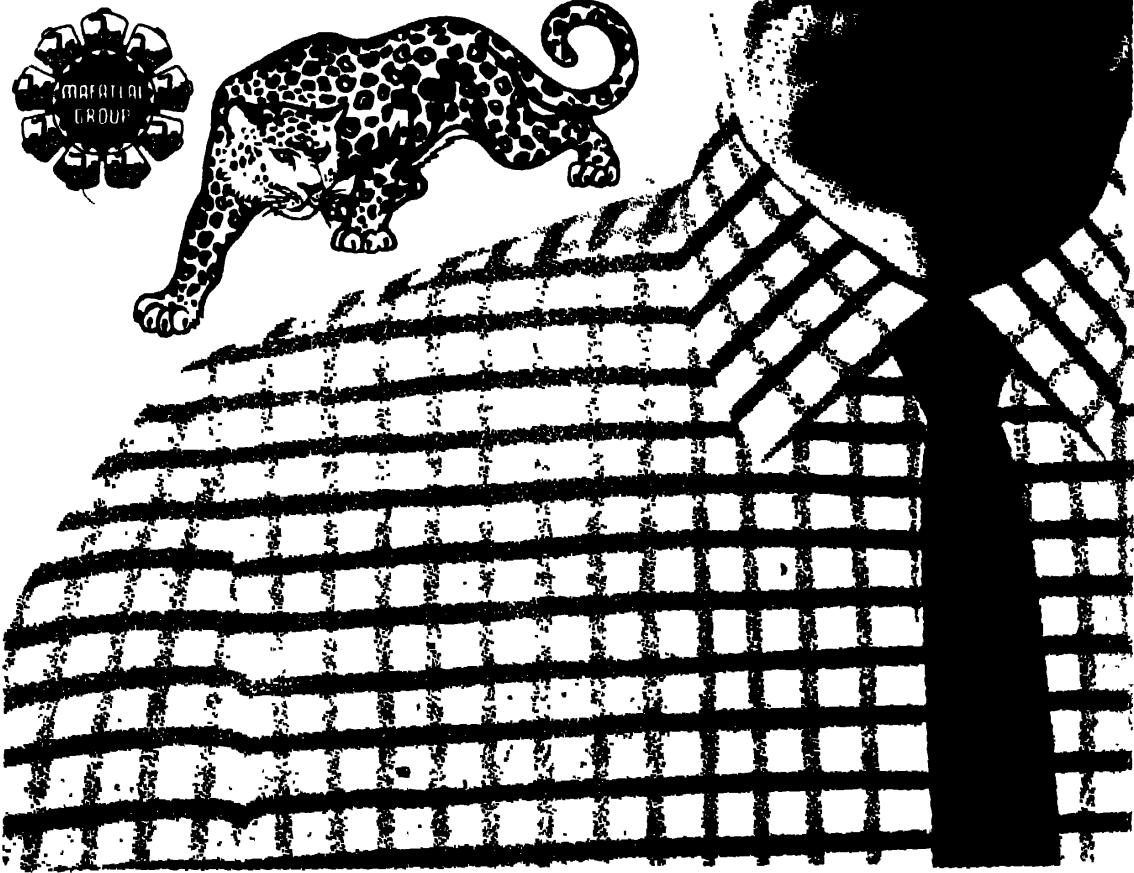
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owl-eyed young newspaperman had become famous.

Our paths parted when I left sportswriting to organize a newspaper syndicate, but I still saw Ring occasionally in New York. One day I was with him at the Waldorf Hotel. As usual, everyone had some funny story or quip to relate—except Ring, who looked on silently. At last he said quietly to me, "When my contract with the Chicago *Tribune* runs out I'd like to work for you." This was very good news indeed, for such a popular writer would be a big catch.

"We'll make a deal," I said. "How about a contract?"

"How about another drink?" he countered, and the talk drifted off to other things. Ring returned to Chicago and I began to hear rumours that a rival syndicate was trying to sign him up. I wired him, saying I wanted to come to Chicago and talk about a contract.

"If you knew anything about contracts," he wired back, "you would realize that we made one in the Waldorf bar before five witnesses, three of whom were sober."

That wire was typical of Ring. Behind the wry, self-deprecating quip was a man of decency and integrity. His word, even given casually in a bar-room conversation, was final. It was the only contract we ever had. The column he wrote for us was an immediate success and was soon appearing in more than 150 newspapers all over the world.

Ring spent his remarkable talent in a profligate manner, working or playing in prolonged spurts that eventually took a terrible toll of his health. He would literally stay up all night just drinking and talking with friends, an activity he called "my sitting-up exercises."

Once, author Clarence Kelland, who lived near Ring on Long Island, was awakened at three in the morning by Lardner throwing pebbles at his window. Kelland invited him in and tried to make conversation, but Ring was in one of his silent moods. Discouraged, Kelland fell asleep. He was awakened at dawn by Lardner tapping him on the knee. "I don't want to seem rude," Ring said, "but aren't you ever going home?"

For all his "sitting-up exercises," Ring was a devoted family man who often wrote about his wife and four sons in his newspaper columns and short stories. He was the most indulgent of fathers, but was almost as shy with his sons as with strangers, and treated them with awkward tenderness. When he began making big money, the boys had a governess and chauffeur and went to the finest schools.

Ring also had a warm, gently humorous relationship with his wife, Ellis. Asked to contribute to a symposium of prominent men on how their wives had helped them, he wrote: "In 1914 or 1915, I think it was in July, she cleaned my white shoes. She dusted my typewriter in

1922. Late one night in 1924 we got home from somewhere and I said I was hungry and she gave me a verbal picture of the location of the pantry.

"Another time I stopped smoking and she felt sorry for me.

"Once on a trip just as I was driving myself crazy trying to make up my mind whether to take the lower or upper berth she solved the problem by crawling into the lower berth."

As the years passed, Ring developed from a popular humorist into a genuine artist whose best work bore the stamp of genius. Critics compared him to Chekhov and de Maupassant as a master of the short story. Yet he was always humble about his talent. When a publisher decided to bring out the first collection of Lardner's short stories they found that he hadn't even kept copies; the stories had to be photographed from old magazines in the public library.

Ring's most notable characteristic was his sensitivity, and it became his greatest burden. When some of the Chicago White Sox players conspired to lose deliberately the 1919 World Series he was so disillusioned that he lost interest in baseball. And as the innocent years of his youth gave way to the gangster era of the '20's and the depression of the '30's, Ring was deeply pained by the resulting corruption and suffering.

As time went on, Ring wrote less humour and turned more to social

satire, savagely dissecting the human selfishness and cruelty that so offended his compassionate nature. His health began failing, and his natural gravity deepened into melancholy. By the late 1920's, plagued by tuberculosis, heart trouble and insomnia, he had pushed his "sitting-up exercises" beyond reasonable limits.

Although for ever in and out of hospitals, Ring still found time for little kindnesses. While in a sanatorium for tuberculosis, he disobeyed his doctors' orders and took a long, hot bus ride to see a newspaperwoman he had known in the old Chicago days. He arrived sick, dusty and laden with gifts for her children.

He never complained about his health and kept in touch with friends through playful letters and telegrams. "When are you coming back and why?" he wired a friend. He declined a dinner invitation by explaining, "It's the children's night out and I have to stay home with the maid."

During his last two years, Ring was gaunt and melancholy but he still had the quiet warmth that drew people to him. Dozens of baseball players, actors' and musicians descended on his New York hospital room and even installed a piano to serenade him.

It was heartbreaking to see this proud, sensitive man wasting away before our eyes. Early in 1933, Ring was discharged from the hospital for

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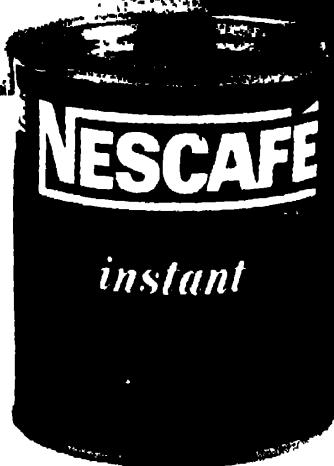
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the last time. That September, he suffered a heart attack at home and died hours later. He was 48 years old.

It is now more than 30 years since his death, but the memory of Ring is still bright in the minds of all who ever met him. There was some quality about him that left its imprint even upon those whose lives he touched only in passing. Once he spent an evening with poet and story writer Sherwood Anderson and a group of strangers in a

New Orleans restaurant. "We loved him," Anderson recalled later. "He laughed. He talked. He drank wine. It was a good evening for him. It was something more than that for the rest of us."

Some years later Anderson returned alone to the restaurant. The French chef came to his table with a bottle of wine. He stood beside the table and poured two glasses full.

"To that man you once brought here," the chef said, raising his glass. "To Ring Lardner."



Ancient Briton

SIR KENNETH WHEARE, Rector of Exeter College, Oxford, tells how he saw a couple of American tourists trespassing in a college garden surrounded by ancient buildings. The man was taking photographs; the boy playing on the grass. Furious, Wheare stood at his study window glaring at them. Suddenly the boy caught sight of him. "Look, Dad!" he called out. "These ruins are inhabited!"

—Muriel Beadle, *These Ruins Are Inhabited* (Robert Hale, London)

* * *

Hard Labour

A LARGE computer-orientated firm has the following entry in one of its ledgers: "This correcting entry is to correct an incorrect correction made incorrectly in January."

—P. C.

I'VE BEEN suspicious of government ever since I worked in the Civil Service several years ago and discovered that the deputy department-head was writing his letters in longhand and then reading them to his secretary to take down in shorthand.

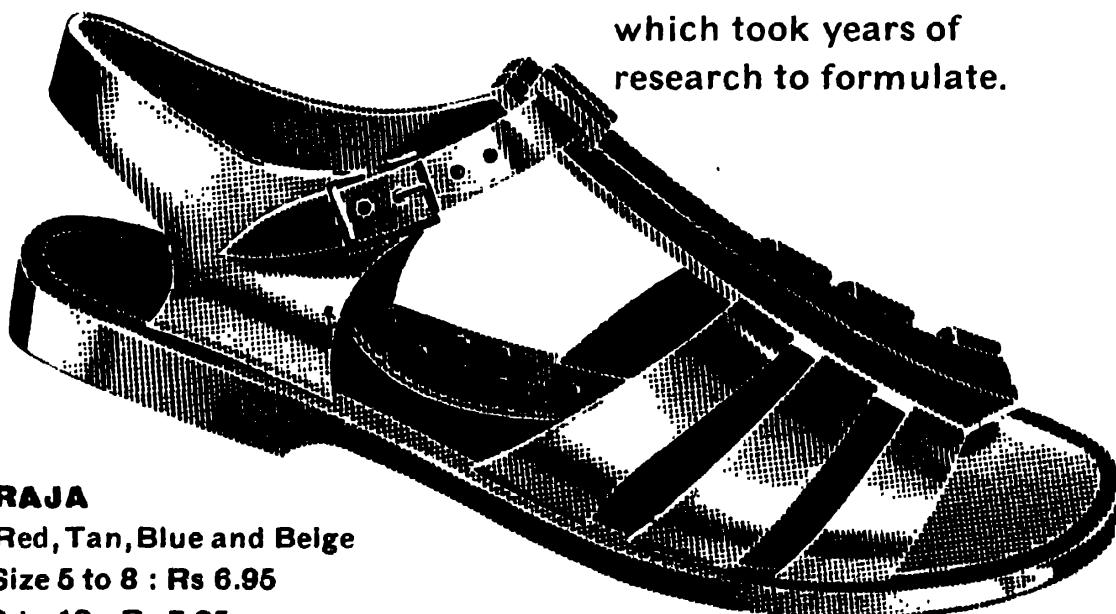
—J. F. G.

BELGIUM's Paul-Henri Spaak presided over the United Nations' first General Assembly. When it ended, he told his colleagues: "The agenda is exhausted. The Secretary-General is exhausted. You are exhausted. I am exhausted. At last we have achieved unanimity."

—Leonard Lyons



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with a flick of
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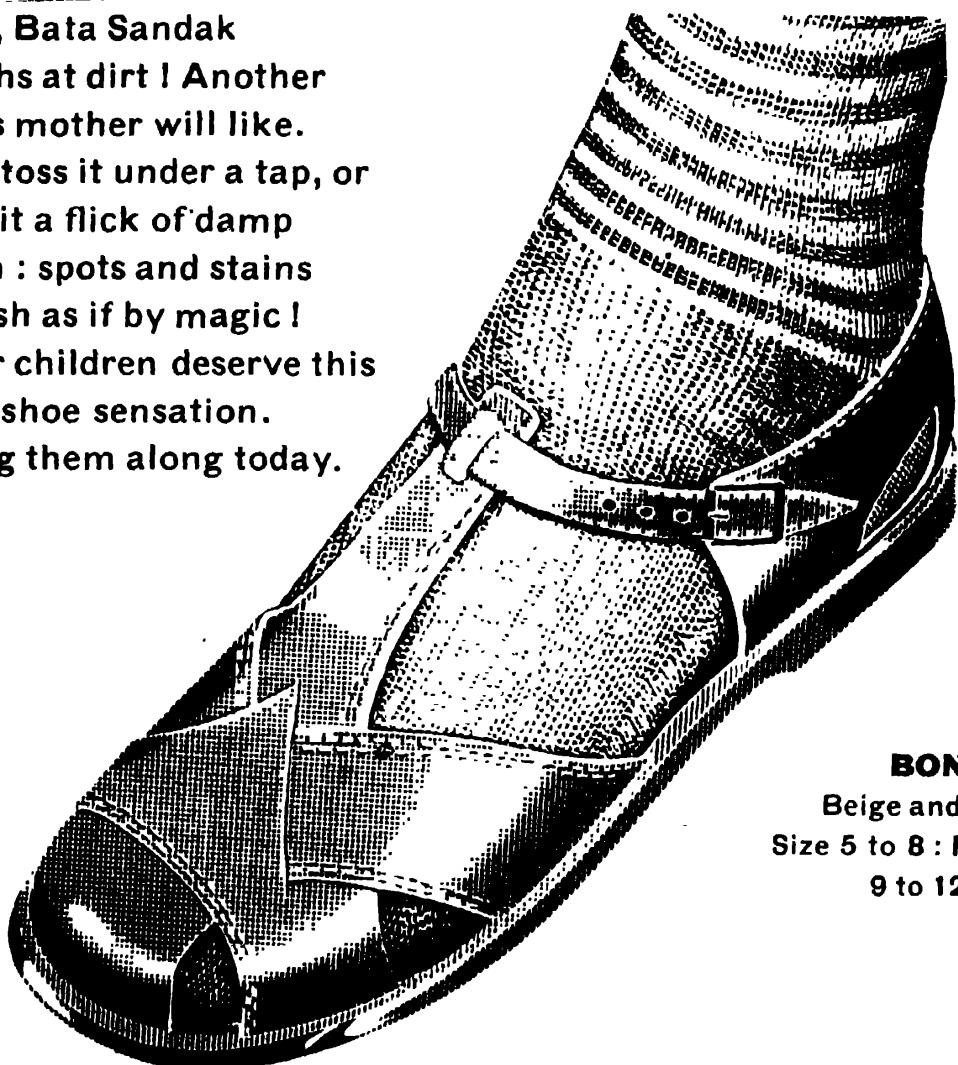
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Does a Housewife Need a Degree?

BY PHYLLIS McGINLEY

THESE DAYS we housewives are news. Radio panels debate our position in the world. Psychologists analyse our motives, examine our needs—and industry gears its output to their findings. We are praised, abused, consulted, advised. We are seldom ignored.

Our latest critics say that too many well-educated young women marry and toss their skills and talents on to the domestic scrap heap. Students of everything from art to zoology will settle down into the suburban or the urban round, with their skills rusting, their minds deteriorating, their capabilities withering away.

This point of view implies two erroneous beliefs: first, that being a housewife is not a noble, useful and rewarding career; second, that education has no value unless it can be measured against earning power or public works.

Do not misunderstand me. I have nothing against housewives who use their education and their brains outside the home. Our society would halt if women did not serve it. Let

housewives, if they have the energy and ability, write books, run factories, direct traffic, or design machines if it gives them pleasure or enhances their lives.

I will even agree that nurses, doctors, engineers and lawyers who have clamoured for admittance to overcrowded professional schools should somehow manage to put their training to use.

What I object to is the charge that study of the humanities is on a level with technical training; that women with advanced schooling are guilty of a misdemeanour when they are employed only in the home.

I resent seeing education held so cheap. An arts education is not a tool like a hoe or a blueprint or an electric cooker. It is a true and precious stone which can glow just as well in an apron pocket as in a jeweller's window.

Learning is a boon, a personal good. It is a light in the mind, a pleasure for the spirit, an object to be enjoyed. To what barbarian plane are we descending when we

demand that it serve only the economy?

Are we going back to the medieval thesis that education unfits a woman to change a nappy or cook a delicious meal? Surely the ability to enjoy Heine's exquisite melancholy in the original German will not cripple a girl's talent for making chocolate cake. Nor will the fact that she likes to read a cookery-book diminish her pleasure in rereading Keats.

If her brain is tuned and humming with knowledge she will be able to judge a newspaper item more sensibly, understand a politician's speech more wisely, discuss her husband's business problems more helpfully, entertain her children more amusingly. Perhaps Plato will turn out to be as useful to her as Dr. Spock, and Chaucer wiser than a marriage counsellor.

When I was at school, I took a course called Latin-American history. It was taught by an inspired and passionate man who loved his subject. Because of his eloquence, I have forgotten scarcely a date or an episode from that chronicle of adventure.

The feats of Pizarro's tiny band, overcoming half a continent with an army as greedy as it was gallant;

the romantic story of the Inca emperor who fell in love with his conquered princess and so brought about the division of his kingdom and its destruction; the fate of Atahualpa, son of that love affair, who believed the Spanish promises —all this lives in my mind as it did years ago.

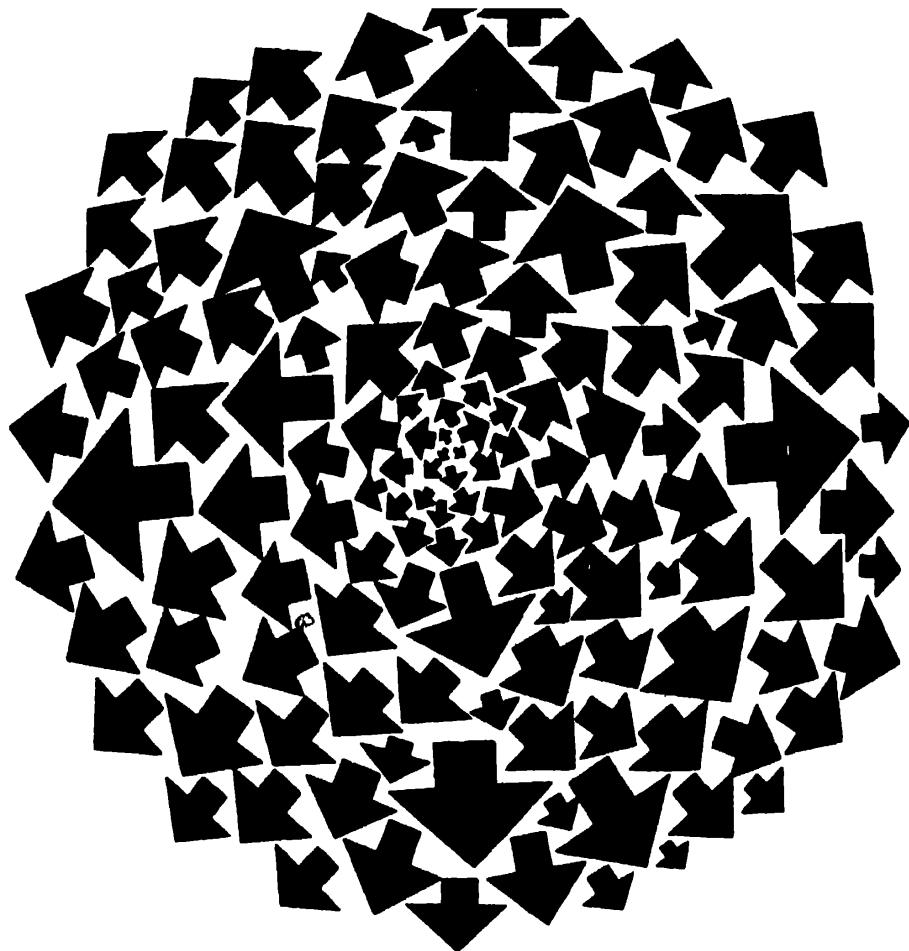
This knowledge has never been of the slightest assistance to me in either earning a living or keeping house. But I would not part with it for half my own kingdom. Those fragments which still float about in my memory are part of my dowry, as precious to me as my grandmother's silver spoons, and as ready to be passed on to my descendants.

We who belong to the profession of housewife hold the fate of the world in our hands. It is our influence that will determine the culture of coming generations. We are the people who chiefly listen to music, buy books, go to the theatre and art galleries, collect for charity, brood over schools, converse with the children. Our minds need to be rich and flexible for these duties.

And even if we had no such duties, we could still honourably wear our education as the ornament it is, with no other excuse than that it becomes us.



If we would only give, just once, the same amount of reflection to what we want to get out of life that we give to the question of what to do with a fortnight's holiday, we would be startled at our false standards and the aimless procession of our busy days. —Dorothy Canfield Fisher, *The Squirrel-Cage*



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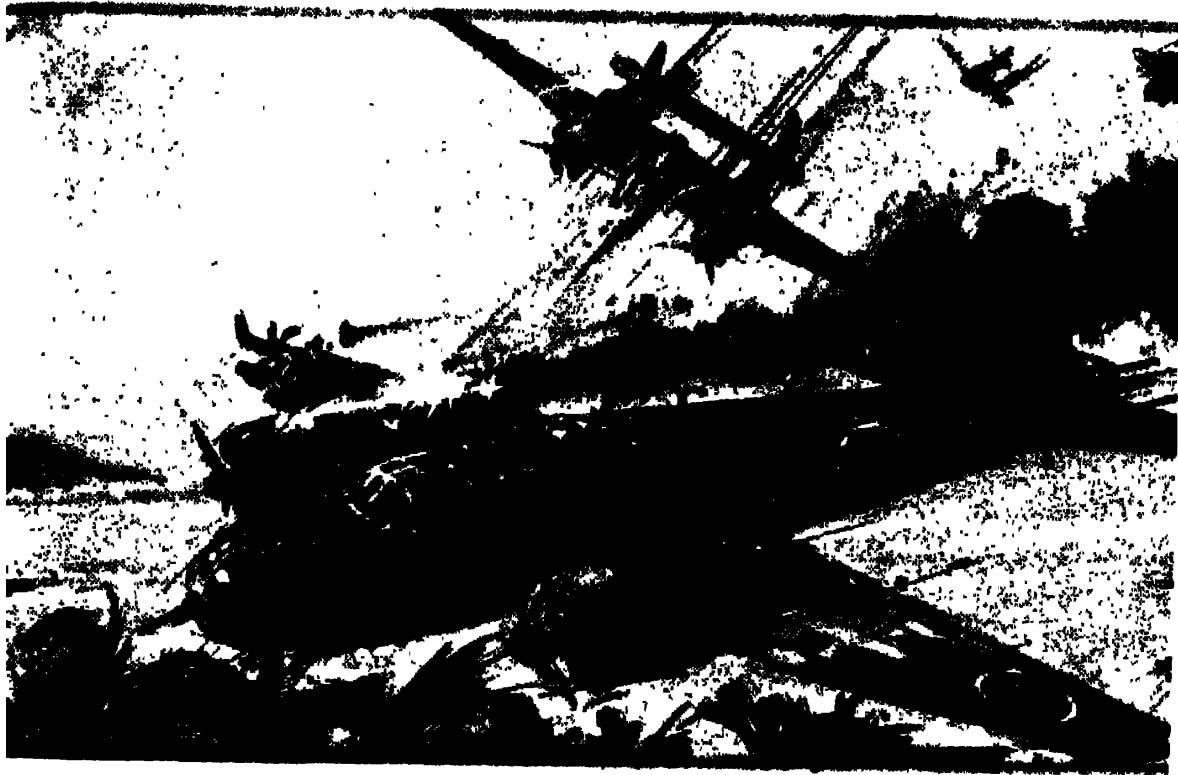
A Reader's Digest
"First Person" Award



I SHOT DOWN YAMAMOTO

BY THOMAS LANPHIER

IT WAS a raw, rainy day at Arlington Cemetery outside Washington, and a cold wind tugged at the American flag that draped my brother's coffin. With me at the grave-side were my father and mother, and my other brother Jim. The war had ended four years ago, but the body of my quiet, brave young brother Charles had only just been returned from the South Pacific. As I listened to the sad, solemn words of the chaplain, I thought of how strangely my brother's life and mine had been linked with Bougainville, a remote island in the Solomons, and with a man neither of us ever saw — Admiral Isoroku Yamamoto,



commander-in-chief of the Japanese navy.

When Pearl Harbour plunged the United States into war it was almost inevitable that Charlie and I should become pilots, for our father had been a pioneer army air officer in the First World War. Charlie was still training when I was sent to Guadalcanal—the largest of the Solomon Islands—with an Army P-38 fighter squadron. Then, one March day in 1943 as I was returning from a combat patrol, I heard a familiar voice on the radio. It was Charlie! He, too, was flying over Guadalcanal, returning from a mission.

During the following weeks our

paths crossed frequently. On one occasion we even tangled with the same flight of enemy Zeros; and once I helped rescue him when he had to bale out over Japanese-held territory.

Late on the afternoon of April 17, 1943, I was ordered to report to our operations dug-out. I arrived with Major John Mitchell, commanding officer of our squadron and the leading ace on Guadalcanal. As we entered the musty dug-out we saw instantly that something big was on. Most of the top brass on the island were there. Face tense, a marine major handed us a document marked Top Secret.

This told us that Yamamoto and

his senior staff officers were arriving at Bougainville by air on April 18. "Squadron 339 P-38 must at all costs reach and destroy," the dispatch said. "President attaches extreme importance this operation." It went on to say that Yamamoto and his staff would be flying in two bombers escorted by six Zeros, and then gave a detailed schedule of the flight.

No wonder there was tension in the air. Yamamoto was not only chief of the Japanese navy: he was the architect of the sneak attack on Pearl Harbour that had crippled the U.S. Pacific fleet and taken some 2,000 lives! Mitchell and I looked at each other. Bougainville was 300 miles away. Our Lockheed Lightnings were the only planes on Guadalcanal with enough range to intercept the Admiral.

Yamamoto, then 59, was a stocky, poker-faced officer who had built up the modern Japanese navy, and perfected the night-fighting and torpedo techniques which took such a terrible toll of American ships. A pioneer aviator, he helped develop the deadly Zero, and his reliance on the aircraft carrier had done much to revolutionize naval warfare.

Ironically, Yamamoto was a staunch admirer of America. He had been a brilliant student at Harvard University, a popular naval attaché in Washington. He spoke fluent English, loved poker and baseball. Some authorities in Japan considered him so pro-American that he was once threatened with

assassination. Yet when the army forced Japan into war against the United States, Yamamoto directed the navy with characteristic skill and dedication.

The decision to attack his plane was not taken lightly. The opportunity came as a result of one of the biggest secrets of the war—the fact that U.S. cryptographers had broken the Japanese code, enabling us to decipher the enemy's secret messages. When it was learnt that Yamamoto would come within striking distance, President Roosevelt was consulted. Was this warfare or murder? Did Japan have anyone to take his place?

The consensus was, it did not. Since Yamamoto was a vital element in the enemy's war effort, he must be eliminated.

Long Shot. In the dug-out, a lively argument broke out as to the best means of doing the job. Yamamoto was due at the big Kahili air-strip on Bougainville at 9.45 the next morning; we finally determined to intercept him in flight ten minutes earlier, at a point 35 miles north of there. It was a long shot. We had only 18 planes for the mission, while the Japanese had more than 100 at Kahili. And even with extra tanks, our planes could not carry enough fuel to tarry over the target area. The mission would require clock-like precision to have even the remotest chance of success.

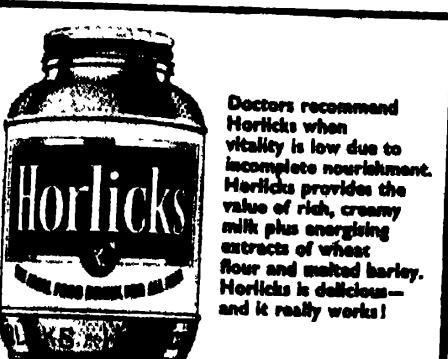
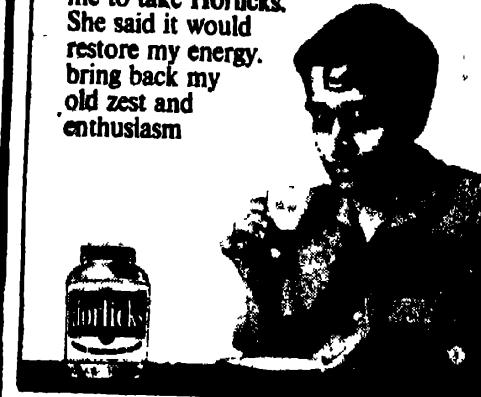
Later, Major Mitchell briefed our group. "Take-off will be at 0725,"

They all said I was to blame!

The fault was mine for losing my job, complained the family. But how could I help it when I felt so tired and depressed all the time...



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I SHOT DOWN YAMAMOTO

he said. "My section of 14 planes will be at 20,000 feet to take care of the fighters from Kahili. Lanphier's section of four planes will be at 10,000 feet to make the interception."

An army intelligence officer told us how important Yamamoto was to the Japanese navy, and what a blow to enemy morale his loss would be. "He's a perfectionist," the officer added. "Our intelligence stresses his promptness. You must be on the dot."

Sunday, April 18, broke clear but humid on Guadalcanal. As I taxied over the muddy steel matting of the runway, I got a wave and a grin from my wing man, Lieutenant Rex Barber. At exactly 7.25, Mitchell roared down the runway and into the sky. Barber and I followed. But misfortune struck the other two planes in my group. One blew a tyre on the runway and the second one's belly tanks were not functioning properly. The mission was only minutes old and already we had lost two planes.

Mitchell waved two of his planes over to join me. Then we all headed north, flying just above the waves to escape detection by Japanese radar.

As we roared along under the blazing mid-morning sun, our 16 tightly-grouped Lightnings maintained strict radio silence. For most of two hours we were out of sight of land. I had the usual pre-combat butterflies. I had learnt from almost 100 combat missions that there

are degrees of courage; on some days a pilot is more willing to risk his life than on others. But this time I felt we were all determined to risk everything.

At last Bougainville loomed ahead, a big island whose matted jungle grew right down to the water's edge. As we crossed the coastline Mitchell put his plane into a steep climb, leading his section up to 20,000 feet. My group was right behind, climbing to 10,000 feet. I glanced at my dashboard clock—9.33 a.m. Two minutes to go.

As we climbed I scanned the immensity of sky, saw nothing but a few cumulus clouds. Any minute we would surely be spotted by Japanese planes flying in and out of Kahili. Where was the punctual Admiral?

On Schedule. A moment later a pilot in Mitchell's section broke radio silence—"Bogeys. Ten o'clock high." Sure enough, in the distance was a V formation of dark specks. As they came nearer I saw two green-camouflaged, twin-engine bombers, escorted by six Zeros. It was 9.35—the Admiral was right on schedule! And so were we. The concerted effort of a multitude of people had brought us to this exact spot in the vast Pacific sky at the exact moment. Now it was up to us.

I prepared to attack. Ahead and above, the Japanese formation flew towards us, still oblivious of our presence.

Suddenly our luck took a turn for

the worse: one of the pilots in my group was having trouble with his plane and had to turn off down the coast; his wing man had no choice but to go with him. Now Barber and I would have to do the job alone.

We were about a mile in front of the Japanese formation and closing fast when the Zeros spotted us. They nosed over to head us off, the lead bomber plunging towards the jungle while the second zoomed directly at us. As I dived at the first bomber three more Zeros came for me. I brought my guns to bear on the leader. We almost collided head on before the stream of bullets from my guns ripped one of his wings

away. He twisted under me, trailing flame and smoke.

At that moment, in an almost vertical climb, I put my plane over on its back and looked for the bomber I had lost in the mêlée.

Sheer panic does wonders for the vision. In one glance I saw Barber tangling with some Zeros even as two others came at me. Then I saw a green shadow streaking across the jungle below—the bomber, skimming just over the trees. I followed it down to tree-top level, and began firing. Its right engine and right wing began to burn. Then the wing fell off, and the bomber crashed in the jungle.

By this time, Barber had shot



down the other Japanese bomber in the ocean. It was time we made for home—fast.

I zig-zagged over the jungle, trying to shake the Zeros off my tail. Suddenly I was blinded by dust—unwittingly I had flown over one corner of the Kahili airfield. The dust was being kicked up by swarms of Japanese fighters scrambling into the air. I pressed on across the harbour and out over the sea. Then I put my Lightning into the speed climb for which it was built and gradually pulled away from the Zeros.

It was a tense flight home with some planes damaged and all of us low on fuel. I was the last of our

group to land and my tank was empty as I rolled to a stop. A crowd of pilots, mechanics, marines and soldiers swarmed over the plane, hauling me out of the cockpit and thumping me on the back. Barber, too, had had a field day. In addition to the other bomber, he had shot down two Zeros. We lost only one man.

That night we dined on steak, bamboo shoots and cold beer. And from the commander of U.S. Naval forces in the South Pacific came a message: "Congratulations Major Mitchell and his hunters. Sounds as though one of the ducks in their bag was a peacock."

It wasn't until after the war that

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**GOLD
SPOT**

I SHOT DOWN YAMAMOTO

we learned the full results of our mission. The bomber shot down by Barber had crashed in the sea, and two Japanese admirals were rescued, badly injured, from the wreckage. The other bomber was found in the jungle—and with it the body of Admiral Yamamoto, still clutching his ceremonial sword.

When his ashes were returned to Tokyo, millions of Japanese turned out for his state funeral. It was the greatest display of national mourning for an admiral since the funeral of Lord Nelson after Trafalgar.

A month after Yamamoto's death, Tokyo radio finally admitted that he had been killed. But for the duration of the war the United States revealed no details.

There were two reasons for this silence. One, it was feared that the meticulously-planned interception might make the enemy realize their code had been broken. The other was, for me, poignantly personal.

Only two months after the Yamamoto mission, my brother Charlie led a flight on a strafing raid against the same Kahili airfield on Bougainville. He was shot down—at almost the same spot where I had shot down Yamamoto. But Charlie survived, and was sent to a prison camp. The U.S. Government did not reveal that I had killed Yamamoto for fear the Japanese would take reprisals against Charlie. He died of gangrene—only two weeks before U.S. Marines liberated the prison.

As I stood with my family at Charlie's funeral, I realized more than ever before the tragedy and futility of war. How ironic, I thought, that I should shoot down Admiral Yamamoto over Kahili—and that Charlie should be shot down at virtually the same spot.

I wondered sadly if mankind, which had reasoned its way to the atom, might not one day reason its way to a true peace.

No Cause for Alarm

WHILE VISITING my sister and brother-in-law, in Los Angeles, I was awakened in the middle of the night by a loud rattling noise. Terrified, I heard my sister say, "Harry, quick! There's a burglar trying to get in."

"Don't be afraid, darling," he replied. "It isn't a burglar—it's only an earthquake."

—H. L. P.

* * *

The Last Word

THOMAS CARLYLE, famous nineteenth-century essayist, once referred to the saying "Speech is silver; silence is golden." When Carlyle's collected works were published a critic commented: "Now the great man has effectively compressed the golden gospel of silence into 35 volumes."

—B. C.

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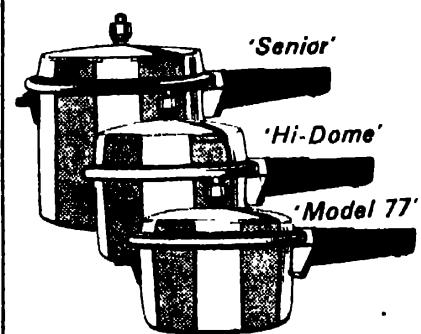
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Foreign Aid: a New Look

By WILLIAM AND PAUL PADDOCK

A common-sense proposal to let hungry nations reap lasting benefit from American help

IN 1953, when I was director of an American University tropical research centre, I spent two weeks trying to make a U.S. maize harvester work on a Guatemala farm. The harvester was the latest model. The field was as level as any in my home state. The maize was a new hybrid I myself had helped to develop to improve the native crop. But the harvester wouldn't harvest.

Perhaps the husks were too dry or too tough. Perhaps the ears were at the wrong elevation on the stalk. We tried every adjustment on the harvester. We brought in new rollers. We practically rebuilt the machine. After two weeks the maize couldn't wait any longer. The farmer hired a local gang who did the job by hand as expensively as they had for the past half-century, and the maize sold in Guatemala City for five times the price quoted

for maize on the Chicago market.

The moral of this tale is that the problems of the underdeveloped nations cannot be solved simply by waving the magic wand of American know-how; that is, the know-how evolved for conditions prevailing in the United States.

At the World Food Congress in Washington in 1963, one theme was repeated again and again: U.S. science has all the answers to keeping the world fed if the people will just work hard and apply American techniques.

It isn't so. Such thinking has led Washington to squander millions on foreign-aid projects that have no growth value—while overlooking the very real possibilities for using aid money to increase a nation's production. If Guatemala needs a maize harvester, that country must be helped to develop a machine

Condensed from "Hungry Nations," © 1964 by William and Paul Paddock

especially for its own fields. *Research* is the key. With outside assistance, the hungry nations can develop through research their own techniques for multiplying their own resources.

As U.S. planners so often discover, there is usually a reason *why* undeveloped land in the hungry nations has remained undeveloped. In Nicaragua, for example, there was a plan to turn 100,000 acres of Macantaca country into a cattle district. Nicaraguan businessmen flew a Texas cattleman there on an inspection trip. The land the Texan saw was beautiful. The terrain had a slight roll and formed a fine open prairie. The forage grass was wonderful, not quite knee-high. Occasionally, there was a pleasant lake. This was indeed perfection.

Why then, the Texan asked, were the few scattered cattle so dismally scrawny?

For an answer, I give you the cycle of the seasons throughout most of the tropics and subtropics. The cycle is strictly Rainy and Dry. In the dry season, there is no water for the livestock, and there is no grass. By the end of the season the

WILLIAM AND PAUL PADDOCK are brothers. Paul, now retired after a career in the U.S. Foreign Service, saw American aid first-hand in Morocco, Afghanistan, Laos and other countries. William, a plant pathologist who worked for years in agricultural research in Latin America, is now head of Latin American Affairs for the U.S. National Academy of Sciences. They see so completely eye-to-eye on the needs of the hungry nations that they wrote their book in the first person singular.

cattle are mere skeletons and barely alive.

But the rains do come. The grass is now excellent—but only for a few weeks. The grasslands then often turn into swamps. The cattle stand in water, and the grass becomes rank and coarse. The Texan, who had happened to visit during the one month of pleasantness, returned quietly to his own country.

Here, then, is why the cattle in Nicaragua are so poor and why the Macantaca area has never developed a viable economy.

Untamed Land. Until recently science has concentrated on the problems of the temperate zones, and the result has been an agricultural bonanza. But the tropics, the home of the hungry nations, are still farmed mostly by routines dating back to neolithic times.

Man knows next to nothing about what can be done with tropical soils. In the tropical rain forests nearly all the nutrients are stored in the living plants, not in the soil. This is because all plant wastes (branches, fruit, sap, leaves) are immediately attacked by fungi and bacteria when they fall to the ground. The near-by plants and trees quickly reabsorb this waste. So, when the land is cleared and formal cultivation started, there is no cover to protect the soil and no root system to reabsorb the nutrients; these are quickly leached away by the heavy rains. Research may never find a way to use these soils for full-scale

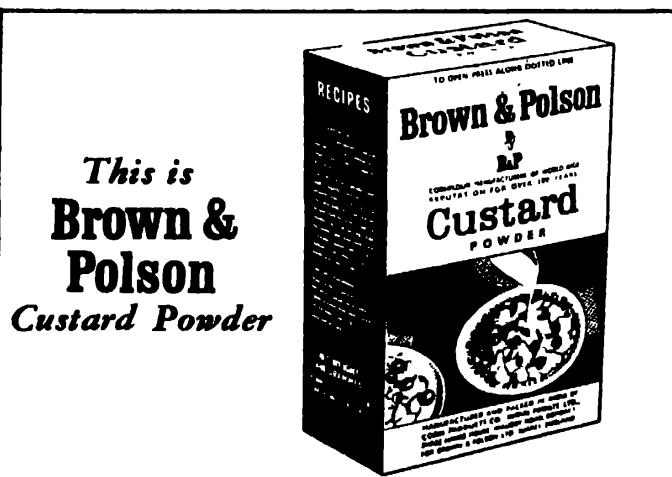
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On the Nature of the Magnetic Force

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Mix $3\frac{1}{2}$ level dessertspoons Custard Powder with 4 level dessertspoons sugar and blend into a smooth paste with a little cold milk. Heat one pint of milk, add this mixture, stir till boiling and then boil for one minute. Cool. This custard tastes deliciously rich—yet contains no eggs.

Pour over fruit salad, tinned or stewed fruit, ice cream, baked or steamed puddings and tarts.



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HAWAIIAN TRIFLE



1 sponge cake ■ 2 tablespoons Brown & Polson Custard Powder ■ Small tin pineapple (or any other fruit) ■ Milk

Split the sponge cake and arrange half of it in the bottom of a dish. Drain the syrup from the pineapple. Put a layer of pineapple over the sponge cake leaving a few pieces for decorating. Cover with the other half of the sponge cake. Pour 4 tablespoons of pineapple syrup over this, to moisten, measure the rest and make it up to 1 pint with milk. Make a custard, as directed before, with this liquid and pour over the sponge cake. When cool decorate with pineapple and glace cherries.

For more recipes, please write for FREE Recipe Book. Please send 5 empty inner bags from a packet of Brown & Polson Variety Custard Powder or Flavoured Cornflour, to Dept. CPK4, Corn Products Co. (India) Private Ltd., P.O. Box 994, Bombay 1, saying whether you'd like your copy in English, Hindi, Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam, Gujarati, Marathi, Bengali or Urdu.

food crops, except by the heavy use of fertilizers. The problem is to find a cheap fertilizer.

Economic planners call tropical forests "great resources" awaiting development. Tropical Venezuela, for example, has some 120 million acres of forest land, and conifers in that kind of area can be grown to the size of six inches in diameter in 7 to 15 years, whereas in Scandinavia they take 70 to 100 years. Yet forest products are one of Venezuela's major imports.

The growth of the tropical forests is formidable. Most herbaceous plants known in the temperate zone have woody relatives in the tropics. Even violets the size of apple trees are found. One square mile can contain literally hundreds of kinds of trees, a conglomerate no one knows what to do with.

Research must find a way by which stands of usable trees can be grown in the tropics without other species getting mixed in. In temperate United States the seeding of forests by air has become a highly developed science. The seed is coated with an insecticide and a fungicide, plus a compound to make mice sick if they eat it, plus aluminium to disguise it from the birds. Can such a technique be adapted to the tropics? Nobody knows.

How little man knows of what might be done with the arid lands in the hungry nations! Roughly one-third of the land surface of the globe is arid, but only relatively small

areas are true deserts, and a variety of plants grows naturally in the arid land. Except in Israel and Australia, research to develop these lands and their plants has hardly begun. All arid-land plants should be investigated to see what can be made of them through breeding and selection.

Fishing Facts. In contrast, everyone is avid with interest when it comes to fisheries. Fishery officials are attached to U.S. aid missions. But just because a hungry tropical nation has an ocean front does not mean it can have a fishing industry. Again, it is a question of nutrients.

Fishing is good where you get nutrients, either through erosion, as at the mouths of rivers, or from upwelling of water from the bottom of the ocean. In the same way that a crop of maize requires nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium, a crop of plankton, the basic food of fish, needs the same chemicals. Few tropical waters have these nutrients in abundance.

Once, on the island of Guanaja, off the Caribbean coast of Honduras, a group of us went swimming with aqualungs. Never have I seen such clear, crystalline water. Fish surrounded us. But the village's small fish cannery had closed down. Local people said there were not enough fish to keep it operating!

A fisheries expert explained to me: "When you find crystal-blue water, you know that marine life is scarce. Only when the water is

murky is there sufficient plankton to support enough marine life for commercial fishing. You saw fish only because no one had been fishing there for some time. Re-open the cannery and in a couple of years the waters will be empty."

The problem is not to find the fish. The problem is to develop them as a regular crop, through research.

In 26 of the hungry nations, more than 50 per cent of their exports come from a single crop. For example, 75 per cent of Colombia's export is coffee. If a synthetic coffee is developed, Colombia's already low income will plummet.

My friend John Niederhauser has shown how research improves a poor crop already under cultivation. When he joined the Rockefeller Foundation staff in Mexico he found the potato crops suffering from a disease called late blight. He had had experience in part of the United States with this disease, and he decided that all he needed to do was to plant blight-resistant potatoes from there, then wait for the Mexicans to admire the result.

What happened was that, while

his neighbours had a crop of sorts, he got none at all. The potatoes resistant to U.S. blight were not resistant to the Mexican blight. It was not until a decade later, and with the full resources of the Rockefeller Foundation, that Niederhauser and his fellow workers finally produced a potato that was blight-resistant in Mexican fields. And now Mexico has a fine new food crop.

The people of the hungry nations do not want a hand-out of U.S. surplus food merely to keep them alive. They want square meals that they provide for themselves. They already have done an extraordinary job. To raise maize on a steep, eroded hillside takes a lot of skill, intelligence and guts.

Money squandered on easy, flashy things like paved roads, public buildings and unneeded armies is not the best aid for these people. Instead, the techniques of modern research are needed for the scientific development of their own unique resources. Through such true technical aid today's hungry nations can build a firm foundation for their twentieth century development.

Counter-attack

A book salesman knocked at the door of Mr. Brown's house just after he had left for work. The door was opened by Mrs. Brown. "I have something which I am sure you will want to buy for reference," said the salesman. "It's a book called *500 Excuses for a Husband to Stay Out Late*."

"Why should I want it?" snapped Mrs. Brown.

"Well, I have just sold a copy to your husband," replied the salesman.

—Country Fair

TWO-BOOK SUPPLEMENT

ON BEING A REAL PERSON

**How to develop a
powerful personality**

**By Dr. Harry
Emerson Fosdick**

Page 164

UNDER THE RED SEA SUN

**The exciting story of
the Second World War's
most dramatic
salvage operation**

By Edward Ellsberg

Page 185

THE BOOK SUPPLEMENT

From the book by HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

Occasionally I return to a preacher and his sermon, and find it still inspiring. Fosdick was one of the most inspiring preachers in New York's famous First Presbyterian Church. His sermon on "The Great Decision" is one of the most inspiring I have ever heard.

THE MAIN concern of every human being is to be a real person. We possess by nature the factors out of which personality can be made, and to organize them into effective personal life is every man's primary responsibility.

Without exaggeration it can be said that frustrated, unhappy people, who cannot match themselves with life, constitute the greatest single tragedy in the world. In mansion and hovel, among the uneducated and in universities, under every circumstance, people entrusted with building their own personalities are making a mess of it, thereby plunging into an earthly hell.

Three elements enter into the building of personality: heredity, environment and personal response. We are not responsible for our heredity; much of our environment we cannot control; but the power to face life with an individual rejoinder—for that we *are* responsible. When acceptance of this responsibility involves self-condemnation, however, an alibi almost invariably rushes to the rescue.

On the lowest level, this desire to escape blame expresses itself in emphasis upon luck. Fortunate people "get the breaks," men say; personal failure is due not so much to mistake as to mischance. That luck represents a real factor in human experience is evident, but nothing finer

has appeared on earth than unlucky people who are real persons. The determining element in their experience is not so much what happens to them as the way they take it.

Mile-runner Glenn Cunningham was crippled in boyhood in a school fire. The doctors said that only a miracle could enable him to walk again—he was out of luck. He began walking by following a plough across the fields, leaning on it for support; and then went on to tireless experiment to see what he could do with his legs. Later, he broke existing records for the mile.

Bad luck is a poor alibi if only because good luck by itself never yet guaranteed real personality.

Many escape a sense of personal responsibility by lapsing into a mood of emotional fatalism. This is, curiously, one of the most comfortable moods in which a man can live. If he is an automaton, he is not responsible for anything.

On its highest level, man's desire to escape responsibility expresses itself in ascribing all personal qualities to heredity and environment. From intelligence quotients within to crippling environments without, this theory offers defences for every kind of deficiency.

But solving problems, making the best of a bad job, is one of life's major businesses. Often the reason victory is not won lies inside the individual. But recognition of this

fact by the person concerned is difficult. At times we all resemble the farmer laboriously driving his horses along a dusty road. "How much longer does this hill last?" he asked a man by the roadside. "Hill!" was the answer. "Hill nothing! Your back wheels are off!"

The world is a harsh place, and people are often unfair, selfish, cruel. Yet we know the difference between a man who always has an alibi and the man who, *in just as distressing a situation*, habitually looks inward to his own attitudes and resources—no excuses, no blaming others. In any circumstance he regards himself as his major problem, certain that if he handles himself well it is bound to make some difference. Anyone can recognize the forthright healthy-mindedness of the boy who wrote home to his father after an unsuccessful football match, "Our opponents found a big hole in our defence, and that hole was me."

When we succeed, when by dint of decision and effort we achieve a desired end, we are sure we had a share in *that*. We cannot shrug off responsibility when we fail.

The beginning of worthwhile living is thus to confront ourselves—unique beings, each of us entrusted with the makings of personality. Yet multitudes of people wrestle with every conceivable factor before they face their primary problem—themselves. Our commonest human tragedy is represented in a

recent cartoon: A doctor faces his patient with anxious solemnity, saying, "This is a very serious case; I'm afraid you're *allergic to yourself*."

Our Many Selves

THE COMMON phrase, "building a personality," is a misnomer. Personality is not so much like a structure as like a river—it continuously flows, and to be a person is to be engaged in a perpetual process of becoming.

The tests of successful personal living, therefore, are not neatly identical when applied to two people in different situations or to the same person at different ages. On one criterion, however, there is common agreement. A real person achieves a high degree of unity within himself.

Each of us deals continually with the underlying problem of a disorganized life. The ruffled man badly flurried because he has mislaid his glasses, the frightened person in a panic, the choleric individual surprised by a burst of temper into loss of self-control—such examples remind us how insecure is our personal integration.

No virtue is more universally accepted as a test of good character than trustworthiness. Obviously, however, dependability is possible only in so far as the whole personality achieves a staunch unity that can be counted on.

Many of us frequently behave "out of character." The general

pattern of our lives may involve honesty, truthfulness and similar qualities—but not always. This is evident even with regard to a virtue like courtesy. How common is the person whose courtesy is unreliable! We all know him—polite today, uncivil tomorrow; obliging and well-mannered at work, irritable and sulky at home.

In a man with character, the responses to life are established and well organized; one can count on them. His various emotions, desires and ideas are no mere disparate will-o'-the-wisps. He has become a whole person, with a unifying pattern of thought and feeling that gives coherence to everything he does.

A "well-integrated" life does not mean a placid one, with all conflicts resolved. Many great souls have been inwardly tortured. Florence Nightingale had a desperate time finding herself, and wrote in her diary, "In my 31st year I see nothing desirable but death."

In all strong characters there are echoes of strife and contention. Nevertheless, far from being at a loose end within themselves, such people have organized their lives round some supreme values and achieved purpose and drive.

The process by which real personality is thus attained is inward and spiritual. Even so fortunate an environment as a loyal and loving family cannot exempt a man from confronting himself. And as for

material prosperity, that often disorganizes life rather than unifies it. Indeed, nervous prostration is a speciality of the prosperous.

War Within

A MODERN novelist describing one of his characters says, "He was not so much a human being as a civil war." At some time or other, every man faces a situation where on the one side is his actual self, with his abilities and circumstances, and on the other are ideal pictures of himself and his achievements; and between the two is a gulf too wide to be bridged.

To hold high ideals and ambitions is man's glory, and nowhere more so than in the development of personality. This faculty, however, can function so abnormally that it tears life to pieces.

No well-integrated life is possible, therefore, without an initial act of self-acceptance, as though to say: I, John Smith, hereby accept myself, with my inherited endowments and handicaps and with the elements in my environment that I cannot control. Accepting all this, I will now see what I can do with *this* John Smith.

Tension between our existent and our desired selves often arises from high moral ideals, and nowhere is it more likely to be mishandled. Unselfishness and loyalty, for instance, are major virtues, but a daughter under the domination of a possessive mother can so picture herself

as in duty bound to be unselfish and loyal that, without doing her mother any real good, her life is blighted and her personality wrecked.

Feeling Inferior

WHEN self-acceptance is not achieved and the strain between the actual and the dreamed-of self becomes great, the result is an unhappy and sometimes crushing sense of inferiority. One study of 275 university students revealed that over 90 per cent suffered from gnawing, frustrated feelings of deficiency. They gave all sorts of reasons — physical incompetence, unpleasant appearance, lack of social charm, failure in love, low intellectual ability, moral failure.

The importance of the inferiority problem is made evident by the unhealthy ways in which it is commonly handled. Some deal with it by the smokescreen method. Feeling miserably inferior, and not wanting others to know it, the shy become aggressive, the embarrassed effusive, and the timid bluster and brag. One man, hitherto gentle and considerate to his family, suffered a humiliating failure. At once he began to grow harsh and domineering. Paradoxical though it is, when he felt superior he behaved humbly, as though he felt inferior; when he felt inferior he began to swagger.

Others, like the fox in Aesop's fable, call sour all grapes they cannot reach. The frail youth censures

athletics; the debauchee scoffs at the self-controlled as prudes; the failure at school scorns intellectuals as "highbrows." Watch what people are cynical about, and one can often discover what they lack, and subconsciously wish they had.

Still others find excuses based on an exaggerated acknowledgment of their inferiority. One student struggling with failure said: "I have thought it over carefully and I have come to the conclusion that I am simple-minded!" Far from being said with despair, this was announced with relief; it was a perfect excuse; it absolved him from all responsibility. Yet, factually, it was absurd, and emotionally it was abnormal.

Among the constructive elements that make self-acceptance basic in becoming a real person is the principle of compensation: Deficiency can be a positive stimulus. The plain girl may develop the more wit and charm because she is plain; the shy, embarrassed youth, with the temperament of a recluse, may be all the more useful in scientific research because of it.

In achieving self-acceptance a man may well begin by reducing to a minimum the things that mortify him. To have "a caricature of a face," to lack desired ability, to be economically restricted — such things are limitations, but if they become humiliations it is because inwardly we make them so.

Life is a landscaping job. We are

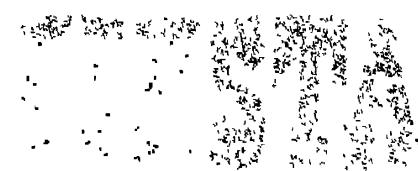
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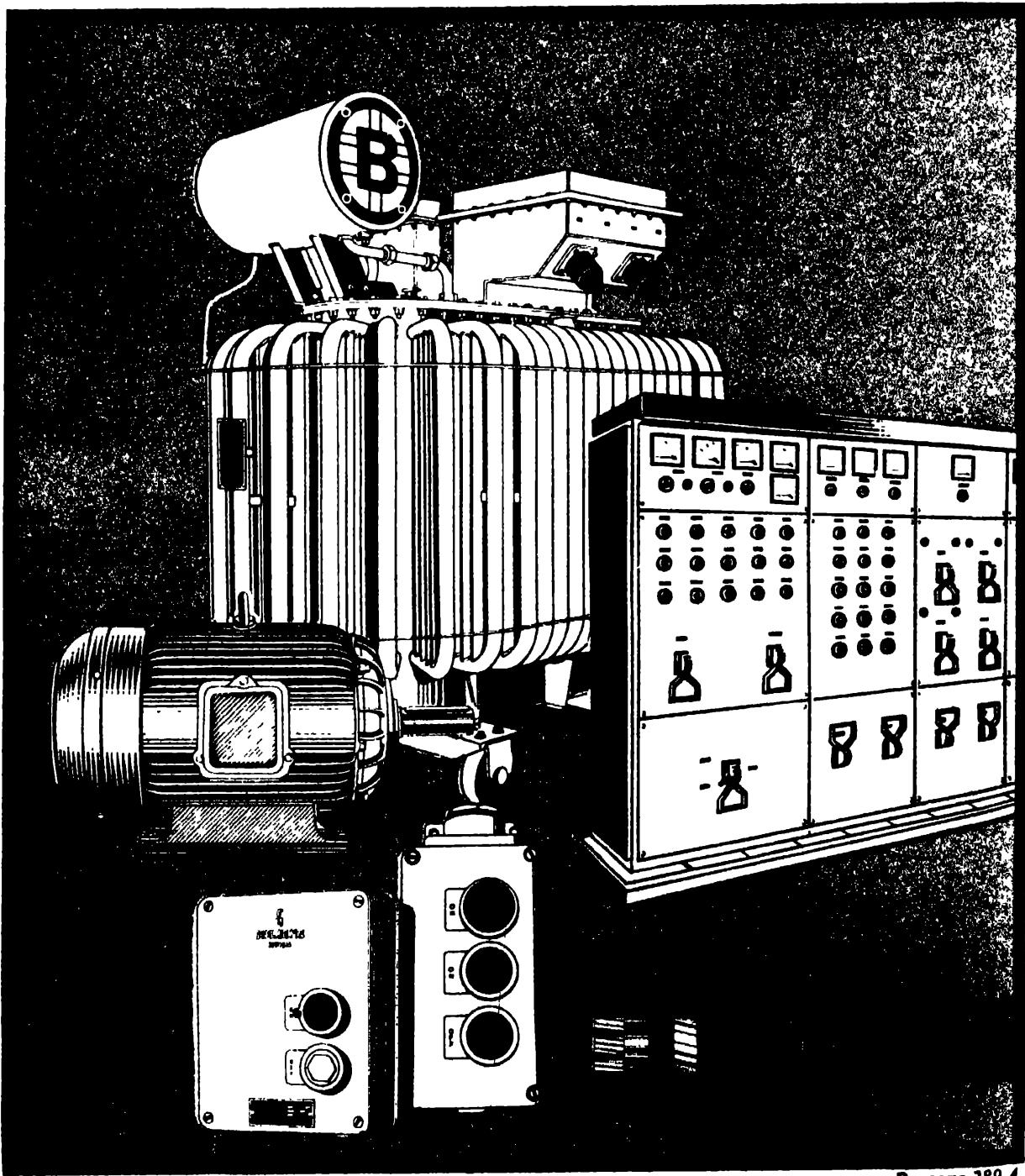
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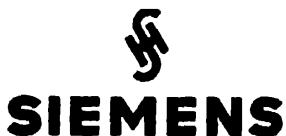
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handed a site, ample or small, rugged or flat, whose general outlines and contours are largely determined for us. Both limitation and opportunity are involved in every site, and the most unforeseeable results ensue from the handling—some splendid opportunities are missed, and some utterly unpromising situations become notable. The basic elements in any personal site will eventually appear—just as a landscape still reveals its size and its major shapes and contours, whatever the landscape architect may do. These basic elements, however, are there to be accepted, not as humiliations, but as opportunities and even as incentives.

One of the ablest women I know was brought up in poverty. She recalls an occasion when, as a girl, she complained of her hardships to her mother. "Look here," said the mother, "I have given you life; that is about all I will ever be able to give you. Now stop complaining and do something with it."

That was good advice. Self-acceptance is realistic, humble, self-respectful.

Self-Obsessed

A CERTAIN "charm school," promising to bestow "personality" on its clients, prescribes in the first lesson that one should stand before a large mirror and repeat one's own name in a voice "soft, gentle and low" in order to impress oneself with oneself. But obsession with self can be

one of life's most disruptive forces. An integrated personality is impossible unless the individual finds outside himself valuable interests, in devotion to which he forgets himself. To be whole people we must get ourselves off our hands.

To be self-centred is natural in early childhood. Many, however, never outgrow it. At 50 years of age they still are living on a childish pattern. Such egocentricity is ruinous to real personality.

Practical suggestions as to ways and means of getting out of ourselves must start close at hand with the body. Many miserably self-centred folk need not so much a psychiatrist as common sense in handling the physical basis of a healthy life.

Our bodies were made to use in hard physical labour. Any man who has found a favourite recreation or exercise where he can let himself go, knows what a transformation of emotional tone and mental outlook it can bring.

One of the most durable satisfactions in life is to lose oneself in one's work. This is why more people become neurotic from aimless leisure than from overwork.

The personal counsellor constantly comes across self-focused lives, miserably striving to find happiness through "self-expression." Popularly, self-expression has meant: Let yourself go; knock the bungs from your emotional barrels and let them gurgle! The wise counsellor wants

self-expression to be practised in accord with realistic psychological facts. But merely exploding emotions for the sake of the momentary self-centred thrill gets one nowhere, and in the end the constant repetition of such emotional self-relief disperses life and leaves it more aimless than before.

Adequate self-expression is a much deeper matter. Its true exponent is not the libertine but the artist, the scientist, the fortunate mother absorbed in her family, the public-spirited businessman doing something for his community.

At least two practical consequences follow from such successful expansion of the self.

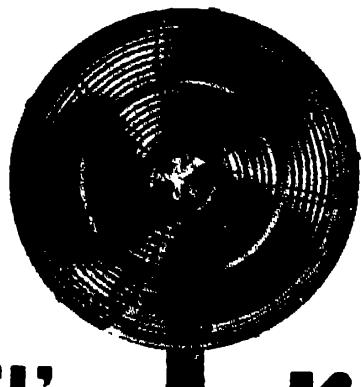
For one thing, it gives a person a saving sense of humour. In anyone afflicted with abnormal self-concern, a deficient sense of humour is an inevitable penalty. Only those who live objectively in other people and in wide interests can have Robert Burns' prayer answered:

O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!

The egocentric's petition is habitually otherwise:

O wad some Pow'r to others gie
To see myself as I see me.

A famous cartoonist one evening drew caricatures of each of his companions. The result was revealing—each one easily recognized the caricatures of the others but some could not recognize their own. This



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inability to see ourselves as we look to others is one of the surest signs of egocentric immaturity.

Aristophanes, in his drama *The Clouds*, caricatured Socrates, and when the play was produced all Athens roared with laughter. Socrates, so runs the story, went to see the play, and when the caricature appeared he stood up so that the audience might the better enjoy the comic mask that was intended to burlesque him. He was mature. He had got himself off his hands.

An extended self also results in the power to bear trouble. In those who rise to the occasion and marshal their forces to deal with it, one factor commonly is present—they are thinking about someone else besides themselves.

Using All There Is in Us

ONE WAY or another we must do something with all the emotional drives native to our constitution. Such emotional urges as curiosity, pugnacity, fearfulness, self-regard, sexual desire are an essential part of us; we can either be ignobly enslaved by them or master them for the enrichment of our personality.

Curiosity is an emotional urge in all normal people, and its manifestations are protean. Peeping Toms, prying gossips, inquisitive bores, open-minded truth-seekers, daring explorers; research scientists are all illustrations of curiosity. Some uses of it produce the most despicable persons, while others produce the

most admirable, but there is no escaping it.

From this fact, which holds true of all our natural drives, a double lesson comes: first, *no basic emotional factor in human nature is to be despised*; and second, *each of them can be ennobled by its use*.

Pugnacity is one of the most deeply rooted emotional drives in human nature, and the fighting spirit is necessary to the continuance and advance of human life. It expresses itself in hard work, in bravely facing personal handicaps, in the whole range of attack on entrenched social evils.

If, however, we give this indispensable emotional drive its head, the results are shattering. A chronic hatred or even a cherished grudge tears to pieces the one who harbours it. A strong feeling of resentment is just as likely to cause disease as is a germ. If one is so unfortunate as to have an enemy, the worst thing one can do, not to the enemy but to oneself, is to let resentment dig in and hatred become chronic.

Fear is another indispensable element in the human make-up. Even in its simpler forms we cannot dispense with it; in the streets of a modern city a fearless man, if the phrase be taken literally, would probably be dead before nightfall. And fear can be a powerfully creative motive.

In a profound sense, schools spring from fear of ignorance, industry from fear of penury,

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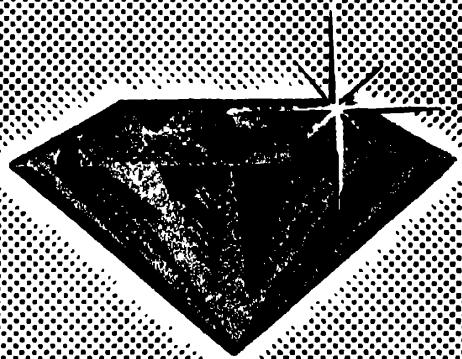
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ON BEING A REAL PERSON

medical science from fear of disease. But fear's abnormalities—hysteria, phobia, obsessive anxiety—tear personality to pieces.

Human life is full of secret fears, thrust into the attics and dark corners of personality. Fear of the dark, of cats, of closed places, of open places; fear of responsibility, of having children, of old age and death; guilty fears, often concerned with past sins; religious fears, associated with ideas of a spying and vindictive God and an eternal hell; and sometimes a vague fearfulness, filling life with anxious apprehension—such wretchedness curses innumerable lives.

To get our fear out into the open and frankly face it is of primary importance. As infants we started with fear of two things only—falling and a loud noise. All other fears have been accumulated since. To find out where and how we picked them up, to trace their development until we can objectively survey them as though they were another's and not our own, is half the battle. Often they can be laughed away.

Sometimes, however, the fear we find ourselves confronting is justified. In that case we are usually defeated by the fallacy that dangerous situations are necessarily undesirable, whereas in fact there is *stimulus* in them.

Love of danger is one of the strongest motives in man. When life does not by itself present men with enough peril, they go out

looking for it—in sport, in risky researches, explorations and adventures, in championing unpopular causes. To stand up to a hazardous situation, to let it call out in us not our fearfulness but our love of battle, is a healthy, inspiring experience.

Something to Live For

ONE of the sovereign cures for unhealthy fears is action. A mother's simple story illustrates this: "As a young wife I was troubled by many fears, one of which was the fear of insanity. After the birth of our first child, these fears still persisted. However, we soon had another child and ended by having six. We never had much money and I had to do all my own work. Whenever I started to worry about myself, the baby would cry and I would have to run and look after him. Or the children would quarrel and I would have to sort that out. Or I would suddenly remember that it was time to cook the dinner, or take in the washing before it rained, or that the ironing had to be done. My fears were continually interrupted by hard work, and gradually they disappeared. Now I look back on them with amusement."

The dual nature of fear, as both good and evil, is nowhere better illustrated than in a man who dreads so much falling short of his duty that he dreads much less the cost of doing it. If one has something positive to live for—a child, or a

worthwhile day's work, a world delivered from the scourge of war—that is what matters.

Caring for Ourselves

SELF-REGARD likewise is not to be despised or suppressed but educated and used. When Charles Lamb said, "The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident," he revealed how omnipresent is the wish for notice and attention that enhance self-esteem. The cynic says that at the fountain-head of every so-called "unselfish" life are self-regarding motives. The cynic is right—but in his cynicism about it he is wrong. We all start as

individual children, with self-regarding instincts. The test of us, however, lies in the objective aims and purposes which ultimately capture these forces in us and use them as driving power. A wise personal counsellor, therefore, never tells anyone that he should not wish to feel important, but rather endeavours to direct that powerful wish into constructive channels. We neither can nor should stop caring for ourselves. Our business in life is to care for ourselves so much that *I* tackles *Me*, determined to make out of him something worthwhile.

Probably it is in the realm of *sexual desire* that "sublimation"—redirection to a higher ethical level—

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is talked about most and understood least. Not all demands of the human organism can be sublimated. In satisfying physical hunger there is no substitute for food. When sex is thought of in its narrowest sense, it belongs in this class.

To the youth troubled by this elemental biological need, many sensible things can be said: that chastity is not debilitating and that sexual indulgence is not necessary to health; that the general unrest accompanying unsatisfied sexual tension can often be relieved by vigorous action, fatiguing the whole body; that sexual desire is natural and right, to be accepted with gratitude and good humour as part of our constitutional

equipment, and not sullied with morbid feelings of guilt; that nature, when left to itself, has its own ways of relieving sex-tension.

Sex, however, is far more deep-seated and pervasive in personality than at first appears. All the relationships of the family—maternal, paternal and filial—are grounded in this larger meaning of sex; likewise all fine affection and friendship between brothers and sisters, and other men and women, and all extensions of family attitudes to society at large.

When one's life is thus thought of as a whole, sublimation of sex becomes meaningful. It is possible for one to choose a way of living



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ON BEING A REAL PERSON

that will channel one's devotions and creative energies into satisfying courses so that the personality *as a whole* finds contentment, even though specific sexual desires are left unfulfilled. So an unmarried woman, denied motherhood, can discover in nursing, teaching or social service an outlet for her maternal instincts that brings to her personality an integrating satisfaction.

That there must be some restraint on all our basic drives is obvious. Picture a life in which all such urges exploded together—self-regard, pugnacity, sexual desire, fears; obviously pandemonium would reign. The popular idea, therefore, that the restraint of basic emotional drives is in itself unhealthy is nonsense. The choice before us is not whether our natural impulses shall be restrained and controlled but how it shall be done.

The multiple possibilities of use and misuse in handling our natural urges are rooted in the essential quality of all emotional life, *sensitivity*. One of the most important subjects of self-examination concerns the way we handle this primary quality. Let a man discover what he is characteristically touchy about and he will gain valuable insight into his personal problems.

Many people are extremely touchy about criticism. Sensitivity to the opinion of others, without which social life could not exist at all, has in them been perverted into a disease. Such abnormal people take

appreciation for granted and regard criticism as an impertinence. The normal person comes nearer taking criticism for granted and regarding appreciation as a bonus.

Mastering Depression

ONE OF the most common causes of personal disorganization is despondency. Some despondency is physically caused, but the moody dejections most people suffer are not altogether beyond their control.

A first suggestion for dealing with this problem is: *Take depression for granted*. One who expects completely to escape it is asking the impossible. To take dejection too seriously is to give it an obsessive power it need not have.

A second suggestion is of daily importance: *We can identify ourselves not with our worse, but with our better, moods*. Deep within us all is that capacity. The ego, the central "I," can choose *this* and not *that* mood as representing the real self; it can identify itself with hopefulness rather than pessimism, with goodwill rather than rancour.

All slaves of depression have this in common: they have acquired the habit of identifying their real selves with their despondency. Not only do they have cellars in their emotional houses, as everybody does, but they live there. While each of us has depressed hours, none of us needs to be a depressed person.

This leads to a third suggestion. *When depression comes, tackle*

yourself and do not merely blame circumstance. Circumstances are often so tragic and crushing as to make dejection inevitable. Nevertheless, to deduce from the presence of misfortune the right to be a despondent person is a fatal error.

Life is an assimilative process; we transmute into our own quality whatever comes into us. Walter de la Mare's lines have a wider application than at first appears:

It's a very odd thing—
As odd as can be—
That whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T.

The fourth suggestion goes beyond self-tackling and says: *Remember others.* Emotions are contagious. One depressed person can infect a whole household and become a pest even to strangers.

The fifth suggestion calls for deep resources of character: *Remember that some tasks are so important that they must be tackled whether we are depressed or not.* Strong personalities generally solve the problem of their despondency not by eliminating but by sidetracking it. They have work to do, a purpose to fulfil, and to *that*, whether or not they feel dejected, the mainspring of their lives belongs.

The Ultimate Strength

To PULL a personality together takes inner reserves of power—of power assimilated from beyond oneself. As truly as a tree exists

by chemical assimilation through roots and leaves, our own physical organisms sustain themselves by appropriated power. The entire cosmos furnishes the indispensable means by which we live at all. We are pensioners on universal energy, and our power is not fabricated in us but released through us.

This principle of released power does not stop at any supposed line separating man's physical from his spiritual experience. That our spirits are continuous with a larger spiritual life, and that in this realm also our power is not self-produced but assimilated, is the affirmation of all profound religious experience.

No more pathetic cases present themselves to the personal counsellor than those whose only technique in handling their problems is to trust in the strength of their own volition. Sooner or later they face problems to which such a technique is utterly inapplicable. Bereavement, for instance, bringing with it profound sorrow, calls for the hospitable receptivity of faith.

Faith is Vital

MANY people ask, "How does one get faith? One cannot *will* to have it." But faith is not something we *get*; it is something we *have*. Moreover, we have a surplus of it, associated with more curious objects than tongue can tell—faith in dictatorship, in astrology or rabbits' feet, in one economic nostrum or another. That we have more faith than we



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know what to do with is shown by the way we give it to every little thing that comes along.

Our trick of words—"belief" versus "unbelief"—obscures this. No man can really become an unbeliever; he is psychologically bound to the necessity of believing—in God, for example, or else in no God. When positive faiths die out, their place is always taken by negative faiths—in impossibilities rather than possibilities, in ideas that make us victims rather than masters of life; in philosophies that plunge us into Rabelais's dying mood: "Draw the curtain; the farce is done."

A friend once wrote to Turgenev: "It seems to me that to put oneself in the second place is the whole significance of life." Turgenev replied: "It seems to me that to discover what to put before oneself, in the first place, is the whole problem of life." Whatever one does put thus before oneself is always the object of one's faith; one believes in it and belongs to it; and whether it be a chosen vocation or a personal friend, when such committal of faith is heartily made, it pulls the trigger of human energy.

Confidence that it is worthwhile constructively to tackle oneself, and the determination so to do, depends on faith of some sort. Distraught and dejected people almost inevitably ask: "Why should we bother to

try to create an integrated and useful personality? Of what importance are we anyway?" These miserable people perceive nothing worth living for, and the only cure for their hopeless attitude is a positive faith.

Even though one goes no farther than Robert Louis Stevenson in saying, "I believe in an ultimate decency of things," such faith has inestimable value. If one can go beyond Stevenson's affirmation, religion presents the most stimulating faith in human experience. It has said to every individual: Whatever you may fail at, you need not fail at being a real person; the makings of great personal life include handicaps, deficiencies, troubles and even moral failures; the universe is not a haphazard affair of aimless atoms but is organized round spiritual purposes; and personality, far from being a chance inadvertence, is the fullest and most complete way of being alive, and the most adequate symbol we have of the nature of God.

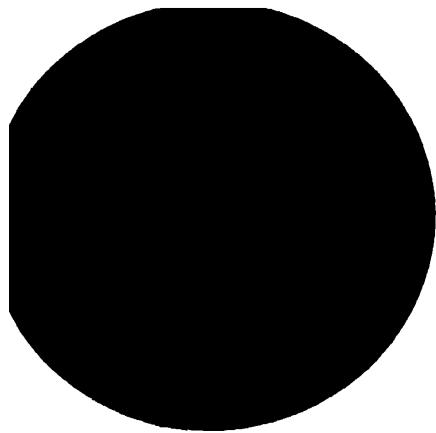
Thus religion is a basis for hopeful adventure and a source of available power in trying to make the most of our natural endowments and become what we ought to be. And he who undertakes that task is on the main high road of creation's meaning and is accepting the central trust of life.

THE END

*H*ow to DRESS a baby: "Get hold of a button and watch until the buttonhole comes round."

—Helen Howe, *The Gentle Americans*

Book of the Month



Under the Red Sea Sun

from the book by
Commander Edward Ellsberg

Twenty-five years ago, when Rommel's troops were threatening the entire Middle East, the drive and initiative of one man made an outstandingly valuable contribution to the Allied cause. That man was Edward Ellsberg, a U.S. Navy salvage expert; the place Massawa, on the Red Sea coast.

Here, in searing temperatures, with makeshift equipment and inexperienced workers, Commander Ellsberg salvaged a harbour-full of ships scuttled by the retreating Italians, and established a desperately needed naval base from which British Mediterranean forces could operate.

"Under the Red Sea Sun" is a thrilling account of an almost impossible task, accomplished with courage, determination and unswerving devotion to duty.



ON THE night of December 7, 1941, I was aboard a train bound for Washington. The year before, after nearly 30 years in the U.S. Navy and the Naval Reserve, I had resigned my commission as Commander. But now that war had started, I wanted to volunteer for active service.

Being just over 50 I was in that physical group whose services were, to put it mildly, not much sought after. But the navy decided that, regardless of age, any former officer experienced in salvage work might still be useful. Would I go to the Red Sea, where the greatest mass of wrecks in the world then lay?

Specifically, my job was to create a naval base at Massawa in Eritrea, two-thirds of the way down the Red Sea from Suez towards Aden. Massawa had the best harbour in the Red Sea, and practically the only

Condensed from "Under the Red Sea Sun," © 1946 by Dodd, Mead & Co.

one suitable for a naval base able to support the British in the battle then being fought in Libya to prevent Rommel's legions from overwhelming the entire Middle East.

Before surrendering Massawa to the British the previous spring, the Italians had carried out the most widespread programme of organized destruction yet seen in any war. In the three harbours and off Massawa lay some 40 scuttled German and Italian warships, freighters and passenger ships, and two irreplaceable floating steel dry docks. The invaluable machinery in the naval shops was smashed with sledge hammers. Electric cranes were tipped into the sea. Finally, placed as carefully as possible, bow to stern, strings of large ships were scuttled in rows to block the harbour entrance.

By the autumn of 1941 the threat to Alexandria from Rommel's Afrika Korps had made it imperative to get another naval base from which British Mediterranean forces could operate. The United States took on the repair of Massawa under lend-lease conditions, the work to be done by civilians under naval direction. Now, after Pearl Harbour, Washington was unable to furnish the men and materials it had so confidently contracted to supply only a few weeks before. Nevertheless, we of the Middle East project were ordered to proceed as planned, with civilian personnel. Under the over-all direction of Major-General

Russell Maxwell, already in Egypt, we were to gather up what scraps we could for the work in hand.

No navy salvage ships or salvage equipment, no other naval officers or men were available for my task. I was able to round up exactly five civilian divers—I needed a minimum of 30 or 40—and only two competent prospects for salvage masters.

Sun-Scorched

ON MY WAY to Massawa, I talked to General Maxwell in Cairo. The General had had no opportunity as yet to visit Massawa himself. I should find things there in bad shape; the climate also was reported as terrible. But the military situation in Libya was deteriorating rapidly. I must get to Massawa immediately and do anything that could be done, not waiting for my own men and materials. The need was urgent.

To deepen my gloom, a British captain informed me that the last Royal Navy commander sent to Massawa had ended up, after a month in a military hospital, broken mentally and physically.

"Massawa's unique on earth," he told me. "So far as temperature goes, they say, the next stop's Hades."

Asmara, the Eritrean capital, pleasantly situated 7,500 feet above the Red Sea, was as far as it was possible to go by air. From there, on the morning of March 30, I set out in an army car. We plunged down a precipitous mountain road

and emerged on a flat desert, about 30 miles from Massawa.

In a few minutes I was soaked in perspiration. I began to get an inkling of why Massawa was unique on earth. Those high mountains I had just descended literally put Massawa and its narrow coastal desert in a bowl. The scorching sun sucked up from the hot Red Sea vast quantities of vapour which, hemmed in by the mountains, hung in the bowl, giving Massawa one of the highest humidities as well as highest temperatures all year round of any place in the world.

We raced into Massawa and swung on to the Abd-El-Kaker Peninsula, where lay the old Italian naval base which was my destination. Seared by the heat, streaming with perspiration, I stepped out of the car. The heat, I soon discovered, was made even more disagreeable by a fine yellow dust which rose in clouds with every step. There were no trees and no shade.

I called on two other American officers temporarily in Massawa. They kindly suggested that I was welcome to a bath—they had some water cooling, they said.

I promptly stripped off my soaked clothes and jumped into the well-filled bath, which looked cool and inviting. It wasn't; it was uncomfortably hot. Evidently too much hot water had been run in. I looked for the cold-water tap, but there was only one and it wasn't marked anything. I turned that on for a

moment, then hastily turned it off; the water was even hotter than that already in the bath.

I began to catch the significance of the casual remark about water "cooling." There was evidently only one kind of water on tap in Massawa—hot. If you didn't want hot water—and who did?—you filled the bath in the morning and let it stand all day, trusting to evaporation to cool it a little.

Salvage Man's Paradise

NEXT MORNING I set off by car to inspect the harbours. We passed through Massawa's native quarter—terrible-looking hovels with signs at frequent intervals, OUT OF BOUNDS TO ALL TROOPS—and reached the south harbour. There lay a long string of large vessels. Some were erect with only masts and funnels visible, some were on their sides, some bottom up. One, a huge passenger liner, lay on its side with a large hole blown in its exposed port bilge. Scattered outside that line of scuttled ships were masts and funnels all over the place.

Here certainly was a salvage man's paradise, with all kinds of salvage jobs to suit all tastes—wrecks laid out in neat rows, wrecks sunk individually, wrecks big and little, on their sides, right side up, upside down—wrecks everywhere, enough to make a wreck of any man contemplating all that wreckage, knowing how scant would be his equipment, how few would be his men,

how terrible would be his working conditions.

My first consideration was to get the sabotaged machine shops back in working condition. In every one the electric driving motors of every piece of machinery had been smashed by Italians swinging sledge hammers. All machinery was rendered useless. No wonder it had been reported in Washington that a complete set of new machinery must be sent out to Massawa to make it operative again as a naval base.

I immediately started the job of recruiting a working force—Italians, Eritreans, Arabs, anybody I could hire. Fortunately, I also had six of the civilian contractor's supervisors, who all worked like Trojans for me.

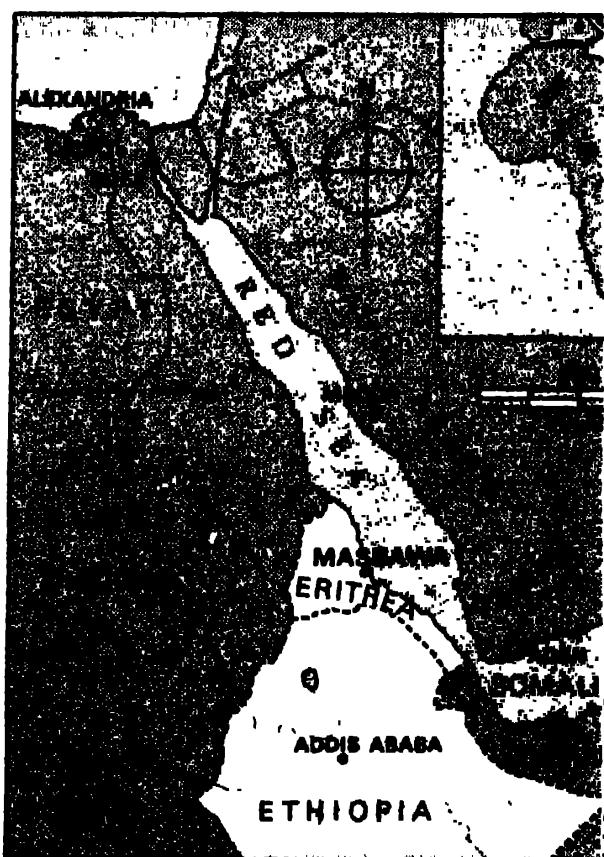
I soon discovered that, while there wasn't an unsmashed electric driving motor on any machine, the Italians' sabotage had not been symmetrically done. On some motors, they had smashed one end, on others the opposite end, on others the main frame. That was the key to our solution. If only we could strip down all the broken parts, I was sure we could find enough undamaged parts to reassemble a few complete motors.

But though we now had some workmen, we had no hand tools. Unbelievably, the commonest tools—hammers, screwdrivers, monkey wrenches—were unavailable in Massawa. I had to go to Asmara to round up four hammers, a few

screwdrivers and files and one wrench.

Next morning we got under way. Crews of Italians stripped machines, crews of Eritreans sorted out undamaged parts. Austin Byrne, master mechanic, poked around in the mess to find what he needed to assemble one good lathe and one good milling machine.

It worked out marvellously. By the second day, Byrne had his machines ready, and Lang and Taylor in the electrical shop had reassembled half a dozen electric motors. Oddly enough, no American there seemed any happier than the delighted Italian machinist assigned to that first lathe—one of the very Italians who the year before



had helped destroy everything. Now he positively beamed on the ingenious Americans who had put that smashed machine in working order again.

As the days passed, each machine, as it went back into service, increased our capacity to make new parts for others. Enthusiasm in the shops rose feverishly among our heterogeneous collection of workmen. Within a month, using nothing that was not on hand in Massawa or thereabouts, we had every sabotaged Italian shop in the naval base working at the full capacity intended by the Italians themselves; in some cases more. The U.S. Naval Repair Base at Massawa was ready for business the first week in May 1942, although not one of the new machines ordered in America to make it serviceable had yet been loaded for shipment out of New York!

Dry-Dock Delivery

ANOTHER pressing problem literally stared me in the face each time I looked out at the Red Sea from the windows of my room. Lying outside the naval harbour, swinging by one anchor only, was a medium-sized floating steel dry dock. Six years before, it had been purchased by the Persian Government from Italy. Some weeks before my arrival the Admiralty, having discovered that the Persians had never paid for it, and therefore never really owned it, had seized it as an Italian prize of

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war and towed it some 2,000 miles from the Persian Gulf to its present anchorage. Now, in the open sea, it was in danger of foundering in the first heavy storm.

The British badly needed that dry dock if Massawa were ever to function at all, but up to now it had been impossible to tow it into the naval harbour, the only spot where it could be used. Five scuttled ships blocked the entrance. Moreover, part of the mooring chains for the dry dock had been lost on the long tow—she no longer had chain enough for a safe mooring job.

Faced with these problems, the last British officer in charge had got nowhere. Between the Massawa heat, the demoralizing sight of all the wrecks, and the vision haunting him night and day of that valuable dock gone to join the existing wrecks, he cracked up and was shipped off to hospital. The Royal Navy handed the job over to me.

I went out to survey the wrecks which lay across the channel entrance. Luckily one of the ships, in going down, had rolled over on its side and swung its stern away from the bow of its nearest neighbour. Having satisfied myself, by careful measuring with a sounding line, that with skilful manoeuvring there existed between the two wrecks a channel wide enough to give clearance for the dock, I set about finding a suitable anchorage.

The master rigger from the Royal Naval Base at Alexandria, sent

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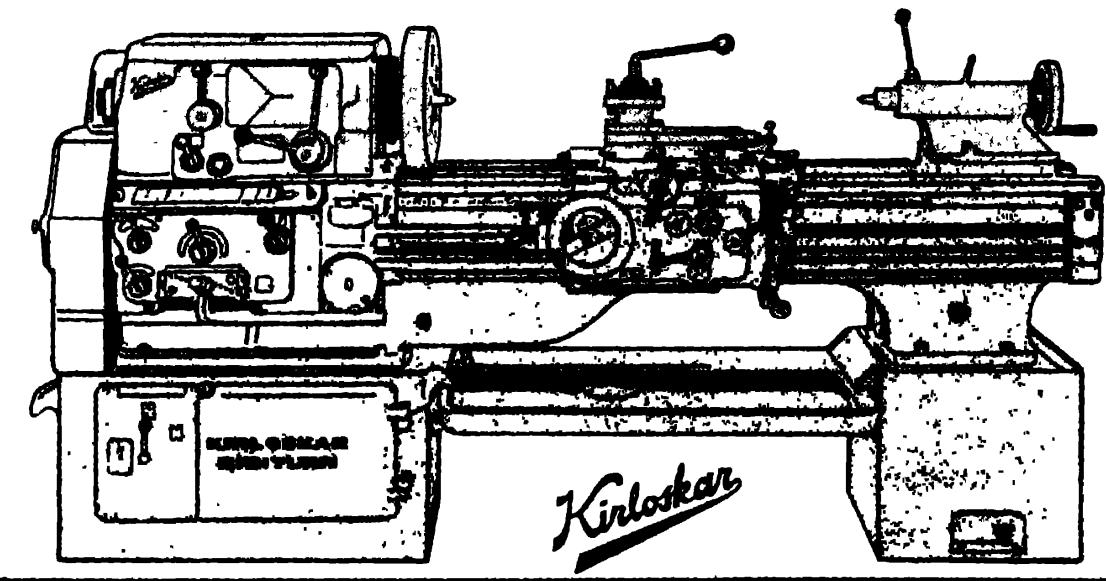
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down to moor the dry dock if ever she got inside the harbour, was already aboard her. He was troubled about the missing mooring chains. Where, this side of an English dockyard, was he going to get any?

I told him not to worry, the Bible gave the answer: "Seek and ye shall find." While on an inspection trip of the far side of the harbour that afternoon, I had noticed a solitary Italian building with many huge concrete mooring blocks lying in front of it. Evidently this had been the Italian mooring and submarine defence net depot. I had gone over for a closer look, and there, half buried in the sand near the building, were various kinds of heavy chain cables. The Italians had not bothered to dispose of that massive chain —under the hot Massawa sun it would have been too much work. The Lord—in co-operation with the Italians—had provided.

The Persian dry dock was soon safely inside the harbour, permanently secured in working position.

Incentive Scheme

THE HEAT was increasing daily and, bathed in sweat all the time, I began to lose weight rapidly; so did my few American associates who were struggling fiercely along with me to get things going.

It was now May, and custom decreed that no one worked in Massawa during the summer months. But Rommel was fighting his way eastward, increasing the threat to

Alexandria. The situation demanded that I throw all Massawa traditions to the winds. It was that summer or never, if Massawa was going to have any influence on the course of the war.

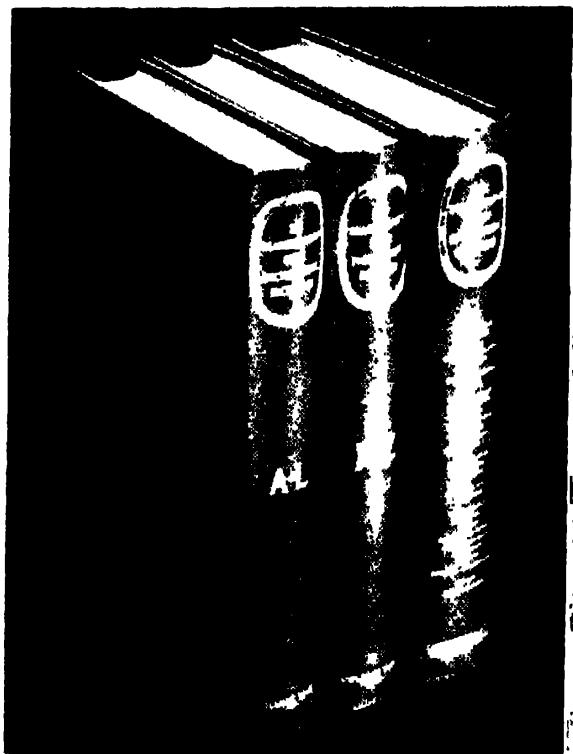
The first Massawa custom to go was that of working only three hours in the morning and two in the early evening. Instead, a ten-hour working day was instituted for the naval base, with only an hour off at noon. I had a theory that giving a man six hours off in the middle of the day only gave him more time to soak up all the beer he could lay hands on, trying to quench his thirst in the torrid heat. There could be no argument about the reality of the thirst, but it was better taken care of by water and salt tablets.

On May 8, 1942, the U.S. Naval Repair Base, Massawa, commenced operations with the Persian dry dock flooded down to receive our first customer, S.S. *Koritzza*, an armed Greek steamer which had arrived the night before from Alexandria. I had hired 200 Eritreans and their sheikhs for work on ships in the dry dock.

Since they worked on the ancient tribal system, the deal was made with the sheikh of the tribe, who was above working himself, but bossed the rest of his tribe, transmitted all orders and collected the wages due. Now they swarmed on to the floor of the dry dock from the Arab dhows which had brought them out. They were divided into

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groups, each under its own sheikh, and distributed from bow to stern of *Koritza* to scrape its bottom.

The bottom was covered with barnacles to a depth of several inches, the older layers hardened practically into limestone by their years of growth. Armed with steel scrapers, most of which had been forged for the job in our blacksmith shop, the Eritreans set to work.

But the job went disappointingly slowly. When it came to scraping off barnacles, it seemed as if the Eritreans just weren't there. I knew they were weak—not one looked as though he or his ancestors had ever had a square meal. I had hired twice as many as this job really required—but even for weaklings they were getting little done.

The British superintendent who was supposed to boss the Eritreans only shrugged his shoulders.

"What can you expect of Eritreans?" he countered.

I refused to take that for an answer. "Get after those sheikhs," I ordered. "Make them get their men's backs behind those scrapers. We're just wasting time this way."

Next morning early I again boarded the dock. I finished my inspection trip in dismay. At the rate they were going we should be lucky to finish the job in a week. I had allowed three days. And the next ship to be docked was already anchored off Massawa, waiting to come in; a third vessel should be starting from Alexandria that day, to follow her.

We should shortly have the sea off Massawa crowded with idle ships waiting to be docked.

In despair I sought out the superintendent again. I *must* have more speed. "When you've been out in the East as long as I have, you'll know better, Commander," he advised me. "All natives are poor labourers; these Eritreans are the worst of the lot. I can't do any better with them, especially in this heat."

Dejectedly my eyes followed the hardly perceptible motions of the Eritreans scraping under the starboard bilges before me. Perhaps they needed an example of what might be done. I seized a scraper from the nearest Eritrean, who gazed at me in astonishment that a white man, and particularly one commanding the naval base, should so soil his hands. Then, motioning the sheikhs and his other satellites to watch, I went vigorously to work.

Then I handed the scraper back to its owner. With an ox-like expression, he took it and proceeded to scrape. My heart sank. His slow-motion pace had not accelerated one iota; neither had that of the others.

Persuasion and example were useless. Perhaps chastisement would help. Up near the bows, I selected a particularly lifeless worker, seized him by both bare shoulders, and shook him so hard I shook off his loin-cloth. He merely looked at me with sad eyes, and resumed his ultra-slow-motion scraping.

Somehow I *had* to move these

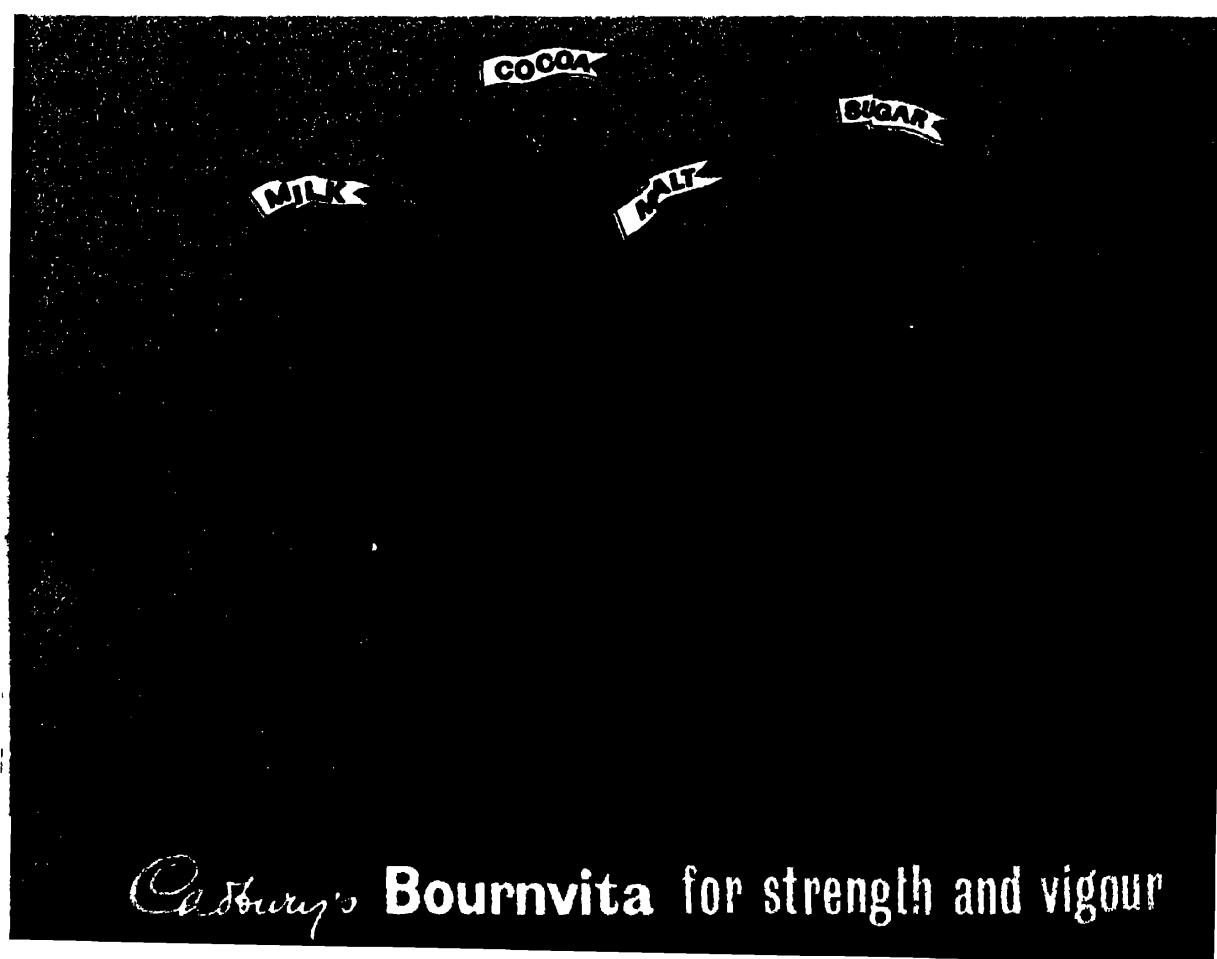
Eritreans to action. I thought of using the hope of reward. But my hands were tied by law—the wages of all Eritrean natives were rigidly fixed at 25 liras a day, and my labourers were getting that. Suddenly there occurred to me the possibility of a subtle evasion of the wage scale. I ordered the superintendent to get all the sheikhs together.

"Tell them," I said to the interpreter, "that the time I allow for scraping and painting a ship on this dry dock is only three days, no more. If they are not finished by tomorrow night, they are all discharged, sheikhs and everybody. However, if the ship is finished by tomorrow night, they get three days'

pay and they can stay. If the ship is finished by tomorrow morning, they get three days' pay. If the ship is finished by tonight, in two days, they still get three days' pay. If they ever finish a ship in less than two days, they still get three days' pay."

This time an animated open forum broke out under the propeller of *Koritza*. For perhaps five or ten minutes all work ceased as 200 Eritreans jabbered simultaneously over my proposals.

Then the Eritreans went back to work. Had I waved a magic wand to transform them, the results could not have been more miraculous. A fierce jungle chant rose from all over the dry dock and never ceased; to its



barbaric rhythm, there were those puny, previously lifeless Eritreans dancing wildly beneath the hull of *Koritza* while they slashed savagely away overhead with their scrapers at the barnacles!

By noon the bottom of *Koritza* was scraped clean. Paint brushes and pots of paint supplanted the scrapers. Still chanting furiously, the Eritreans danced in their bare feet on the layers of sharp barnacles while they slapped on the paint. A dozen were kept busy rushing about refilling paint pots, while the sheikhs kept peering under the ship to make sure there were no imperfections in the painted surface to give an excuse to refuse payment on

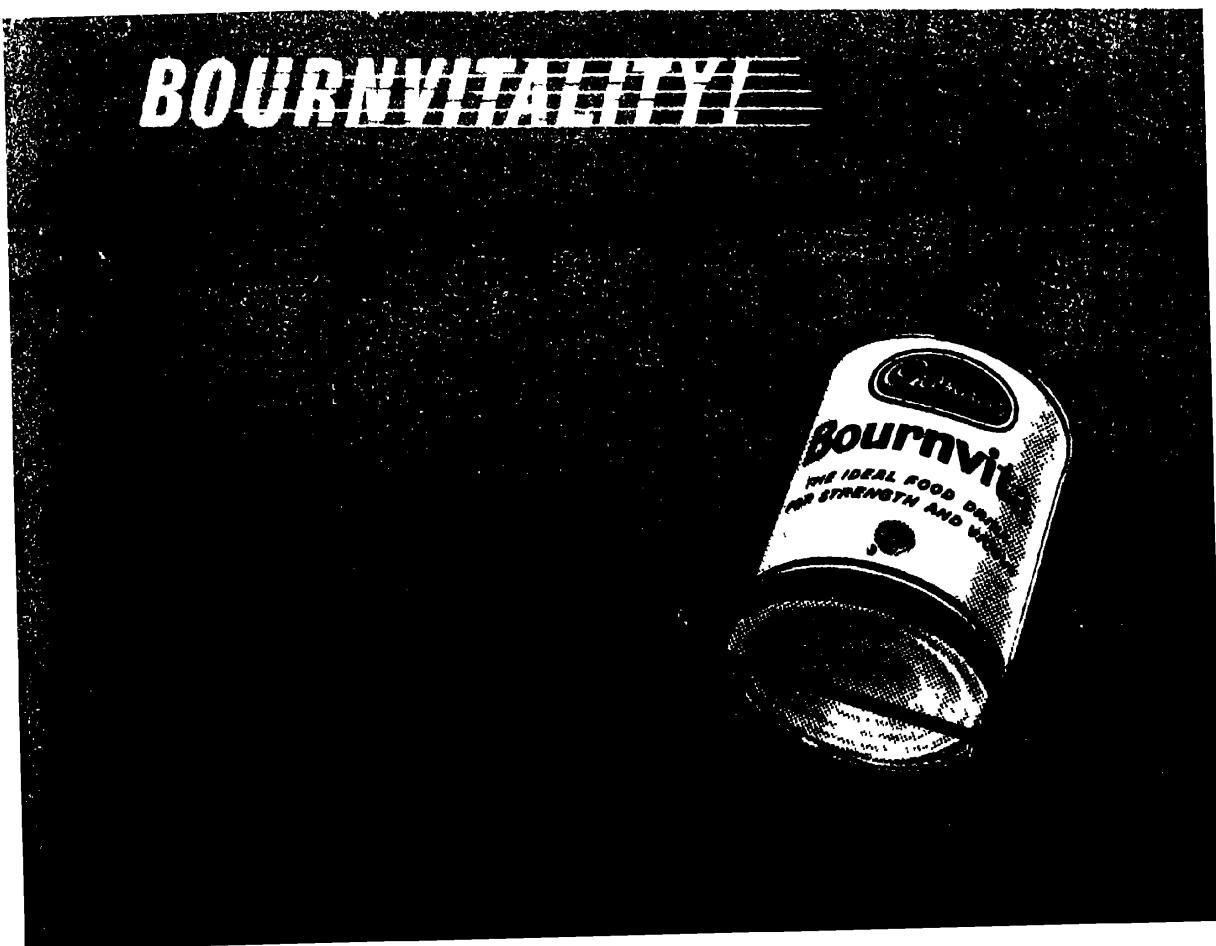
the grounds of unsatisfactory work.

But no thought of refusing payment entered my mind. If ever I had my doubts as to the value of incentive pay in getting production, they vanished that day in the steaming, stinking dry dock in Massawa.

At 6 p.m., we had *Koritza* out of the dry dock and on her way, less than 48 hours after we had docked her. By midnight we had received a message from the Commander-in-Chief, Mediterranean Fleet in Alexandria: "Well done, Massawa."

Record Time

ONCE they had their teeth in the job, the Eritreans speeded up instead of slowing down. In the 120



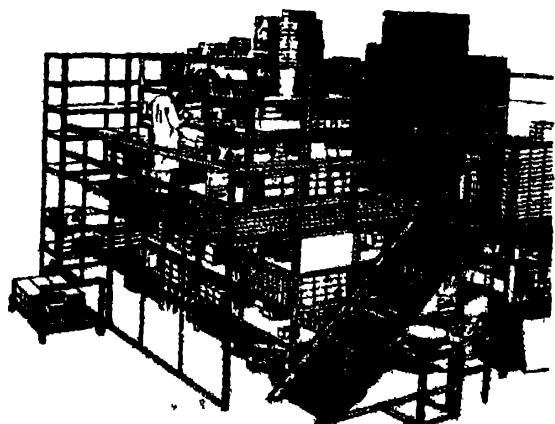
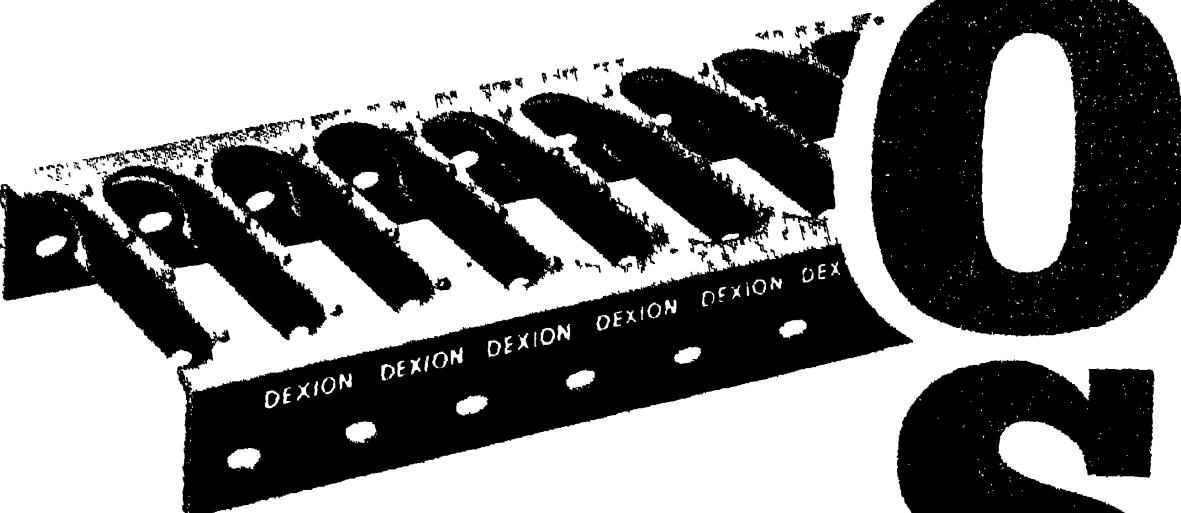
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days allotted to docking merchant ships that season, including the worst summer months, we pushed 80 vessels across that dry dock—a final average of a ship every day and a half. No dry dock in the world in war or peace has, I believe, ever equalled that record.

The Eritreans had been called the worst workers in the world. Yet month after month in the Massawa heat I watched those puny men slashing away with scrapers and fiercely swinging paint brushes while all the time they danced and swayed to their barbaric chants. There is no "worst worker" in the world. Touch the proper chords—pride, incentive to produce—and men will prove themselves men, whatever their physique.

On May 9 one of my two salvage masters, Captain William Reed, arrived from the United States, bringing with him five divers, a salvage master mechanic and eight salvage mechanics and tenders. I was itching to get to work on salvage and I gave them the most difficult job of all—the lifting of the large Italian dry dock. That dock was by far the most valuable prize of war of anything scuttled in Massawa.

To patch up, under water, the seven huge holes that the Italians had blasted in the dock's hull, so that it could be pumped out and lifted, would keep 50 divers, several hundred surface mechanics, and several well-equipped salvage ships working for a year or more. As it

was put in one British report, the operation would be "long, difficult and probably unsuccessful."

From surveys made of the damage, however, I saw a way of raising that dock. Instead of a task which would be "long, difficult and probably unsuccessful," I intended to make it short, easy and certain. I had to. I had neither the men nor the equipment to do it any other way.

A floating dry dock, end on, resembles a huge capital U. The horizontal part at the bottom may be likened to a tremendous hollow and watertight raft, 15 feet deep, 110 feet wide, 600 feet long. The buoyancy of this bottom section is tremendous, sufficient to lift both the ship and the dry dock itself.

The vertical parts of the U are two massive hollow steel walls, 15 feet thick and 35 feet high, running on each side of the dock for its entire length. Their major purpose is to give the dry dock stability, so that while submerged to take on a ship, and later in lifting it, the dock will not tilt or capsize and tip the rising ship off the keel blocks.

In brief, my idea was to raise the dry dock solely with compressed air pumped into the side walls. The holes in the bottom made no difference; the compressed air pumped into the tops of the side walls would force the water down and out through those holes till enough water had been expelled to make the dock slightly buoyant. After

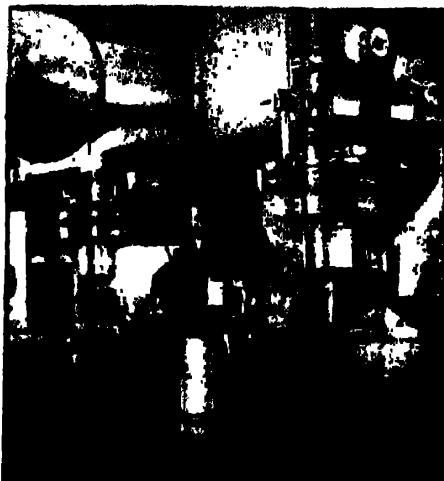


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that, it should start to float up.

The surveys had shown that the side walls themselves were undamaged, a fact that I confirmed by descending in a diving suit to examine them. All we had to do was to make the undamaged side walls airtight by plugging all openings in them, both top and sides, either in or out of the water. Fortunately the dock had sunk in only eight fathoms of water, and at low tide the top decks of the walls were a little exposed, giving something to stand on.

To make my scheme work I should have to lay a compressed-air main along the top of each side wall, connect the eight watertight sections in each wall to that air main, interconnect the port and starboard air mains across the 80-foot gap of sea between the side walls, and plug up or seal off every opening in the tops and sides of both walls.

By evening of the first day, both of the long air mains and the cross-connexion main had been strung. Meanwhile, the divers had closed the air-ports in the upper part of the submerged hull and plugged all other openings they could find in the side walls.

Our real troubles began when we started up the air compressors. We began to find air leaks in the upper decks above water. My respect for the craftsmanship of Mussolini's shipbuilders went down sharply.

All hands, divers, electricians, carpenters, fitters, were put to work caulking the seams—not a pleasant

job, for those steel plates, under the vertical rays of the Eritrean sun, were soaking up so much radiant heat they were too hot to touch with the bare hand. Even the Eritrean natives, accustomed to going barefoot all their lives on the desert sands and with soles to their feet as tough as elephant's hide, couldn't stand those sizzling steel plates. I noticed they were binding their feet in sacking or old canvas, and frequently soaking them in the sea.

But hot steel or not, we had to caulk, seated on improvised pads of wet canvas to prevent burning our sternsheets. By early afternoon we had stopped enough leaks so that the dock began to hold some air. As the afternoon wore on, the needles on the pressure gauges drew away from the zero mark; each ounce of pressure meant that the water inside the dock had been forced down about two inches.

My major concern now was whether the smoking compressors, labouring hour after hour in the hot sun, would stand up long enough under these terrible conditions to do the job. To service them, and also keep a constant check on their operation throughout the night, we divided up into three-hour watches. Each of us took turns in plodding along the side walls and across the swaying footbridge between them to study the pressures on the 16 air gauges. We had to take care not to trip over the naked bodies of the salvage crew sprawled out on their

DOES YOUR CAR BUMP AND BOUNCE?

February

mattresses, sleeping restlessly in the hot night.

All that night and the next day, the work went on without interruption. By 8 p.m. the pressure in our compartments had risen to more than 4 lb., and Bill Reed was worried because here and there the deck plating was bulging slightly from the air pressing up below.

"Let her bulge," I told him. "We can't do anything else."

We set the same compressor watches as the night before. At 1 a.m. I rolled out to begin my watch. As I went forward on the port-side wall I found Reed huddled on deck in the darkness, intently looking over the side at the water.

"Commander," whispered Reed, as if afraid a louder tone might upset matters. "Look. See that big mussel shell just above the water line on that vertical guide roller? Half an hour ago it was just in the water; now it's an inch out. The dock's starting to come up!"

I sat down on the hot plates next to Reed and carefully sighted his shell marker. In a few minutes my heart began to pound. That mussel shell was slowly increasing its distance from the glassy surface of the water. The impossible was happening; after only two and a half days that "long, difficult and probably unsuccessful" operation was showing success. The dry dock *was* coming up!

In nine days it was fully and safely afloat, the shortest salvage job

I had ever tackled. It created a sensation in the Middle East, and resulted, on General Maxwell's recommendation, in my promotion to the rank of captain.

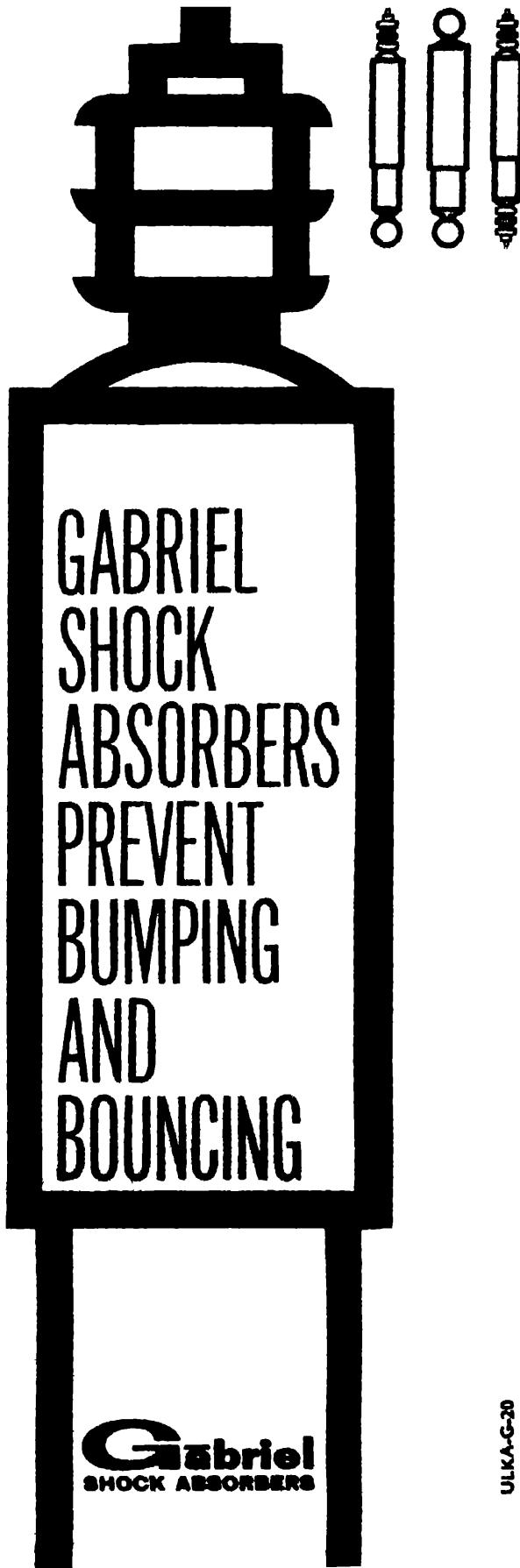
Sweltering Summer

Now that June was approaching, and the already unbelievably hot weather was getting hotter, we who were working out of doors began to suffer from a tropical affliction. It wasn't any of the dread diseases we had all been inoculated against—just prickly heat. I had always laughingly regarded prickly heat as something you dusted a baby's delicate skin with talcum powder for.

In Massawa, we found prickly heat was no laughing matter. A raw irritation burst out all over us and stayed there, giving our skins the appearance of a coarse grade of pebble-grained leather. Talcum powder, lotions and ointment didn't stop that terrible itching—sweat washed them away immediately. For everyone working on salvage, especially the divers, the situation was even worse. The mud, the filth, the decaying barnacles infected the prickly-heat eruptions, causing major boils which nearly drove the victim wild.

In two weeks I lost four of my little salvage crew of 13. The others, together with most of the men I had afloat or ashore, spent approximately 25 per cent of their time in hospital.

I had been curious about the



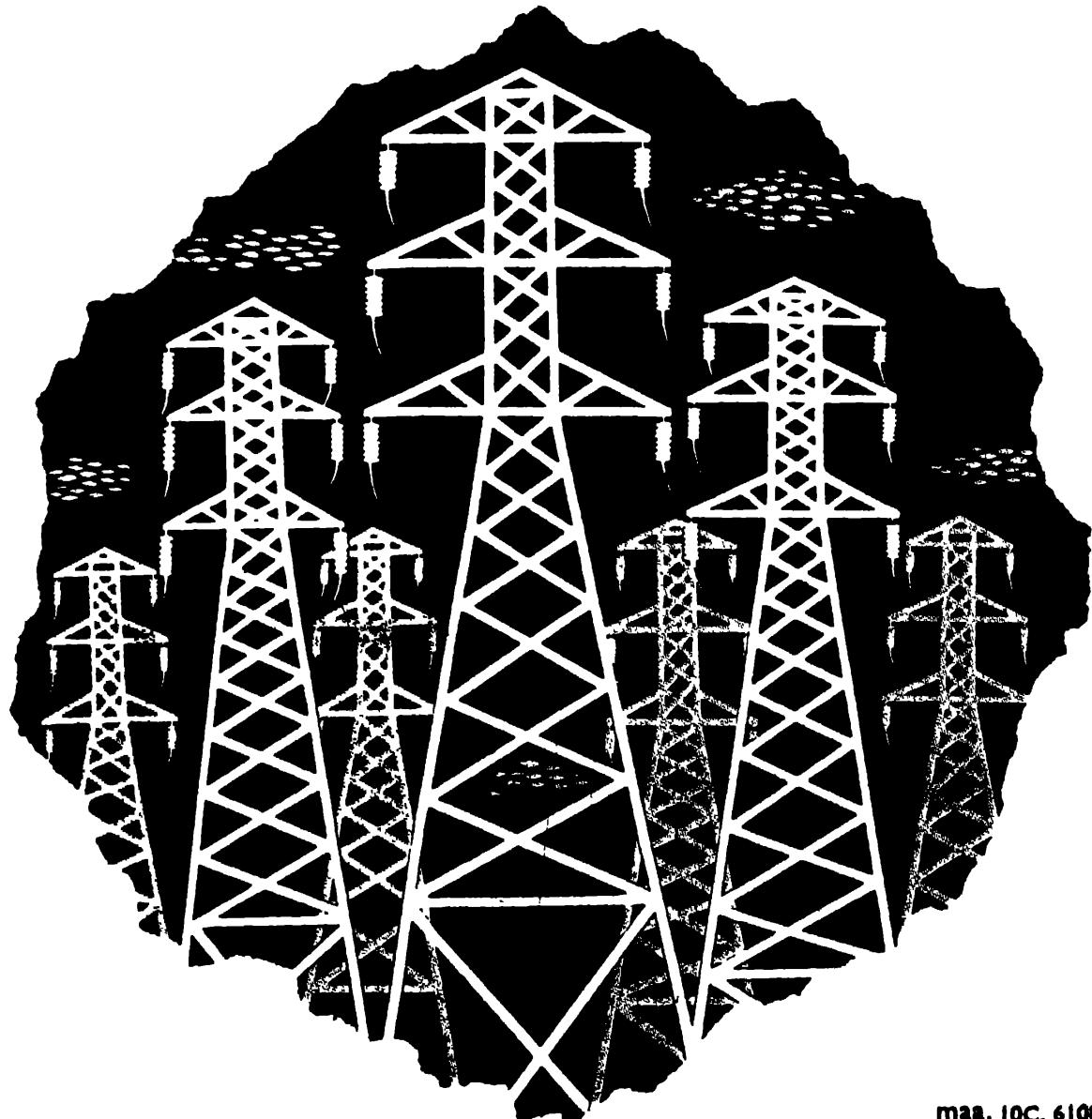
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UNDER THE RED SEA SUN

Massawa heat ever since my arrival. In the first week of June I took a thermometer out to where a repair crew was working on the dry dock, and held it head high for a few minutes. In a moment I was surrounded by a dozen American and South African workmen, irresistibly attracted by the thermometer. It read 149 degrees Fahrenheit.

That, of course, was in the sun, but so were the workmen.

I then laid the thermometer on the steel plates of the dry-dock floor. It registered 163 degrees.

My little experiment immediately cost me several hours' work on the part of the workmen. Everyone instantly began to swab himself and look for some shady spot, feeling twice as hot as he had been a moment before. How was any white man expected to live, let alone work, in temperatures like that, they asked.

As time dragged along into July and August it kept getting hotter, but I never again dared drag out my thermometer to check the exact temperature. We were close enough to the temperature of hell already to suit me; if I ever actually *knew* that it was any hotter, I doubted whether I could stand up under the knowledge.

Tricky Docking

MEANWHILE I had another salvage operation under way--the scuttled S.S. *Liebenfels*, a large German freighter sunk to block the harbour.

It was imperative to get the harbour cleared as soon as possible. With the fall of Tobruk on June 21, gloom fell on Allied hopes in the Middle East. A wild exodus, inelegantly termed "the flap," started from Cairo, and the naval base at Alexandria was hastily shut down. I now had the only remaining naval base and dry dock in the Middle East.

I had sized up *Liebenfels* as a routine salvage job. I swiftly found out that no salvage in Massawa was routine. Our troubles were far from ended when we had raised her.

In the terrible humidity to which our pumps were exposed far down in the holds, they kept stalling with shorted magnetos. While we struggled to restart a pump, water leaked back into that hold, giving the ship a list that caused the water in the other holds to rush to that

S.S. *Liebenfels*, the
scuttled German freighter



side, sharply increasing the list. To get the ship into dry dock for repairs we had to have her erect.

After four nights and five days of constant labour, we had *Liebenfels* listing only 13 degrees to port—which once I should have considered very bad. Then, with the Stars and Stripes flying proudly from the peak of her mainmast, we towed the ship to the dry dock.

Against the violent protests of the dockmaster, I had the dock heeled over to a marked port list. This almost caused the port side to disappear beneath the sea, but it matched the list of *Liebenfels*. Then I hurriedly dragged the ship on to the dock, landed her on the inclined keel blocks before she could flop over to starboard, and pumped up the dock—a very tricky docking.

It happened to be Independence Day when we came in with our prize. That parade at sea with the American flag flying in triumph on the once-scuttled *Liebenfels* was our Fourth of July celebration. I never had a happier one.

On August 2 I received radio orders to leave immediately for a conference with the Royal Navy command in Alexandria. There I learned, to my pleasure, that at last I was to receive help in the form of naval officers and shipyard men.

In Cairo I found that, since Rommel had failed to achieve a breakthrough at El Alamein, the "flap" was over so far as the British Army was concerned. The naval situation

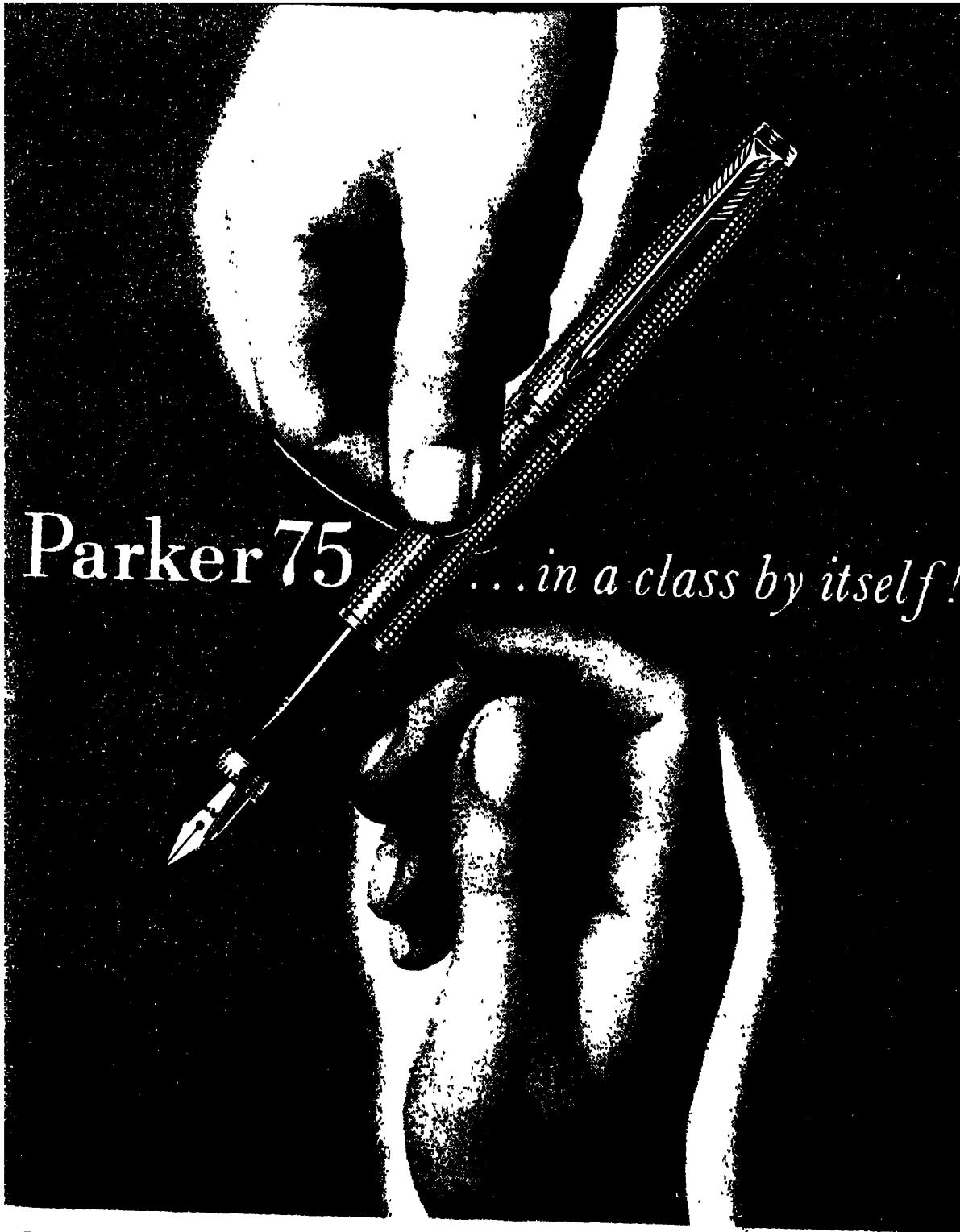
in the Mediterranean, however, was much worse than I had suspected. The Commander-in-Chief, Admiral Harwood—conqueror of *Graf Spee* in the famous battle off the River Plate in 1939—told me that his fleet consisted of exactly four light cruisers, three of them damaged.

He had no battleships to oppose the Italians' four or five. The *Barham* had been torpedoed off Tobruk, and had gone down with the loss of 800 lives. The battleships *Queen Elizabeth* and *Valiant* had been put out of action too—though the Axis didn't know it.

The two ships had been lying in Alexandria harbour one night when a picket boat came across two men in swimsuits perched on top of a submarine net mooring buoy. Taken aboard *Queen Elizabeth*, the swimmers turned out to be Italians, which was disquieting. After some futile questioning, *Queen Elizabeth*'s captain ordered them below, one forward and one aft, just above the double bottoms. Each was told that when he wanted to talk he could come up.

Then began a battle of nerves. On *Queen Elizabeth* and near-by *Valiant*, working parties tried to sweep the ships' bottoms, to dislodge anything that might be attached to the hulls. Below, the captives remained silent.

At a quarter to five in the morning the break came. Both Italians suddenly wanted to talk. Rushed up on deck, they begged to be taken off



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the ship. They had secured a huge mine to her bottom amidships; a similar mine was under *Valiant*; and both were timed to explode in 15 minutes!

Instantly the news was signalled to *Valiant*. Bos'n's pipes shrilled, followed by the hoarse cries: "Secure everything below! Close all watertight doors! All hands on deck!"

In less than ten minutes the entire crew, well over 1,000 men, were mustered on deck in the darkness. In excruciating silence the seamen waited as the last five minutes till five o'clock dragged by. Was it a hoax? Or was it real? If it was real, what would that mine do to them?

It was no hoax. At five o'clock a terrific explosion shook the 31,000-ton *Queen Elizabeth*; a few seconds later a similar shock hit *Valiant*. A vast hole was torn in the bottom of each, and both started to settle. But there was no loss of life, and the crews immediately set to work to limit the damage.

When dawn broke over the harbour, there were the battleships, still afloat, still erect. Except to someone close at hand, the fact that they were unusually deep in the water could not be noticed.

Major repairs were needed—among other things, the ships' boilers were smashed—but it was imperative to maintain the illusion that Britain still had at least two effective battleships in the area. Half a dozen other Italians in semi-diving masks had been picked up,

and it seemed possible that they were the only ones who had been involved in this ingenious and hazardous operation. So to carry out the illusion to air observers, life went on as usual on the decks of both ships. The ruse succeeded; the enemy never knew of the success of his attack.

The Admiralty followed up this ruse with another. It had on hand an old First World War battleship, *Centurion*, from which the guns had long been removed to change her into a target ship. Hurriedly *Centurion* was fitted out with wooden guns and armour that looked exactly like the real thing, and was sent to Alexandria. From then on she did a good deal of cruising to show the British flag in the eastern Mediterranean and to keep the Italians holed up—even though any gunboat with the nerve to come close enough could have sunk her.

"Dido" Comes In

Now the cruiser *Dido* was in serious trouble as the result of concussion from near-miss bombs. Since the British dared not dry-dock her in constantly bombed Alexandria, arrangements were being made to send her 5,000 miles to Durban. She would be out of the fighting line for well over a month, perhaps nearly two months.

That was too much for me. It was true that the salvaged Italian dry dock in Massawa was not yet back in commission, and the Persian

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H.M.S. Dido enters the Persian dry dock

dry dock had already been ruled out by the fleet naval constructor as too small to dock, *Dido*. But I still thought I saw a way by which it could be done at Massawa—thus returning her to service in less than a quarter of the time she could possibly get to Durban and back. I put my scheme up to Admiral Harwood. To my delight he was enthusiastic.

When I left he shook my hand warmly, then added fervently: "For God's sake, Ellsberg, be careful with *Dido*! She's one-quarter of my whole fleet!"

H.M.S. *Dido* arrived in Massawa early on the morning of August 19. The dry dock was already flooded down to receive her.

What had caused the doubts was the fact that the dock could lift only 6,000 tons, and its keel-blocks could support a length of only 410 feet. H.M.S. *Dido* displaced over 7,500 tons; her length was 530 feet.

On the face of it, the operation looked impossible. But the thing that had struck me was that since the damage to *Dido* was wholly at her stern I didn't have to lift her bow out of the water at all. The bow was going to remain floating in the water at practically its normal draft forward, supported almost as usual by the sea, while I lifted only the stern clear of the water to repair the damage there, thus simultaneously solving the problem both of her gross overweight and her excessive length. And that was how H.M.S. *Dido* was dry-docked in a dock too small to take her.

The damage proved to be bad. Nevertheless, I estimated that we could complete the work in six days.

Tough Job for Tough Men

ON THE morning of the sixth day all the new steel plating was in place except for the last plate on the starboard side. One of the British

foremen on the job had bad news.

"That plate's not right, Captain," he informed me. "It's got to go back and be put in the keel-bender. It hasn't got the knuckle in it."

I knew that knuckle in *Dido* well enough. Her stern was practically straight-sided till a few feet below her water line; then the plating was sharply knuckled or creased in-board. The top edge of our last steel plate came to about six inches above this horizontal knuckle line; of course, to fit the ship it also had to be knuckled.

"Oh, is that all that's worrying you!" I exclaimed, much relieved. "Don't bother to send the plate ashore. There *isn't* any keel-bender in Massawa. We'll have to knuckle it in place with sledge hammers. I'll be along again in about an hour to see how you're getting on."

When I got back my heart sank; there was not a sign of a knuckling in the plate.

"It's no use, Captain," said the superintendent, somewhat apologetically. "Here's the two strongest men I've got and they say they can't knuckle it; nobody can. And I agree with them. It's beyond human strength. Now we're in a pickle. We can't finish the job!"

I looked at the superintendent in dismay. If anybody was in a pickle, it was I. This was the day I had promised to finish the job.

I couldn't believe these men couldn't do it. In the quarter of a century since I'd worked on my

first ship, I'd seen men do amazing things to steel.

I turned to where my boat was tied up waiting for me.

"Glen!" I sang out to my coxswain. "Get over to the Italian dry dock and tell Lloyd Williams to break Bill Cunningham and Horace Armstrong off whatever they're doing and bring them both over here with the biggest pair of sledge hammers they've got!"

In ten minutes the boat was back. Williams, my master salvage mechanic, and my two best iron-workers, each nonchalantly swinging a heavy hammer in one hand, threaded their way past the British mechanics now perched on the side of the dry dock, and came over to the scaffolding where I stood. I looked approvingly at Cunningham and Armstrong, both stripped to the waist, both glistening with perspiration. They were tough guys.

"Boys," I said, "you see this steel plate? I want it knuckled in. Those men say it can't be done!"

Cunningham and Armstrong both took a brief look at the thick steel plates, then gazed belligerently at the onlookers. "Them Limeys say we can't do it?" asked Cunningham softly. "Is *that* all you want, Cap'n?"

He looked at the spot where Williams was already applying an acetylene torch to the plate at the knuckle line, then at the narrow scaffolding to get a proper stance for his feet. The sledge hammers the others had



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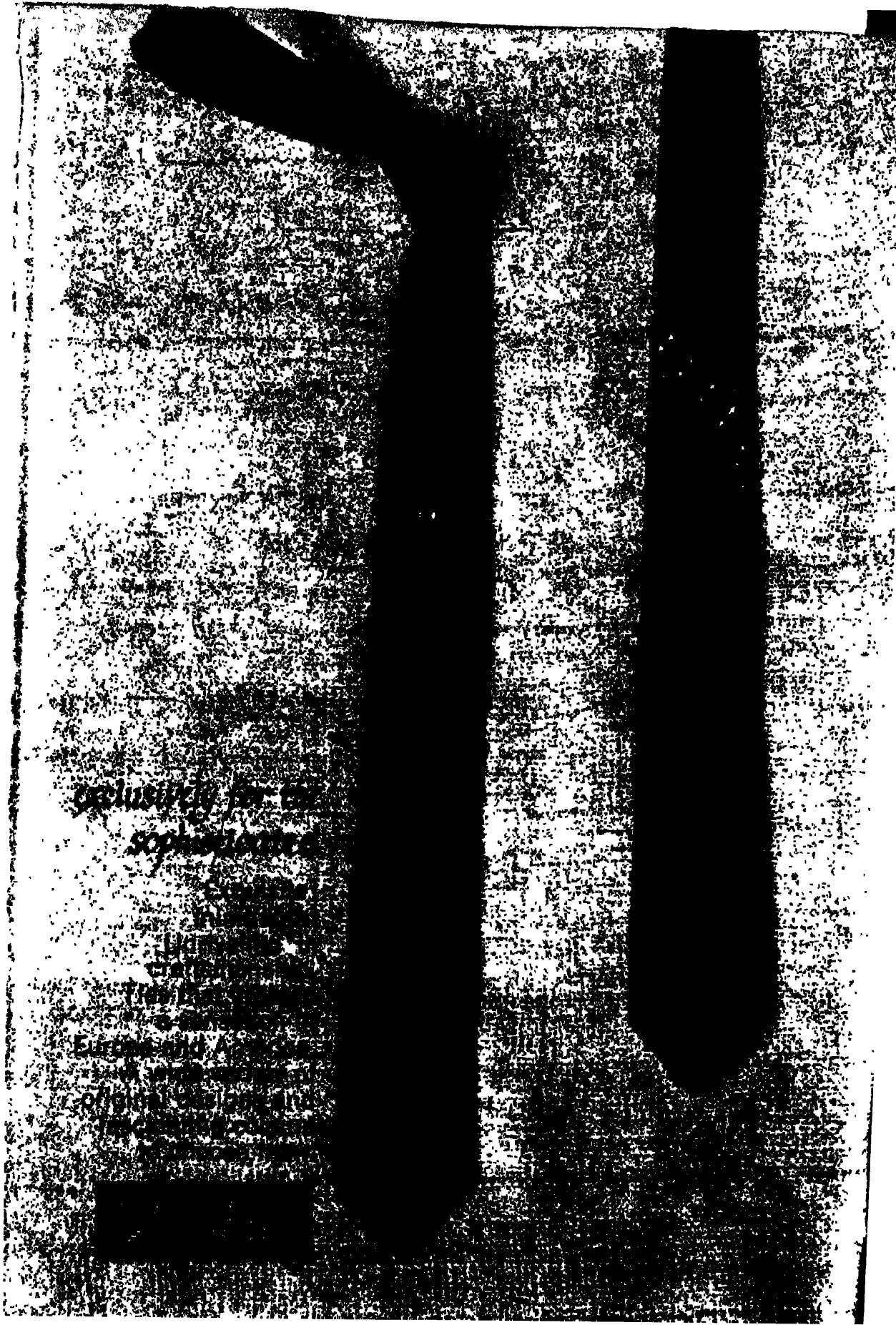


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UNDER THE RED SEA SUN

used were in the way. Contemptuously he kicked them aside; compared to the hammer he carried they were only toys.

"All right, Horace, let's go!" said Cunningham, and with a terrific clang his heavy hammer came down against that hot steel plate.

As Cunningham's hammer swung back over his shoulder, Armstrong's cracked down, and from then on it seemed as if Hercules and Vulcan themselves were rhythmically banging away on that steel plate. Soon they had an audience—all the British mechanics, the crew of *Dido*, her captain, immaculate in white and gold-visored cap, even the practically naked Eritreans filthy with dirt and paint.

Pausing only while Williams heated up new stretches of steel for them to swing on, the two men steadily worked their way along the 15-foot length of that plate. The task took them an hour and a half. At the end of that time, from end to end that heavy steel plate lay neatly in against the plating under it, beautifully knuckled over.

When his last blow swung home, Bill Cunningham rested his hammer on his shoulder and turned to me, without any sign of fatigue.

"Anything else you want of us here, Cap'n?" he asked mildly.

"No, Bill, that's all. And thanks to both of you." I could have kissed him for what he'd done, and Armstrong also.

As a result of our performance

with *Dido*, we were allotted the cruisers *Euryalus* and *Cleopatra*. The British mechanics who came down with the *Dido* were ordered to remain in Massawa to await the coming of her sisters. Their presence released my regular crews and gave me an opportunity to start the salvage job on the smaller Italian dry dock, lying completely submerged.

At the most critical moment in the raising of this dock, our huge air compressor suddenly gave out. The partially buoyant dock swiftly sank again as its compartments flooded.

In a moment or two, swimming all round me in the turbulent sea, were the men who had been working before on deck, and, I fervently hoped, those who had been working below decks. I knew Armstrong, Larsen and Jones had all been inside the very compartment at the stern now submerged beneath my feet. A flood of water must be pouring through the booby hatch leading down to it, marked at that instant by a swirling vortex of water going down and of air bubbling up.

My heart turned to stone. There was no certainty that those three men were trapped below, but if they were they couldn't be allowed to die without some effort to save them. I plunged overboard.

It was nine feet down through the water to that hatch, and the instant I submerged I could no longer see anything—just a mass of swirling water, milky with air

bubbles. I located the hatch door by touch. It was ajar, and presently my fumbling fingers came across something soft, an arm, jammed between the door and its frame. I clung to that arm with one hand lest I lose it in the rush of water when the door opened, and with the other I heaved with all the strength I had against the steel door. It swung back.

I dragged a limp body out of the hatch and pawed my way up through the sea to the surface. A moment later I was landed with my burden into a boat, gasping for breath. I looked down at Horace Armstrong unconscious at my feet.

"Give him first aid, quick!" I mumbled, and went overboard again. In two more descents I brought up Larsen and Jones.

Hurriedly all three men were examined by our surgeon and the army hospital orderlies who had rushed to the scene. Jones was speedily restored to consciousness. Within an hour Larsen also had been brought round, but Horace Armstrong was still unconscious. He was taken ashore to hospital.

It was about 5 p.m. By now the air compressor was repaired, and we got back to work raising the dry dock again. Five hours later the starboard side of the dock floated up, and by morning we had won.

But the dawn brought us no feeling of triumph. For word came that Horace Armstrong was dead. As I remembered Horace, swinging a huge sledge hammer under the

stern of H.M.S *Dido*, showing the Middle East what an American could do when necessary, I wept.

Last Farewell

LATE in November I received orders to leave Massawa and report to General Eisenhower's headquarters for duty in connexion with urgent salvage work required in all North African ports. I was not sorry.

Since March we had raised dry docks, Axis vessels and a huge floating crane. There could be no question about the value of Massawa's contribution to the Allied cause. Now the war had suddenly moved far away from Massawa. The new American army was firmly established in North Africa. Tobruk had fallen back into British hands and Montgomery was pursuing Rommel into Tripolitania. Massawa's day was done.

My plane would be going out of Asmara early next morning. Having said my good-byes, I climbed into the car and set off under the dark stars for Asmara. Out over the waters of the Red Sea I saw the lights twinkling across a harbour full of wrecks that we had salvaged.

We raced through the darkness, across the hot desert towards the mountains. Soon we were climbing rapidly. I drew my long-unused overcoat round my shoulders. Now I should need it again. North Africa *might* be more hectic than Massawa, but it certainly would be cooler.

THE END



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